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FROM THE BOOKS
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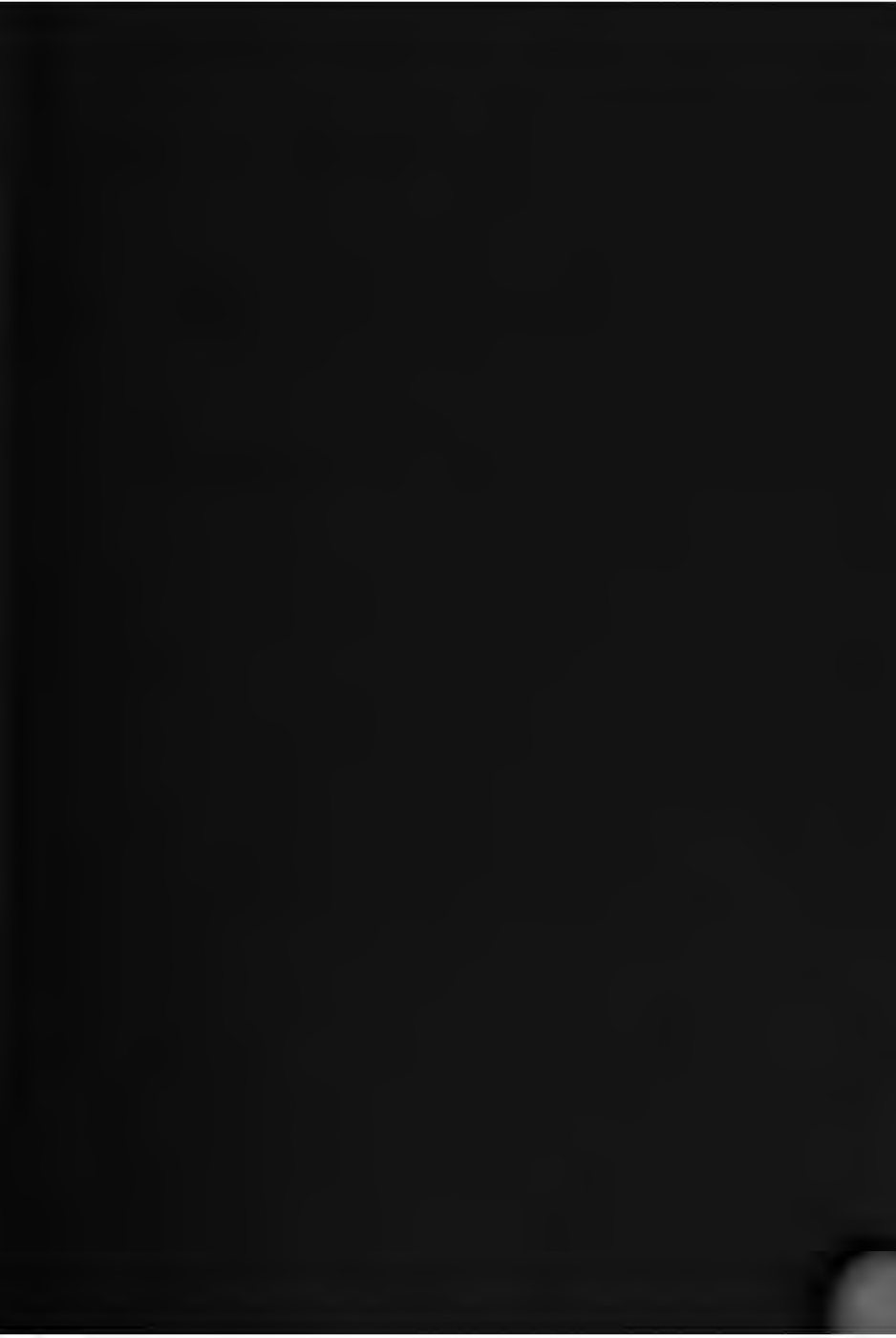


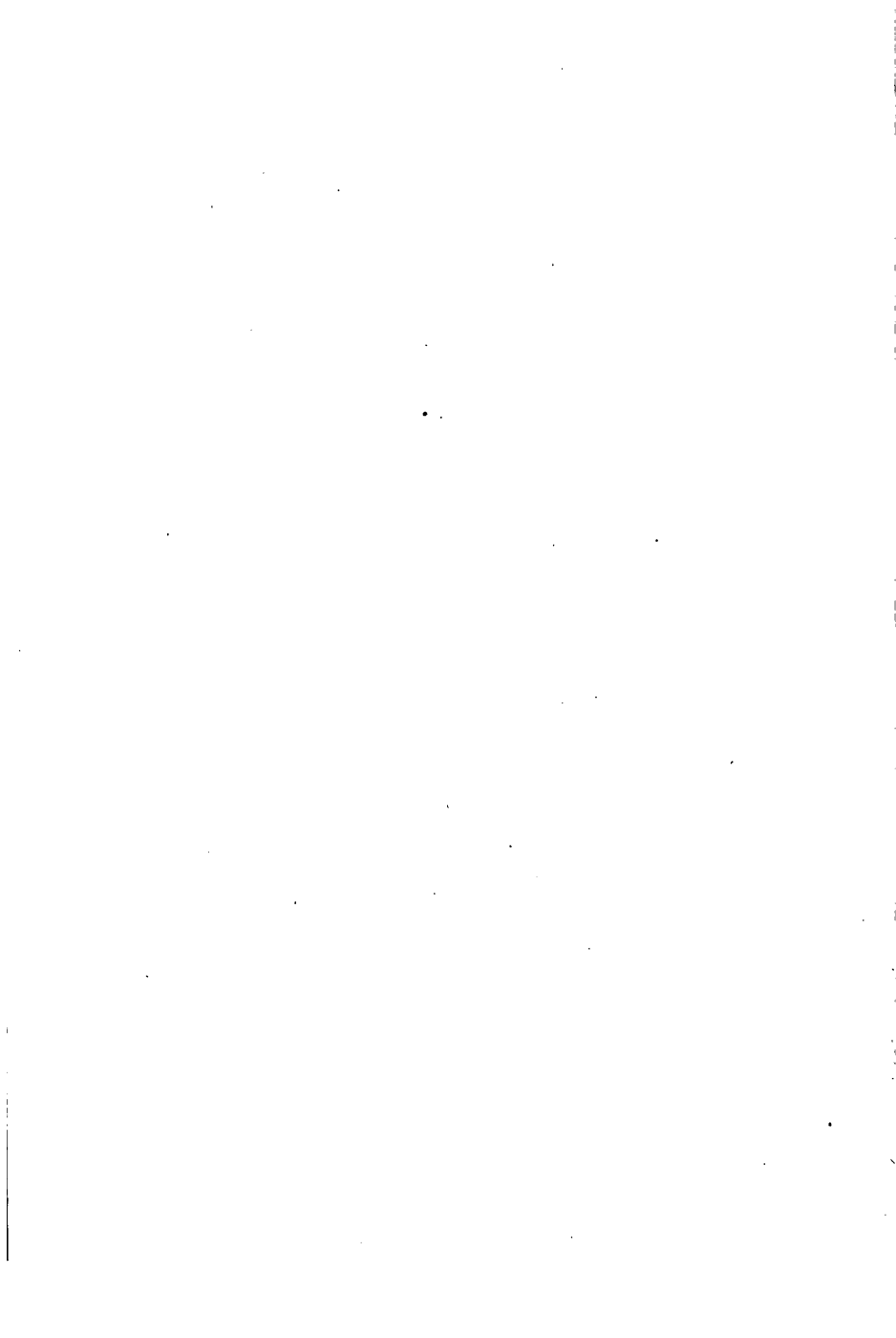
BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 • M.D. 1905

1931





LETTERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The quality of the letters, from the literary standpoint, is of the highest; they are worthy of rank, in that respect, with those of Cowper. Written with no thought of their publication, they have a freshness and ease of style that are intensely enjoyable; it is as though the writer were holding a quiet talk with the reader, and pouring out the treasures of his thought and experience with the directness and freedom which, often attained in conversation, is rarely to be met with in books."—*Scottish Leader*.

"It has all the charm of his conversation, and reveals on every page some winsome personal trait that brings the writer very near to us, showing him in all the aspects of a character that combined in singular perfection the elements of strength and tenderness."—*Christian Leader*.

"The letters make up a volume that will be almost fascinating to all who have wit to appreciate the subjects discussed in it."—*Fifehire Journal*.

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"Dr. Ker's correspondence is marked by the same delicacy of touch and refinement, the same spirit of wholesome piety, and the same broad interest in all phases of human thought and life which characterise everything he wrote."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"There is nothing in the volume that is not worthy of Dr. Ker, and there is much in it that will be read with interest, admiration, and profit, by those at least who had the advantage of knowing him and coming under his personal influence."—*Scotsman*.

LETTERS

OF THE

REV. JOHN KER, D.D.

1866—1885

"The INTERPRETER then called for a manservant of his, one GREAT-HEART, and bid him take SWORD, and HELMET, and SHIELD; and take these my daughters, said he, and conduct them to the house called BEAUTIFUL, at which place they will rest next. So he took his weapons and went before them; and the INTERPRETER said, God speed."

The Pilgrim's Progress

Second Edition

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS, CASTLE STREET

1890

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1931

"AND THE SERVANT OF THE LORD MUST NOT STRIVE, BUT
BE GENTLE UNTO ALL MEN; APT TO TEACH, PATIENT."

—2 TIM. ii. 24.

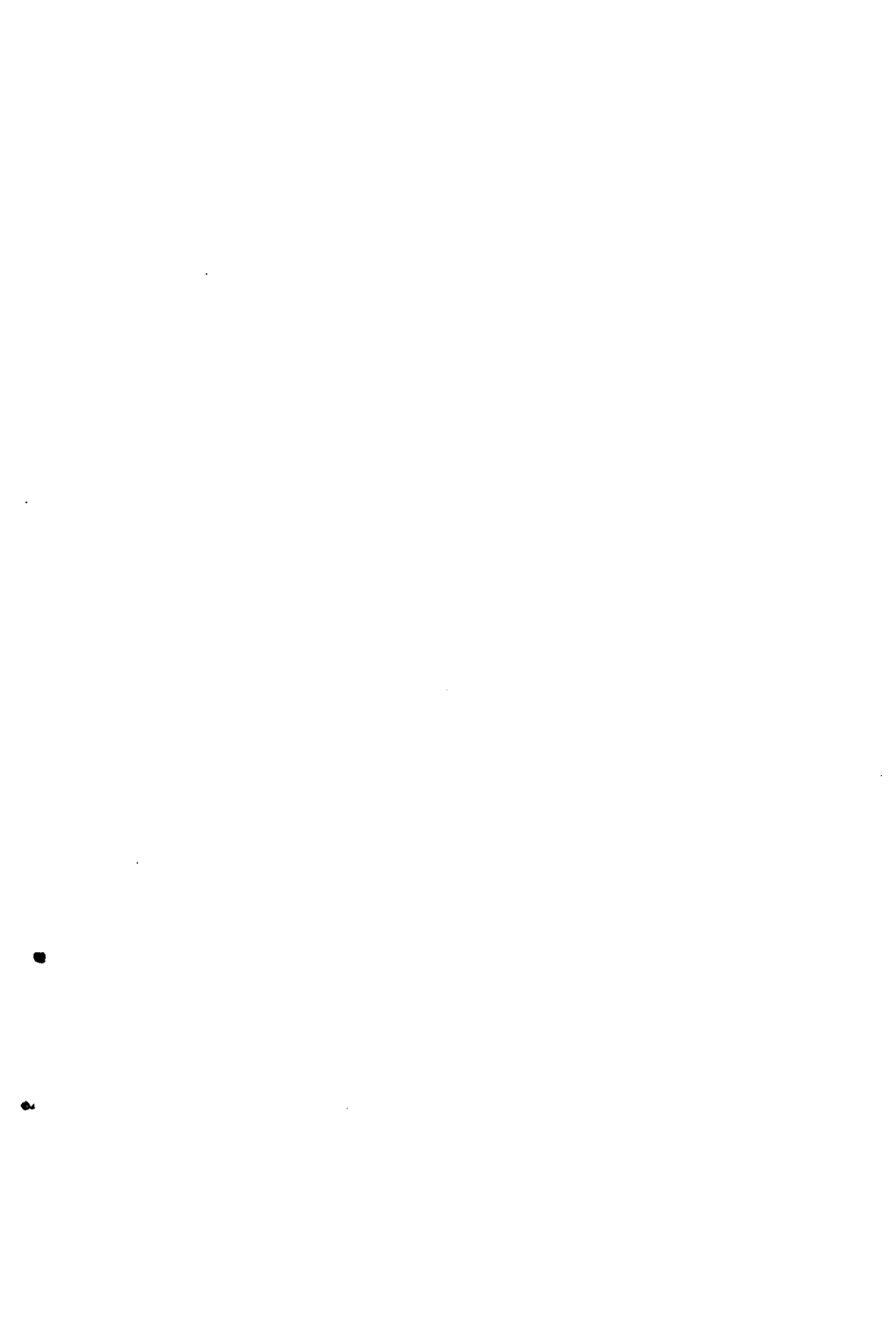
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PREFACE.

THE members of a family who had the privilege of Dr. Ker's intimate friendship for many years, have preserved his letters. The survivors among those to whom they were written feel that the loss would be great, especially to those who knew Dr. Ker and revere his memory, did these letters share the fate of ordinary correspondence. They therefore publish some of them in the hope that words which brought so much light to them may be helpful to others.

They have tried to leave out all that did not seem to be of general or permanent interest, and, as far as possible, everything of a merely personal character.

November 1889.



LETTERS.



*To * * * * *.*

GLASGOW, *August 31, 1866.*

I HAVE been hearing, with deep sympathy, of your long and sore illness, and of the state of extreme weakness in which you now are; but it gives me great happiness, also, to learn that God is granting to you resignation to His will. However hard and dark things may seem for a while, that will of God, our Heavenly Father, must be the best. It is a great thing if, in some measure, now, we can believe it; and in due time we shall be brought to see and feel it. We shall not wish then to alter one part, for the darkest scenes of our life shall come out brightest, just as the darkest part of our Lord and Saviour's life is now that which is most full of salvation and praise, and as His cross and His

grave open the way straight to His throne and His glory. If we are simply and humbly trusting in Him, laying hold of Him as our personal Friend, who loves us with a love far beyond our dim conceptions, then all our life, and death too, shall be drawn into a likeness with His, and formed after its model. He died young, and yet He died full of days, and could say, "It is finished;" and if we are holding Him fast, our life too, whatever may be its term on earth, will introduce us fully to that great eternal life, the true and proper one, where we shall have "length of days at His right hand, and pleasures for evermore." The more simple and childlike and unreserved your confidence in Him, the safer and better. Give up all, all to Him. You cannot trust Him too much nor come to Him too unconditionally, for He is willing to take us as we are, with all our weakness and wavering and wants, and to supply all out of His own free and full love. I have the most entire belief that the time and manner of our departure from this world are fixed by the will of Christ, the Saviour of men. He has the

infinite, divine knowledge to comprehend all circumstances, and the heart of human compassion to understand our nature ; and in whose hand could this matter of life and death be so well placed ? When Jesus came (John xi.) to comfort the family of Bethany, it is said that He stood without and sent in Martha to call her sister Mary to Him, and she said, " The Master is come, and calleth for thee ; and when she heard that, she arose, and came unto Him." The Jews who were consoling her could not understand the reason of her leaving their friendly circle so soon ; but it was that word of power and love which had been whispered in her ear ; and it is so still. The message that calls us away comes direct from Himself, and when we go without we shall find Him waiting for us. This too I believe, that the gracious Friend of man is very near to us in our passage from this world to another. He sends no angels now, but comes close to us Himself, by a true personal access, and fulfils His word—" I will come and take you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." When our dearest

earthly friends fall back He steps forward and takes up the fainting thread of thought and feeling, and carries it on to the life beyond. If this is so—and I believe it—we need have no fear of the passage. He will not make it too abrupt or startling, but will shade with His own hand our weak eyes, till they can take in the glory of new and higher scenes and steady our feet, that might totter on the dark mountains, till they are planted on the firm rock of the eternal world. We may be sure that where His heart is His hand will be, and His heart is with the children of humanity in that time of trial. He remembers for them, then, His own agony and pain and fainting, and pours into their soul all His divine comfort and strength. This is God's thought and God's way, and not man's—so bright is it with Divine wisdom, and so blessed for poor dying men. Then, too, I have the firm belief that the future world is not cut off from this, but one with it—one through Him who is Lord both of the living and the dead. Those who enter into it retain a personal and conscious existence near to Him, and He will

find means of keeping up their connection, I do well believe, with that world which they have left. It is agreeable both to reason and Scripture that this should be so, and it is very consolatory to us to think that we and our dear friends shall still have real union—it is very likely—of knowledge and communication. In some way He will inform them of what is transpiring here, or make them to see it, for all the great victories of God's kingdom on earth are celebrated with songs of praise in heaven. And what He does in the general it is probable He extends to the individual. We may be certain that heaven is not a formless, torpid state, but a great, living, active, many-coloured world, where thought and feeling and energy are moving under the guidance of the great Son of God, and where they take in a wider view than we can imagine from this limited sphere. And if wider, it must retain its hold of this present world, from which its seeds spring and many of its lessons are learned. And when that world is all made up, there can, I think, be no manner of doubt that the ties of this

world, purified and ennobled, shall be renewed again. It is strange that it should ever have been a question with Christians, "Shall we know one another in heaven?" It would not be heaven, the truly human heaven, of which Christ is the centre, if we did not. He Himself has given us a wonderfully large view of it in those few words—(John xiv. 2)—"In my Father's house are many mansions," which contain a world of thought for us to dwell upon. There are *mansions* there, fixed centres of abode in that great infinite; so we shall not wander aimlessly, but have a home, some resting-place for each, corresponding to what a home is here. There are *many* mansions, infinitely large in number and variety, chambers and apartments where all the inhabitants may have room, and where each may enjoy that which suits the nature of the dweller, just as the tree of life has its twelve manner of fruits, suited to every taste. It is a *house* of many mansions—unity presides over all the variety—one roof covers the vast dwelling-place, and there is communication among all who live beneath it. It is a

Father's house, a great paternal dwelling—His kindness felt through it all—and where brothers and sisters form one family, abiding under His eye and hand. Nor can I help thinking that those who have passed through earth in the same time and space, and have been formed here into little communities of families and friendships, shall find themselves in the adjoining apartments there, to reknit the bonds of this world again, when God heals all the wounds of His people and gathers the dispersed of Israel into one. Then it is *my* Father's house, *Christ's* Father's house, the home of a saved humanity, of children brought back by the great elder Brother to Him who is the Father of spirits, and who feel the home more dear when they have come to it through fall and weakness and suffering and death. Let us fix our eye on that bright end, and the interval shall dwindle or disappear. Those who go there are going to the real, true, living world, where God is in His fulness, Christ in His brightness, humanity in its flower and crown. The beautiful things of earth shall be more beautiful there, and the decay and pain

and sorrow shall be forgotten, or remembered only to enhance the joy. The farewells we bid now, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour, are not eternal farewells, but partings for a night when we retire to rest, and we shall meet at morning, to know each other and love each other with a knowledge and love of which the best families of earth give us only faint emblems. The members of the family go at different times to rest, sometimes the youngest first; but the Heavenly Father knows the time for us all, and shall bring us together without one wanting at the happy day-dawn. It can be but a brief separation at best, and then all our farewells shall be changed into rapturous welcomes. May you and all so dear to you be sustained by these hopes now, and kept together by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation. It is my earnest prayer and trust.

*To * *.*

GLASGOW, *September 17, 1866.*

Our dear friends are never forgotten in our heart of hearts; but we come to see them in a

softer and more hallowed light, freed from the bitter pain of earth's partings, and transfigured in our memory, as I believe they are really transfigured by the gracious hand of God in a better world. Then the recollection of the words, looks, and incidents of the past all come up with a soothing power. When the pain of the blow from the rod has passed, the stream will follow you through life for comfort. For her there needs no sorrow—we are so ready to expend it there—on the young, lovely, loving, with life opening in all its bloom and beauty—but she needs no more the poor solace of our human affections and consolations. We are left with the outward sign of what was her presence with us, and it is laid to sleep among beloved dust; but her Father above has carried her home to that heavenly mansion of which all the love of the human family was but a faint foretoken. Being a daughter of Abraham, she has been loosed from her bonds on the Sabbath-day and entered fully into that rest which remains for the people of God. With all this, I cannot think those happy departed ones are forgetful

of us, more than we are of them, but waiting the time of reunion with clear, calm expectancy, as we through our tears and struggles. The affection that has been carried to heaven is not less strong and enduring than that which is left to us, the earthly survivors, and their looks must surely go often down as ours go up, only that they see better through the cloud, and see it all on the bright celestial side. In due time He will come who entered the ruler's house, and will say, "Maid, arise!" and deliver her to her friends again in full possession. These hopes may surely endear Him who is the Centre of them all, while they relieve our sorrows and ennoble us with the consciousness of a higher life than time or death can touch.

To * * .

CALLANDER, *September 29, 1866.*

It is very likely, that after the high-wrought tension of the past weeks, there will come the reaction of nature, and that the blank will spread and darken; but by-and-by the sources

of comfort that have hitherto availed you will come in again with permanent and growing power. All these memorials will then come with a double blessing, like the dropped mantle of the prophet, which surely had some such meaning as this, to give the mourner a more tangible hold of the one who had left him. What an abiding joy in the midst of all our grief it is to reflect that our sorrow can only be for our own loss, not theirs ! We do not feel this enough ; at least, I have felt my own mind filled with a kind of pity for the departed, that they enjoy no more the light and affection and hope of this world ; forgetting in our blindness the infinitely greater realities of truth and love on which those happy souls have entered. The voice from heaven knew its own meaning when it said, " Blessed are the dead "—such dead as we mourn, now alive to God. Let us think, too, of what would be their words to us could they speak—indeed, of what were their words to us while they could speak— to remember them not with a helpless, desponding grief, but with a chastened holy sorrow that brightens away into

hope and action—hope to meet them again, and action to fill up the life that remains as we know they would have filled it up, and thus have them not only living beside us, but living in us.

*To * *.*

December 24, 1866.

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I can enter into the feelings of you all in turning up these letters. It makes one so near the departed, and yet so far from them. But be sure He is near and He is the same, and union to Him will make us and our friends meet again as the same after all changes. Our hearts yearn for this. The future may be very bright, but it is from the past that our tenderness comes, and I would not care for the one without the other.

. . . I send you Jean Paul's "Dream."* Speaking of it set me to trying a translation. I am sure you will like it—I mean the thing itself—and all the more that you have not read it in the

* See Appendix.

original. It is one of the things that always does me good, for I feel that if I can believe in God, I can believe in all that I need.

To * * *.

RUCHILL, *February* 16, 1867.

These verses have a freshness, truthfulness, and power that come to the heart because one feels they come from it. There is no gift I envy, in a good sense, more than that of so speaking. I think I feel so, for these things touch me and beset me behind and before, and lay their hand on me ; but they smoulder without a flame. I liked particularly the atmospheric tone of them all, what Germans call the *Beleuchtung*—the pathos edged with hope. It is the air of everything best in our world. May God keep us always towards the bright border ! I had time just to look in for a few minutes on ——. She was quiet, but, I think, conscious, hovering between the two worlds—God's way, perhaps, of softening the dread transition. He must shade the vision with His hand in some way.

To * *.

RUCHILL, *February 16, 1867.*

I came out here yesterday afternoon, and write to thank you and all friends for the great kindness received from you during the last few days, above all for your interest and sympathy, and that of your sister, in the subjects of discussion that came up. It does me so much good to feel that there are people who are occupying themselves with these things, and it sets me back to think over them with a fresh stimulus. To be sure our own need is the first impulse, but it helps us wonderfully to know that we are seeking in friendly company, and to be able to say, when we have turned up a new grain of the soil of that land which has "dust of gold," "Have you remarked this before? Come and see." I do believe this is not egotism, but the reverse—the feeling that we have one nature and longing and one great end, beyond anything we see here, and that it is a large part of our happiness to feel that there

are others who enjoy these things in common. You will excuse this note as an expression of this feeling, for somehow after the last stroke of a pleasant hour there is a vibration in the air, and it is lingering while I write.

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, 2 OAKLEY TERRACE,
February 21, 1867.

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We must not beat too hard against the bars that here shut us in. Perhaps I never felt it so strongly, perhaps I have learned that little can be made of it, or perhaps, also, I have grown more apathetic, and call it wisdom. Still, I hope not the last, for I can sympathise with all such feelings, and know them to be true utterances of the deep heart of man—because so, sure to be satisfied at last. That is always a final thought that comforts me—wherever God gives a true longing there must be an end to it, for every seed the climate that shall give it flower and fruit.

*To * *.*

GLASGOW, *March 5, 1867.*

I am happy if the verses gave any pleasure, but I still feel such things do not lie in my line. Some can carry measures like bracelets; to me they are manacles, and always will be. But your sister's MS. had stirred the pool, and a small feather dropped from the wing, or I fancied so, and attempted to scribble with it. I hope she may be benefited by her Southern visit, and you when your turn comes. I suppose while we are slowly shaking hands with snowdrops the blue sky is there being reflected in violets. I had a bad attack of headache about a week ago, and am going through to the east country to make a short stay. Headache is an old friend, and almost welcome, as it indicates a kind of return to a more normal state—like a breaker to a sailor as a sign of land. I have a sort of idea that after that I may cross to Ireland for a little, and try to get a stage farther up. Meanwhile I am still without the prospect of a house, and wander-

ing, like Noah's dove, with neither ark nor olive branch. I had no conception that houses were so hard to get, at least suitable ones, and shall have great thoughtfulness ever after, when I see "flittings," of the care they represent. To inquire after rose-coloured advertisements seems very much like hunting the foot of the rainbow. I have got bewildered with the whole thing, and sometimes think when May comes that I shall have to turn a *casual*, or emigrate. However, providence is wonderfully kind in things small as well as great, and I shall believe in it till term-time, and after that too, I hope.

The glorious sunset fades ;
Its most refined gold
Is dimmed as by the touch of death
To vapour grey and cold ;—
But pass a few short hours
And it is bright once more ;
New sunsets quenching all regrets
Come from God's boundless store.

The rose of summer pines,
Its withered leaves are cast
About our paths—its fragrance haunts
Loved memories of the past :

Be patient a few months
And rosebuds lift their head ;
The dear old hue and perfume wake
And we forget the dead.

The sunset and the flowers,
Bright things of earth and heaven,
He gives them and He takes again,
Takes again to be given.
But, ah ! my God, what suns
Set on our earthly way !
What roses wither on our paths
For ever and for aye !

The cherished of our souls !
A sun is quenched with you,
That leaves the heart so dark, no dawn
Can e'er that light renew ;—
A fragrance was exhaled
From one we see no more,
A breath, a perfume, all the years
Can never more restore.

They tell me time will heal,
That years will close the wound,
As waters swallow ships, or graves
Are smoothed to level ground.
But the deep heart, O God !
Closes above its care,
And though the grave be smooth and green,
My dead is buried there.

Tell me not to forget
Though calm my face must be,
Or moved no more than o'er its wreck
Ripples the tranquil sea ;—
Tell me to bear the pain
To Him who all can bear,
Who bids my memory clasp its dead,
Yet saves me from despair.

For He whose thought enfolds
Each grave of slumbering dust,
Can never wish that mine should prove
Disloyal to its trust.
And He whose heart can feel
For every human pain,
Cannot desire that mine should hold
An anguish all in vain.

To wistful human eyes
Such suns may rise no more,
Because their radiance never dies
On that eternal shore.
On us they shed a light
So sweet—it was their own—
None else may borrow or repeat
That which was theirs alone.

In other fields than ours,
The rose that blessed our sight
Is blooming—and to happy eyes
Yields ever-fresh delight.

None other such may come
To gladden us again,
That fragrance from another flower
Would kill the heart with pain.

Therefore, we thank Thee, God,
That Thou dost not renew
Perfume and light which with our lost
Have banished from our view.
We thank Thee for the love
That keeps them close apart,
None like them—after them—to mar
The image in our heart ;

That makes them not short links
Of one revolving chain—
Fragments that perish to revive
In kindred parts again ;
But grants us love, full-orbed,
Worthy our soul's desire,
Single, eternal, laid in store
With all its life entire ;

And here, through that great Lord
Whose light is ne'er withdrawn,
Shows us, in lingering sunset hues,
The colours of the dawn ;
And through His Tree of Life,
With all its unfading bloom,
Wafts well-known fragrance from the skies
Into our narrow room ;

Till He who walked the waves,
 Who calms the troubled soul,
 Shall prove the power that in Him lies
 To renovate the whole ;
 To depth of seas and graves
 Shall send His voice far down,
 And ruined hopes and buried dead
 Rise perfect and our own.

Feb. 1867.

*To * * *.*

April 23, 1867.

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Spring has been looking in upon all the hidden nooks of the glen here, and recognised by groups of primroses, and the bees and birds are awaking to the season. It is exceedingly refreshing to one from the city, as if the world were just being made over again, and we brought to look. There has been a long council this forenoon as to the site of a yew-tree transplanted from —, and the spot fixed on a little to the south of the porch. It will be a great success if it takes root, for it is over twenty feet high, and more than that number in years. But now I remember it was said it should not be mentioned to you to

see if you would remark it, so please try to forget, as I cannot erase.

*To * * * *.*

May 8, 1867.

I know very well what a darkness comes over the spirit, and everything about us, at such a time. . . . What a comfort if we could only fully believe that there is One who understands all these feelings in their wanderings from blank deadness to overpowering bitterness, who knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust, and can and will hold up even when He so presses down! "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path." So the Psalmist says in that sad, comforting Psalm, cxlii. When we are staggering on in blindness too deep for tears He is choosing out the way, and guiding us along it; and when our eyes are opened we shall see that He had the most merciful purposes in view for us and ours all the while—purposes that in their end shall justify all the darkness and agony of the way.

The centre of our faith, the darkness of the Cross, is our key to this, as to everything else in our life ; for what a bitter agony was there, and what a joy sprung out of it ! And our life in some way or other becomes a copy of this. Christ's death saves us from all the sin, but it does not exempt us from the trial—it is through the work of the trial that He perfects the saving from the sin, clears us from the encumbrances of earth and time that would hold our spirits here for ever, and prepares us when His season arrives for sharing His ascension, as we share His death. Just as we pass more in and understand the great truth about Him in His suffering, we are ready to understand our own. One takes pleasure, at such a time, in reading all those expressions of utter desolation that are found in the Psalms and other parts of the Bible, because they are like signs of life on our road ; it is not a dead, trackless desert ; there are footsteps, echoes all the way, in the loneliest places, where we are ready to think none have been before us. There have been sufferers there before us, and God tells us their wanderings, and puts their

tears in His Book, and lets us see that they have come through it all, and have been brought to perceive a purpose in it; and that beyond the desert and over the Jordan there is a goodly land, "the new Jerusalem" and "the general assembly and church of the first-born," where we shall be out of the darkness and solitude, and into the blessed fellowships and light, and find it far better, and find it for ever. Let us think with ourselves, Will this not compensate trials, and is there any other way by which we could reach it from a world like this? For it would not be worthy of God—we may say, reverently, it is not in God's power—to make man (as God has formed him) happy with a poor broken earthly immortality. If He could, we should be less, and God would be less than His Word has educated us to believe. It is great comfort, then, to go over these things in the Bible to see, not as some coldly tell us, that we *must* be content, since suffering is the common lot, but rather to accept it because it is the lot of all those whom God is leading on to His own final blessed home.

In our night-time that great cloud of witnesses comes out like the stars — “we are compassed about with them.” But the greatest thing of all is, that Christ is among them ; it is because He has had this history that all these have had it, and that we must have it also. He is the first-born among many brethren, and they must all be like Him in their experience, that they and He may have a common sympathy. This is surely the meaning of the Apostle : “Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ’s sufferings ; that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.”

One of the bitterest feelings in bereavement is the sense of utter desolation and desertion that sometimes comes over us, as if we were in some waste place where man had never been, and where God Himself had forsaken us ; and some such considerations used to help me, when I could feel that others had been there, and that Christ was and is there, and God in Christ, and that

in some way, though we cannot now feel it possible, we shall see how God can bring light out of this deepest darkness, to show us that in this world there is none "shut up or left." . . .

We do not so much look *on* our dearest friends as look at all else *through* them—in some such way as we look through *ourselves*. In any case, it is pleasant to know that what we are aware of, others also have observed, and that they can in some little way appreciate our loss. . . .

We recognise God's messages and messengers to us best when they are leaving or have left. This is the law of our world. It was the case, you know, with the angel visitants; it was the case with our greatest friend, the Lord of angels, who was not understood till He had gone; and we may say the same, with reverence, and at a deep distance, of all those who have come near with anything of God or of Christ about them. When they are taken from us we begin to know our treasure, and to think how we did not improve it as we might. The enjoyment comes first, the improvement afterwards, until,

through His wonderful grace, the highest enjoyment and improvement shall come last of all. And certainly it is for this that God gives us such a memory of our friends and such a grief to sanctify memory, and makes it tender and sensitive until our own death. I do not think God would have made us capable of such agonising grief unless there were good to come out of it, and hope and life beyond it. . . .

Well, God has gifts for all places in His universe, and His gifts to us must be sought in patience, humble, quiet waiting, and silent acquiescence, till we can say, "Thy will be done." We have very bitter waters to drink in the desert—waters of Marah; but God has showed us a tree which, if we cast it in, will make them sweet—that tree of the Cross, the suffering and patience and victory of Christ; and this shall serve us to drink, till we reach the fountain where they refresh themselves. All the sweetest water in this world comes from the most sorrowful springs—bitter wells—hard rocks. Rods strike them and streams gush out. It will be so here, else all God's ways

are altered. Let us only try, when we cannot see it or feel it, at least to believe it, and in due time all besides will follow.

To * * *. (*In India.*)

May 9, 1867.

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Those bereavements make us feel how dear we are to one another, and perhaps make us even dearer, and let us know that there is something more in a mere earthly world than wealth or pleasure, or the outside things that many men so covet; that love is more, and sympathy, and true hearts to lean upon. It is a great thing for us at any time, and especially in the beginning of life, to learn this. It will not make us less fitted for the world's work, but all the more, for it will give depth and earnestness to our entire life, and make us not creatures or things, but men. . . .

Of you, too, that Heavenly Father thinks, and will be near to you with a special tenderness in your feelings of forsaken loneliness. I am sure you will find this when your heart rises to

Him in prayer, and when you open the pages of that Book which is His letter to us poor orphans, far away from our true home and kindred. "Even by the God of thy father who shall help thee, and by the Almighty who shall bless thee; the blessings of thy father have prevailed unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." You will find this when you are reading such parts as Heb. xii.; Psalms xxv., xxvii., xc., ciii.; and John xiv., xvii., and 1 John ii., where there is such comfort and guidance together. Such a trial gives us a new light to read the Bible in, and happy is he who takes it then as a lamp to his path. The grand thing is to turn our grief to its true end, and to seek to take a noble revenge of death by making it the gate to a higher life—higher in our purpose and work in this world, and higher in our views and hopes of a better.

It is but a short time with the youngest, when they that weep shall be as though they wept not, when all this fading part of it shall be gone, and

only the eternal results remain. With your father, and another so dear to him and to you all, it is so now; and we have one duty—to follow them that we may come to them. It is a blessed end and happy way, with all its trials. Their thought and memories will keep us company, sweet and ever sweeter as we come nearer to them, and He will be in the midst of those thoughts to make them living realities—He in whose presence our dear departed ones are, and who can also be with us. “I will never leave you nor forsake you.”

*To * * *.*

LARGS, *May 30, 1867.*

My friend is with me, but much depressed, I am sorry to say, in spirit. He has a spiritual gloom over him, and thinks himself the unprofitable servant. I find it very hard to deal with such cases. There is no more meeting them directly than melting an iceberg in the frozen zone. They must be floated into a warmer atmosphere and left to the gradual air that God

breathes in upon them. Reasoning is breath that freezes almost as it touches. The day is beautiful, warm and bright, and summer is being made over all the land at once. I know that your hearts cannot feel any gladness in it ; but let us think of that country where the sun goes no more down, and of our friends as exceeding glad in the light of God's countenance. These are the true sayings of God, else the very sunshine and brightness of the earth would be all bitter mockery. Let us be sure that the world that has graves in its soil is the darker world, and that they are in a light and life that would make us pity ourselves if we saw it, or rather, I should say, rejoice greatly for their sakes.

*To * * *.*

LARGS, *June 28, 1867.*

One conclusion would seem to be, that the Gospel may have a saving influence on a man who does not see the power of its outward evidence. If he reads it as a record of spiritual experience (not of supernatural origin), and is penetrated

thereby with a divine life, changed by the view of God which is there presented, the great end is gained. Of course, I consider this a very insufficient view of the Gospel, and very much fitted to diminish the comfort and edification of Christian life; also unfit for the formation of a Christian society like a Church, but still it must be admitted.

To * * *.

ZURICH, *August 22, 1867.*

Our journey thus far has been rapid, but on the whole comfortable, except for the excessive heat—a flaming sun in a pitiless sky, and the only clouds those of dust. A Frenchman in the train from Heidelberg told us he had been in Algiers, and he had never felt it warmer. It does much to reconcile one to fog and rain. I often thought of the cool breath of your Linn, as Mungo Park in Sahara did of Tweed. We touched at Ghent, Brussels, Cologne, Bonn—sailed up the Rhine to Bingen, Wiesbaden, Mayence, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Bâle, and to—

morrow we move to Lucerne. I had seen all these points before, but in many of them I found many interesting things I had not previously marked, and not the least was to note the progress, material and social, in the condition of the people. This was in many ways very perceptible, and from any little dippings of conversation I had among the people I could feel an immense advance in freedom from the time I passed in Germany as a student. No passport is called for, and there is an unconstrained manner in the discussion of questions in the press and in common talk. A great subject of interest all along the German frontier is the present interview between Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria. Some make light of it, and are ready to stake a united Germany against the world; others shake their heads. The feeling of Germanism is strong, and Prussia, having taken the lead in it, is in favour—Bismarck being the man of the hour. I have little doubt that Louis Napoleon's journey has to do with this. He feels that another "man of destiny" is over against him, and is feeling

his way into the future of eventualities. Austria has been twice struck to the ground, at Solferino by his own hand, and at Sadowa through his passive attitude, and all the gain has come, not to him, but to Italy and Prussia. Now he is turning to Austria, but that he has any distinct plan I do not believe. His policy throughout has not been, as some think, to work to the end from the beginning, but to watch and avail himself. But this is an endless sea, and one can only be thankful that there is a clearer eye and stronger hand above them all. We are happy if in our little life we can feel this. To exercise it, God hides results and even perplexes us by cross-roads of duty. But if we honestly use our best reason, asking His enlightenment, we shall meanwhile have a calm conscience, and by-and-by a comfortable ending. . . . I would gladly have you lock the door upon these perplexities when you feel that you can *do no more at present*. I say this not merely for the sake of health and comfort, but for a clear, impartial insight into all the bearings of the case. If we are to see a thing aright, we must occasionally turn away from it.

To * *.

ZURICH, *August 22, 1867.*

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You have all passed through very much of late, and I am glad of anything that may take you round to different points of view. We feel often as if we could not transport ourselves and need to be carried to them by God's providence. There are some losses over against the sepulchre of which we must sit long, but there are other trials where the shorter our seat is the better. Only tarry long enough to cause you no regret that you have left anything undone, and then strive as far as you can to dismiss it from your mind. I know it is easy to advise and hard to do, but this discipline in life is very valuable, and the great end of the present life is discipline.

One of the most painful things I feel in Continental travel is the appearance that life has everywhere of mere pleasure-seeking. Not that one should object to pleasure, but it is here so much the chief and evident end that it destroys

one's sense of the reality of life. It is as painful in its way as the misery in our lanes and alleys, for there one has sometimes a gleam of a moral purpose. One would have great happiness if the religious progress here kept pace with the evident political and social advance. I fear it is not so. Our day in Brussels was the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, and our Sabbath in Bingen was the festival of St. Roch, the patron-saint. In both cases one was sorry to see so much of what seemed devotion running to waste. I hope and believe that there was a true sentiment in many, but the boisterous merriment and not a little intoxication in the evening showed that it was not so with the mass. I went to a small Protestant church in Bingen, and heard a very earnest evangelical sermon preached to about fifty people, but only one service and no Sabbath-school or token of religious life besides. As yet the reaction towards Gospel truth has chiefly affected the theological views of the ministers, and not gone down much into practical Christian and Church life. Protestantism confines itself too much to

its name—a *protest* against Romanism and a sneer at its superstition. When I see the easy, self-complacent face of Goethe in all the hotels here, I cannot help feeling a grudge at him for the aid he has given to this self-indulgent, materialistic life. Yet there must be, and are, many exceptions, and “the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.”

At Bale I went to visit the Mission Institute where missionaries are trained for all parts of the world—a course of six years, with instruction in divinity, medicine, agriculture, and always music. About ninety are in training just now, and the chief support is from Germany. The young man who showed me round was an Armenian student from Asia Minor, and I met the venerable Pastor Legrand, who laboured many years with Oberlin. So one veers about from despondency to hope—“cast down, but not in despair;” and this seems to be very much the motto of our present state. I hope you will always be kept on the brighter side of it, and find that “to the upright”—those who sincerely seek the path of duty—“there ariseth light in darkness.” . . .

*To * * *.*

GENEVA, *August 31, 1867.*

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From Zurich we came by rail to Lucerne, and stopped two days visiting the lake and land of Tell, the finest of the Swiss lakes I have seen--then over the Brunig pass, where there are some noble views, to Meyringen in the Bernese Oberland, passing our Sabbath there. One sermon of twenty minutes, cold and sapless, was all the poor people had from the Reformed pastor, and there was a large congregation gathered from the mountains. The town's-people seemed to me to lounge about all day and gather in large numbers to look at the feats of a rope-dancer and juggler whose advertising bills had been appended to the church-door. Berne, like Zurich, is coldly Rationalistic, and it seems clear that Nature in her grandest moods has as little power as the beauty of art to create devotion. The absence of the imaginative element in the Swiss people is something remark-

able. From Meyringen to Interlachen and Lauterbrunnen, the heart of terrific landscapes. I felt it painfully overpowering, and was glad to escape, like one that looks over the edge of a precipice — helped perhaps by the prevalent Cretinism, for mind seems often weakest where matter shows its grandest power. Then by Thun, Berne, and Fribourg to Lausanne—a beautiful ride. Here we sat in the garden where Gibbon finished his history, and stood by the tomb of the great St. Bernard. I sought Vinet's, but he lies at Clarens. Then sailing up the lake, we explored Chillon, and passed on to Martigny in the valley of the Rhône. From here, by a nine hours' ride on horses, we crossed the Tête Noir pass into the valley of Chamonix—a wonderful day, of which I cannot speak. I had great expectations, but they were surpassed. From Chamonix by Voiture to Geneva. All the way along the valley of the Arve—fifty-four miles—a marvellous mixture of the grand and beautiful, brought to perfection by an exquisite day—sunny, cloudy, breezy by turns. I shall never forget the Fall of Arpenan, throwing itself from

a rock 900 feet high, waving midway in the wind, like the finest cloud of spray or gentle mist, and then gathering itself into a stream again at our feet and rippling to the Arve. It made me think of a soul putting off embodiment and resuming it again.

I have been wandering all through Geneva to-day hunting up associations—Rousseau's isle and birthplace, though I have no admiration for the man; Calvin's church and house, the latter in the possession of the Sisters of Mercy (the Roman Catholic Church struggles for such scenic incidents, and I dare say there is knowledge of human nature in it, for it impresses some)—to Calvin's grave, unmarked save by a small stone with *J. C.*—even this against his stern command, and the spot, I am told, is doubtful. The Roman Catholics now equal the Protestants, brought about through the immigration of poor Savoyards, as of the Irish into Glasgow.

I lighted in the *Journal* on a very appreciative notice of Faraday, whose death I was grieved to observe. It is by one who signs himself *A. de la Rive*, and I am sure you will be gratified by

the close of it. After describing his scientific career, and speaking of the failing health of latter years, he says—" L'ami restait encore, mais le savant avait disparu ; le cœur avait survécu à l'intelligence ; il me serrait la main comme s'il eût voulu me faire comprendre que c'était la dernière fois que je le voyais. Il s'est éteint paisiblement Dimanche dernier à l'âge de 76 ans. Sa fin a été aussi douce que sa vie ; on peut dire de lui qu'il s'est endormi au Seigneur. La paix était dans son âme car il l'avait puisé à la seule source qui puisse la donner réellement et complètement. J'ai rarement vu un Chrétien plus convaincu et plus consequent." That word *consequent* I like—one who follows it up into all its consequences.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *Wednesday*.

I send Horace Greeley's first volume of the "American War," of which we were speaking. I am afraid it will confirm you in your *divisive* opinions as to the rights of the slave. The view,

however, I would hold is, that while the slave owes nothing to the *system* except to run away from it, there may have been, and I believe were, masters who held up the chains they could not break, and made the system, in fact, not slavery, and that a runaway slave might owe such a master something in honour. The Israelites borrowed—*asked*—jewels from the Egyptians—their kept-back wages, I suppose—but then we live under a more generous economy, and the slave may be allowed to prove himself the nobleman. However, this may be transcendental; the last certainly is. Greeley's history is nothing in style and manner, but has plenty of documents, all trustworthy. The whole history of this time seems to me one of the most remarkable since the Exodus—the freeing of as many captives, and the leading a larger nation, white and black, and a whole continent that is to be, out into a higher life—for think what would have become of America had this plague-spot spread! It is the more remarkable that, though there was an Egypt, and slaves, and a Red Sea, there was no Moses nor Aaron,

for honest Abraham Lincoln will stand neither for prophet nor priest. There was only God, and the rod in his own hand—the Northern people sometimes a serpent, sometimes a piece of wood, used for the most part unconsciously, as one can see. But God is very manifest, and it gives one great comfort to see moral order still working, and a Governor among the nations. It is a good while since I read the book, and I would not advise you to do more than run over it with the aid of the “Contents.” What interested me most was the struggles of the earnest men who were pioneers in the way of principle, and who, many of them, fell in the breach—true martyrs, from Lovejoy down to the honest old uncalculating Puritan, John Brown, who did his work when he died on the scaffold. Without these men all this would never have happened, and it is a fine thing to see how Providence makes a comparatively small quantity of conscience the explosive power that sends off the dead heavy shot of the mass.

Next beneath this, but still noteworthy, the history of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the

cotton-gin (engine), a story worth reading all through for its private interest and public bearing; for mechanical science in the shape of the cotton-gin gave a wonderful impulse to slavery, though it meant it not; and then before his death Whitney gave himself to the perfecting of weapons of war, superiority in which enabled the North at last to crush the slave-system, and science was employed instrumentally, in a terrible way, to undo its own work. They are surely very blind who do not see God in it all; and the praise, after Him, is due to the few faithful men and women who in long years of obloquy and suffering withstood both North and South in the cause of God and man. One feels that such things give faith in eternal principles and in the Gospel, for it is only when it stirs men and kindles the spark that such results come out. "I am come to send fire on the earth," working his way through war to freedom and right, and at last to peace. I think Chaps. IX., XI., and XX. are those that are interesting, from the Abolition struggle, and the history of Eli Whitney commences p. 57. I have just got the

second volume of the book. Horace Greeley, with his intense Abolition views, has just bailed out Jefferson Davis; he is an eccentric, chivalrous sort of man. Excuse this disquisition, unintelligible enough, and more so till you have glanced at the book.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *October 10, 1867.*

One point I wished to deal with in "Trouble at the Thought of God," had time allowed, was the effect that physical languor has in clouding the spirit, and the duty of seeking its removal, that Christian faith and hope may not be impeded. Spiritual depression must sometimes be *circumvented*.

I read with much interest, the other day, W. C. Smith's lecture on the Literature of the Life of Christ, and liked it for the freedom and judgment with which it handled the subject. I believe it is to be published. Also the Duke of Argyll's lecture to the Young Men's Christian

Association. You have no doubt seen it fully reported,—a plea for toleration, chiefly drawn from human liability to err, and the distrust we ought to feel of our own judgment. I liked it for many things—its fairness and candour, and the positive basis of faith on which one felt he was treading, so different from much of the tolerance of the day, which springs from mere sceptical indifference. At the same time there is a higher ground for tolerance than even his—the law of religious liberty established in the Bible, and the claim of God to be the alone Lord of conscience. The man who is as sure of his faith as of his existence is bound to tolerance on this ground, for it ought to form part of his faith, and it is a pity that, while creeds contain so many points of dogmatic belief, they have occupied themselves so little with the assertion of this portion of the Gospel which establishes charity. But it is coming. . . . It is pleasant to see a man like the Duke of Argyll fitted to deal with these questions in such a spirit. . . .

*To * * * .*

GLASGOW, *November 23, 1867.*

I reached Glasgow in safety and comfort, and feel very much invigorated every way by my stay at Largs—physically I feel sure, for it is long since I have walked so much with no bad effects ; and mentally and morally I feel it ought to be, for intercourse with those who really feel interested in the great question about God and man and this strange world should send back a minister to work with fresh impulse. This is one reason why I cannot just take Mr. H——’s view of the severance between the preaching and visiting pastor. He would lose more in spirit than he gained in time. I have to thank you, too, for those ineffaceable sunsets, which I hope to carry about. The poor luminary looked across the town last night, like Milton’s fallen spirit, “shorn of his beams,” and I could not help comparing him, setting behind the chimney-stalks of Anderston, to what he would be looking on you from the peaks of Arran—so much does everything in the world depend on our

point of view. I was at our Mission soiree last night, down in Calton ; I had not been there for several years, and was glad to observe the most marked improvement on the dress and behaviour of the children—about two hundred. The perseverance and self-denial of the teachers touched me very much—to be away so long, and come and find them going on among these poor children in the same quiet, constant Christian work, getting no reward or praise and expecting none. Surely if Christ is to be found anywhere in the world, it is in such works.

*To * *.*

SHOTLEY, DURHAM,
December 11, 1867.

I received your kind letter here, with pamphlet enclosed. I have looked through it, and can quite understand your dislike. The doctrine, so far as one can see, is sound enough, and all true, but truth may be put with very disagreeable mannerisms. Food may be, in its original state, very wholesome, but if it is cooked as in Spain,

with oil and garlic, it is not palatable ; and the affectation and conceit of this tract flavour it so. I found, curiously enough, some flyleaf hymns of the same publisher here. They have the same characteristic.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *January* 28, 1868.

There is a kind of jealousy in deep affection that makes us fear the entrance of another into our inheritance in it. But the more we get rid of this, the more we shall thank God for making the human heart so that its expansion does not take away from its intensity. Without irreverence, we may think of it as God's own provision for us, in which there is always "enough and to spare," the bread that multiplies as it is divided. We should never separate true human love, in its characteristics, from the divine. †

To * *.

GLASGOW, *January* 28, 1868.

Your thoughts when you left——this morning

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could, I am sure, not be put into words or form, —so much of joy, so much of sorrow, has been felt by you under its roof, and there would be that attempt we never can avoid, to lift the curtain of the future and give some definite shape to shadows of anticipation. The only way at these times is, having sought to know the right and do it, to look up to a God who governs, and lean upon a Christ who still serves and suffers with us. I think there are times when one specially feels the words of the prophet, "O Lord, I *know* that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." What an emphasis in that *know*!—how little we can choose or make our own way! And yet we must walk—"man that walketh"—life forces us on. And what then? To take each step, though but a single one, with confidence in Him, the Father of lights, who will "make darkness light before us, and rough places smooth." You see how the air and earth are both touched, and turned to blessedness, within first, without here or hereafter! I think we might die at once if we did not believe this. I have had a good many

years now of experience of the Christian ministry, and I would not exchange the weakness I have had in it for the strength I might have in any other path of life I have seen. Though weary by the well-side, and sometimes with nothing to draw, there is meat to eat men know not of. And yet it is a happy thing that in every walk of life men may take share in this work. But if we have it as our peculiar call, the sense of professional duty may in a true way stir up and strengthen our personal interest in it. Certainly the ministry as a mere profession is the most miserable thing in this world. When it is a personal thing I do believe it is one of the best.

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Nothing, almost, has touched my heart more than the way in which those to whom I have been able to render little have rendered so much love and loyal attachment. After all, these are the things worth living for in the world, and when Christ came among men all His life went to show it.

To * * *.

TINNA PARK, COUNTY WICKLOW,

March 2, 1868.

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I do not know if you have ever looked into Saurin's Sermons—one of the Huguenots. They used to be recommended to us as models at the Divinity Hall, and are indeed very eloquent and picturesque; but the modern Protestant pulpit seems much more direct and real. Rhetoric is always a sign of decay, and one, therefore, has hope in the present symptoms amid all drawbacks. I never met or heard Pilatte, but have heard much of him. I can quite understand your feelings in Paris. The Boulevards used to make me more melancholy than the Faubourgs. One cannot tell, however, what is going on underneath. You recollect the story of the great comic actor in Paris smitten with incurable depression—a kind of French Nicodemus.

This place is about twenty miles south of

Dublin and four miles from the sea, commanding, however, a wide view of it from parts of the grounds. Perhaps you have never visited County Wicklow. It is the finest part of Ireland next to the Killarney district. A broad belt of three or four miles of low, undulating, rich country runs along the sea, covered with woods, villages, mansions, more like England than Ireland. Then rises a slope for other two or three miles, also wooded and seamed with deep valleys and dells, some of them exceedingly beautiful, through which come down rivers and streams from the high land behind. Then, third, comes this high land called the mountain-country, running away into wild glens and moorlands, inhabited by the descendants of the old Irish race bearing the names O'Toole and O'Byrne and O'Kavanagh, all Roman Catholic, and I dare say a good deal Fenian, driven up there by the invading Saxons who hold, as landlords and large farmers, the rich plains. Above these glens tower the Wicklow mountains, the highest of which, Lough-naquilla, is above 3000 feet high, and in their recesses are various dark lochs and tarns, visit-

able by a day's excursion, among them the celebrated one of the Seven Churches—

“The lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er,”

with the curious old remains of Irish ecclesiastical architecture that come down from the seventh century, when Ireland and Iona were the lights of the West.

Our place is on the second compartment,—the house on the slope that rises from the plain. We are half-encircled by the first range of hills and quite embosomed in woods, but from many points quite at hand we can see from Bray Head on the north to Wicklow Head on the south—fifteen miles, our northern view being shut in by the afore-named headland and the two Sugar-Loaf Mountains, called by the Irish the “Silver-Spears,” the highest 1600 feet high, and almost a perfect cone; and our southern view bounded by the high range of Wicklow Head, surmounted by an old castle and a modern lighthouse, which we can see any night by going a few hundred yards. My manner of life is

pretty various. I have been indulging in idleness a good deal, for I had been doing rather more preaching than usual before I crossed, and the air of this place, in the commencement at least, is of the "Sleepy Hollow" kind, or such as the lotus-eaters breathed. No one of the natives seems to do anything in particular, and has always time to press one to an excursion anywhere. It is easy seeing how they do not get on, but for all that they are a very enjoyable people, and the change from the rush of life in Glasgow is so wonderful. So I have been driving about to different quarters, acting sometimes as driver, having a nice Kerry pony at command which can go easily thirty miles in a day. Then within the compass of my walking-power there is a great deal to see—a fine rocky glen close at hand, with rocks and cascades twenty feet in height, clothed with the most marvellous growth of laurel-trees, which seem to love the shower and the shade. Indeed, the laurel-trees here are one of the features of the country, quite trees for size and growing in great and wild profusion. There

are a good many acres covered with them and undergrowth of various kinds on the grounds of Tinna Park, which I have a special pleasure in exploring—rich in plants and birds and wild animals of the rabbit and squirrel kind, with some “Lost Bower” in it, I dare say, if one could find it out. The other day I startled a heron from a pond beside it, but whether building there or merely fishing I have not yet ascertained. There is a picture in which the heron comes in, drawn by Gerald Griffin, that has often struck me as fine :—

“ There gently flows the waveless tide,
By one small garden only,
Where the heron waves its wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely.”

In the absence of proprietors these people of the woods sometimes use freedom enough. In the house where we live a jackdaw has built in one chimney and a venerable white owl in another, so that we have both day and night represented by their opposite colours. I have succeeded in gaining arrest of judgment in their favour till at least the fledgelings have set up

for themselves, in which I have been supported by the fact that the "white owl" is a known enemy of the mouse tribe, a race that infests us from the neighbouring woods.

But now as to the weather, a most important point within our four seas. It is at least some hundred miles milder than Glasgow, and considerably less moist. Wind has been the chief feature, and you can hear at night every range, from the softest Æolian touch to the thunder of the gale in the trees around. It is roaring now (7 P.M.) like the sea in a storm. With all this, it is like May with us; the laurels and myrtles are half in flower, the laurustinus and arbutus wholly. I saw the first primroses to-day. More than a hundred lambs have entered the world, and appear to think it very happy and beautiful, and the blackbird and mavis are singing with a full note. The leaves, however, are decidedly behind, the elder and honeysuckle, as usual, leading the advance, and the others doubtfully and slowly feeling their way.

*To * * *.*

TINNA PARK, CO. WICKLOW,
March 30, 1868.

Yesterday I was not at church, but out in the woods all day, and through the leaves of the trees and the lines of the book I saw you all very often. A bright, warm spring, summer-like day, with a soft sober sweetness on the face of everything that seemed to draw one's heart out and up. I wonder how any one can think there is nothing but earth and dust in the universe. It is very hard for our nature to give away a share in affection where we were once supreme. There is a jealousy in these things that the most unselfish of us find it difficult to struggle with. Our right is gone, and we held it by favour. I can understand the feeling of wounded ambition through affection—the bitter sense of being displaced. Well, this would be very poor comfort for us if affection were like ambition. But what we have to try to do is to realise that they are not the same. A true

heart, I am sure, never loves one less for taking in another ; it is, in a way, all to every one. Surely true human love was intended to give us some idea of God's own, who is all that He can be to every one of us. Displacement or first and second are terms misapplied. Neither let us believe that these things, any more than other events in God's providence, are sent for harm to any part of our nature. They come to build it up and make it stronger, and in many ways they can do so. A calm, thoughtful study of our past life and our inmost character will, with God's blessing, teach us how. Let us be very thankful that no part of it lies in weakening the bonds of affection that bind us to our dearest friends—rather in forming new plans for sustaining them in all their strength, that we may feel sure that no change of circumstances can touch them. Then we may have all the good of the continued love, and something superadded. I do believe, also, that everything earthly and human in God's plan of education tends to the heavenly and divine. If we can be led to understand and realise more of a love

not dependent on outward presence and a spoken assurance, this will be a great thing, helping us to cling to the invisible, and to live as seeing it, and to Him whom, having not seen, we love. . . .

. . . Let us calmly wait at the door of God's providences, and we shall find that He can soothe our past and open up to us new realms of affection, where the old shall have its acknowledged place. I would not, for my part, choose any future, however blessed, that would leave the old out, and I do not think God ever meant it to be so.

For myself, I have been out of sorts for a week or two—low smouldering headaches now and again, which have come, I think, from too close sitting at work. So I have intermitted under compulsion of my kind friends here, and have been loitering in the fresh air and among old books: my two last—what think you?—Dean Swift and Paracelsus. There are fifteen volumes of Dean Swift in the house, and having only looked at him detachedly before, I have gone through them all. His life and correspondence give one a higher opinion of him than his works. A man of great power and knowledge of human

nature—not of the best kind—a conviction of Christianity, but a native coarseness that seems to have been ineradicable—benevolence of a sort, with no fine affection—a character inexplicable, save on the supposition of a vein of insanity. I think I have learned a good deal from looking through him. My reading of Paracelsus has been in connection with a poem of Robert Browning's, which I am sure you would like in many ways—full of power and pathos, and setting one away on dreams of thought and speculative fancy, like what, I suppose, Beethoven does to an initiated listener. I wish you would read Paracelsus some time.

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THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

(From Swift's "Battle of the Books.")

"Whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride feeding and engendering in itself, produces nothing at all but fly-bane and a cob-web; or that which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home *honey* and *wax*, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are *sweetness* and *light*?"

" Day !
 Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim day boils at last :
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
 Where spurting and supprest it lay—
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray
 Of the eastern cloud an hour away ;
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed
 the world."

—BROWNING.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, July 22, 1868.

.
 I did not go to — on Monday, and spent
 the evening here in a perfect solitude, every-
 body within and around being off to the coast,
 and the watchman who came to survey things
 was startled by signs of housebreaking when
 he saw my light. As a *passe temps* I tried
 a translation of the French hymns, the two
 you copied. The third—Vinet's "Pourquoi re-
 prendre?" &c., which I wrote out—bristles with

so many spikes of multiplied rhyme, that my Muse shied at it like a lame steed at a five-barred gate. I am not very much satisfied with the success of what I send you. Of the two, I prefer "St. Bernard's," which has in itself more power than the other. I have had no opportunity of seeing the Latin original, which I should like to do. Scherer's has, however, much sweetness and natural truthfulness, and one cannot but think that the man who once felt so cannot ultimately go far wrong.

JE SUIS À TOI.

(EDWARD SCHERER.)

LORD, I am Thine! Glory to Thee for ever!
My Saviour, I accept Thy law benign;
Bound by the cords of love no change can sever,
Now I am Thine—for ever Thine!

A void within, gloom round, and death before me,
Long strayed in paths of doubt this heart of mine,
Clear grew the way as Thy face lightened o'er me
To make me Thine—for ever Thine!

I served the world; it palled me with its pleasure;
Another now bears rule—a King Divine;
His yoke is light; his peace, peace passing measure;
Lord, I am Thine—for ever Thine!

With arms outspread, eyes beaming love and sorrow,
 The Saviour calls, "To me thy soul resign!"
 My feet are slow; Love's wings I fain would borrow,
 So to be Thine—for ever Thine!

Possessing Thee, my soul holds rich possession;
 'Tis faith that clasps Thee, and calls all things mine;
 Rest on Thy breast is rest beyond expression,
 And seals me Thine—for ever Thine!

Who from Thy Book of Life can e'er efface me?
 Undo the mighty grasp of Love's design?
 Thy look is life, Thy eternal arms embrace me
 And keep me Thine—for ever Thine!

Upon this earth Thine would I still approve me,
 While and where'er Thou measurest life's line,
 To be in heaven, opened by grace, above me,
 All, only Thine—for ever Thine!

O DIEU DE VÉRITÉ.

("ST. BERNARD.")

O GOD! light's pure fountain, for Thy face my soul
 sigheth,
 Bind my heart to Thyself with chains forged in Love's
 fire;
 While I read my heart faints, while I hear its strength
 dieth,

But for ever it crieth, } (*bis.*)
 "Thee alone I desire."

Speak Thou clear to my soul; let no other beside
Thee,

Let no wisdom of earth, mar the voice from Thy throne,
A mute place in the depth of Thy presence provide me,
With Thy right hand to hide me, } (*bis.*)
That I hear Thee alone !

In the soul's loneliness let Thy presence be near me,
To o'erflow with Thy peace all the void within me,
In danger to guard me, in my sorrow to cheer me,
And leave nothing to fear me * } (*bis.*)
Save the losing of Thee !

Thou dost hear me, my God ! but the clouds gather
ever,
Thy pure splendour is veiled † in the shadows of night ;
My soul thirsts for the day when by life's rushing river,
Through the years ending never, } (*bis.*)
I shall gaze on Thy light.‡

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, *August 6, 1868.*

I got a little leisure and inclination to try
"Pourquoi reprendre?" the other day, and
send it for your lenient judgment. I am sorry

* That in nothing I fear me.

† And night darkens apace.

‡ I shall gaze on Thy face.

you did not follow out your commencement. I borrowed a line from it as my starting-point, and feel how much harder and barer I have made the whole version than you would have done it. This is the radical fault of my attempt—a want of softness and tenderness of the original—a reduction of it to the hard *theology type* into which I think we British, and specially Scotch, Christians are apt to fall. I quite agree with you as to the beauty of this hymn of Vinet's, and that is the difficulty of translation.

One can give sometimes shape and even colour, but so seldom perfume—the *je ne sais quoi*—which in a painting the Germans call *Beleuchtung*. I do not quite despair of making you an admirer of Robert Browning. I am quite aware of his faults—his choice of out-of-the-way, not generally interesting subjects, and his disproportionate, sometimes tedious treatment of them; but there is a great deal both of strength and tenderness in him; and—will you let me say it?—those who admire Mrs. Browning much, need him, as she herself seems to have done. He gives another and very different side, and

for this reason they do not like him at first. If this is personal, let me be saved from it, by saying truly that it is my own experience. I have sometimes thought it would be a fine thing to study them before they knew each other intimately, and then, after, to observe the combination of mental and spiritual force, and how they supplement each other's defects.

“POURQUOI REPENDRE, O PÈRE
TENDRE ?”

(VINET.)

WHEREFORE remove, O God of love !
The crown of joy fresh from Thy hand ?
What Thou mad'st mine, Thou bid'st resign ;
Why Thine own gift again demand ?
Answer, O Lord !
So great those thoughts of Thine,
And mine so weak to understand.

Sad years make old—the heart grows cold—
Each day some blessing takes its flight ;
Life's bud and bloom—fruit and perfume—
Perish in tempest or in blight,
My eye is dimmed ;
O'er the bright earth comes gloom,
O'er me the damp, the chill, the night.

God sent a child—the bleak waste smiled—
Love made home's quiet never lone :
Deep joy, each day, watched how her ray
Of sunrise on my setting shone.
'Tis quenched by Thee !
And Thou alone can'st say
Why she has come, and whither gone.

Wherefore remove, O God of love !
The crown of joy fresh from Thy hand ?
What Thou mad'st mine, Thou bid'st resign ;
Why Thine own gift again demand ?
Answer, O Lord !
So great those thoughts of Thine,
And mine so weak to understand.

Thy mighty word comes like a sword,
Enters my soul with power divine,
And then I own, and make it known,
The secret of this work of Thine.
MYSELF, O Lord,
Thou claim'st MYSELF alone,
When Thou removest what is *mine*.

Say, who shall blame when 'tis the same
Great hand which gives and doth recall ?
Sows the seed-grain, and reaps again ?
One loving hand doth move in all,
And wakes to THEE,
By the stern stroke and pain,
When 'mid *Thy gifts* asleep I fall.

O living God ! direct my road
To Eden's fields, or wastes of woe ;
When Thee I prize, above all joys,
Nought harms, all helps me, where I go.
For me, Thy child,
Rivers in deserts rise,
Dry wastes are green, and rough thorns blow

That path we tread, where Christ hath led ;
He died; and death must be the way
From life of earth to heavenly birth,
Made Christ's through dying day by day.
O death to sin !
Above all life Thy worth ;
Thou call'st me : can I say Thee nay ?

To every thought which has not sought
Its root in Thee, the only Wise ;
To all earth's love, which doth not move
Beneath the sanction of Thine eyes,
Lord, let me die !
That death in me may prove
New life which to Thy heaven shall rise.

Thy work pursue, that, meek and true,
I 'neath Thy chastening hand may grow ;
Bid me endure, till gold, all-pure
Of dross, shall from the furnace flow.
Sculptor of souls !
Strike out Thine image sure,
Though joys fall shivered at each blow.

Thou may'st remove, O God of love,
The crown of joy fresh from Thy hand ;
Now I resign what Thou mad'st mine,
I yield Thy gift to Thy demand.
The hidden end
Of those great works of Thine,
My heart, though weak, can understand.

To * *.

GLASGOW, *August 25, 1868.*

I drop a note simply to say that we got safely to Glasgow, and to thank you and Mr. —— for all the pleasure I had in my stay at ——.

It is a new oasis to me in the waste, and I hope often to look on its green and drink its refreshment. The more I look back on the past, the more I think I see a good Hand sustaining and leading you on to views where the memory of grief will lose its bitterness without parting with any of its love. It is only human hearts that are capable of this, and it is only the Gospel which brings it fully out ; and in this—the memory of sorrow held in our hearts with unbroken affection, but with no sting—we have the pledge of a great future. It lets us see we may

reach a place where God can give the "oil of joy for mourning."

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *September 1*, 1868.

I send with this the amended version of the hymn. . . . The last part of the fourth verse, "*il me touche*," refers, I think, to the Saviour's hand, and carries us to Rev. i. 17, which again carries to the scene in the tempest-calming (Mark iv. 39; Matt. xiv. 27), which harmonises with the next verse, "*abri dans la tempête*." You have of course remarked the rise from the first storm-calming to the second, as there are in the miracles of raising the dead striking points of agreement and difference. One of the points of difference is, that He first calms the elements, then the soul, but in the second case the soul and then the elements, which is, in truth, the difference between the Old Testament and the New. And then there is the remarkable difference in the mode of address. To the elements, "Peace, be still"—the command of a Sovereign; to the soul,

"It is I ; be not afraid"—the approach of a Friend. You and I will try to feel that it is under this last and higher treatment we are put, that the troubles are kept round us for a while to have our souls made strong in the midst of them. . . .

The great thing is not to be discouraged by seeming reverse or relapse. The victory is to *endurance*, and there would be no endurance if we were always gaining.

"Many a banner shall be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a bow in battle bent,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent."

So we shall endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and be sure of success.

O DÉSIRÉ DE LA TERRE.

(VINET.)

DESIRE of all on earth below,
Thou Love and Glory of the skies !
My King, my Saviour, Brother ! lo,
My soul lies open 'neath Thine eyes.
Majestic and most blessed face,
Compassionate and sovereign grace,

O shed into this heart of mine
That light and peace and joy of Thine !

Long has my dim and feeble eye
Vainly to pierce the darkness yearned,
Long with a barren soul have I
Sounded all depths and nothing learned.
What lights have vanished into gloom !
What graces withered in the bloom !
What fruitless griefs my heart have torn !
What bright joys left me more forlorn !

• • • • •
Whence dawns this light which shines around
My mind, but late so dark and drear ?
And whence, O soul, the peace profound
Which soothes thy pain and calms thy fear ?
All doubts are silenced in my breast,
My tempest-terrors hushed to rest ;
Triumphant Love resumes its sway,
And night is turned for me to day.

JESUS ! It is the mighty name
Of Him who hath my soul set free ;
To close the dread abyss He came
Which stretched between my God and me :
Blest name of Him who calmed my fears,
Melted my hard remorse to tears,
Who laid His hand on me and said,
“ Soul ! it is I ; be not afraid ! ” *

* Rev. i. 17 and Mark iv. 39.

O heart of God ! to Thee I flee,
My shelter from the tempest's breath,*
Joy, solace evermore to me,
And life when I shall look on death !
See my deep wound, Thy care reveal !
Heal me—all Thy sick world heal,
And let it find its hatred prove
Weaker than Thy all-conquering Love.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *September* 11, 1868.

One may be wrong in the direction in which he looks for rest of heart and for the happy word, "Well done." This may arise from strong subjectivity of nature. Such intenseness is a strength, but our strength becomes often our temptation ; and there may be a temptation to over-self-analysis, questioning the elements that enter into performance of duty and satisfaction in doing it. Now, in many cases we are not accountable for the *mood* in which we perform duty, any more than for the atmosphere in which we take our walks. It depends on so many

* Matt. xiv. 27.

things—on health and surroundings and the daily friction and abrasion of our feelings. We know how an unkind word or a kind one will darken or lighten all our little world. We should rise above this if we were right? Yes, if we were not human; but God knows our frame, and we must not be more intolerant to ourselves than He is. This may seem an easy sort of doctrine, but not so. We are accountable for our performance of *duties* and for their *motives*. Now, to perform duty from a regard to the will of God is not *legal*, as you seem to fear. To perform it from regard to His *threats* and with the *idea of buying His favour* certainly is; but a Christian may, nay, must feel “whose I am, whom I *ought* to serve.” This is not opposed to the *delight* in doing, but must in every case, I believe, be at the root of it. The delight is the atmosphere of soul that comes or may not come to enfold it—very pleasant and desirable, but not at all essential, and not to be sought as the main thing. “Well done, good and faithful servant.” You see this is the first thing—*good faithful service*; on this we must be intent (not as to an austere

master); and then may come, "Enter thou into the joy"—that will be all right by-and-by. We must try to leave the joy, meanwhile, out of account—try to get our heart to forget this. I know most assuredly you are not seeking it for the mere gratification, but because you think the joy is essential to the right performance of the duty. Now, I hold that it is not. The highest style of Christianity may be doing duty under cloud and with no sense of gladsome acceptance; and this may be making us far stronger than working with the sunshine in our soul. Enough for us if we feel it to be duty, and that we owe it to One who is both Creator and Redeemer. Every such doer has the "Well done" now said *of* him; and then comes the time when it shall be said *to* him, that is, a gladsomeness in the doing; for the joy, as we know, is not crowns and kingdoms at the end of life, but a something in the soul which God can make to blossom here. Only, as I have said, do not set your heart on it as essential, and distinguish between doing duty to God—a right-ground, and "dragging the chain of the law." . . .

I would like to help you to retain all the strength of which you are capable, aiming at a noble standard, without breaking your peace, and thereby a portion of your power, because you do not, as you think, at present attain to it. Remember the star (Matt. ii.). It came, it vanished ; it came again ; but its vanishing was for good as well as its coming, and they walked on their way in its absence ; and even when they turned aside from Bethlehem they were on the best road to it, and doing God's work for themselves and others when the clear finger of God was not pointing their path ; and then when they saw it again "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." When we have not the star, let us consult the trembling needle in our souls. It vacillates and we doubt, but it settles, if we watch it, to the same point ; and our little uncertainties are part of God's plan for us. . . . You will never be less concerned than you are about duty and motives, but try to be less anxious about the mood and the glow, as if all were wrong because these are absent. . . . What a blessing it is to feel sure that all the struggles of the soul

after God bear on them the signs of their final success! They testify to its nature and to God, and these two, the soul and God, make all sure. Do you remember the beautiful connection in which David brings them in?—"My soul followeth hard after Thee;" "*Thy right hand upholdeth me.*" God's strong hand is beneath us while we are struggling to Himself and think Him far away.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *November 16, 1868.*

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I was reading yesterday a book I got lately, "Auberlen on the Divine Revelation." He died not long since at Basel, too early. It set me comparing some of the historical Psalms with the history, and I was struck with the curious instances that turned up of the minute study the poet must have made. Here is one, Ps. cvi. 12; compare Exod. xiv. 31 and xv. 1. The poet seizes these two and puts them together—faith in God and gladness; and then how sorrowfully he conjoins other two things!—Ps. cvi. 13—a short

memory for God's goodness and an impatience about His plans, having evidently in his eye Exod. xvi.

All this shows us that the men who wrote the Psalms not only had the Pentateuch before them as we have it, but that they were making it the subject of close and practical study. I thought I saw him there under that Eastern sky, with the roll of the book before him, and felt how pleasant it was to know that we could, so far away, touch the very track of thought in the Bible that his mind passed along. It helps one to see that there were reflective, spiritual-minded men poring over all the past, and that the Bible grew up for us through the working of their spirits under God. I think it is a great thing to feel that the Bible has grown up as an organic whole, like a tree or a living thing, from stage to stage—that there is one life in it all through, flowing on from first to last. Indeed, the Bible is only the expression of a part of the life when it was in its formative steps. There was a time when it lived without a Bible—the patriarchal—and a time

when Christianity was fresh and strong without a single line of the New Testament. It is a very great comfort to think, in the midst of all the attacks on the formal records, that nothing can touch the assurance of a spiritual life that has been flowing on through the world in a broad, deep—may we not say broadening, deepening stream? It comes to us in other ways besides the Bible—through living spirits touching each other from age to age, and making up a continuous divine life. Nothing can shake this. But how valuable the Bible we may think by the treasured letters of some dear friends whose life may be part of our life, but with whom we can have no more direct communion, and the Bible is a course of letters from such friends when the spiritual life of the world was in a peculiar crisis, and the feelings were very deep and tender.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *December 7, 1868.*

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I have been kept busy in various ways, and

with some short notices of books that always come in opportunely. One of them the life of a good man, J. D. La Touche, of Dublin, by a dear old friend of mine who died lately, Dr. Urwick—one of the most delightful men you ever met, nearly eighty, and yet so sprightly and cheerful. La Touche died more than forty years ago, and here is Dr. Urwick's apology for reviving what seems obsolete. I think you will consider it good:—"An example of goodness is, like precious metal, valuable in itself and for use, irrespective of the date at which it was first supplied. The gold from Ophir in the days of Solomon, or that of Uphaz in the time of Job, would, if forthcoming now, be as acceptable at the goldsmith's, the bank, or the Mint as that imported from Australia or elsewhere by the last arrivals. What shall we say of the great and far-back-stretching 'cloud of witnesses' encompassing us in the Scriptures whose latest biographies are nearly two thousand years old?" This, and more like it, from a man of eighty!

To * * *

GLASGOW, *December 22*, 1868.

A few of our ministers in Glasgow have a fortnightly meeting to talk over theological topics of the day, and we are reading just now Rothe's *Ethik*, one of the last products of the German school, a remarkable and very peculiar book, but fertile in thought. His object is to form a full-orbed, full-bodied spiritual system, in which, as you will conceive, there must be many gaps and many conjectures, but still large lines of truth. We seem at a point now when our systems of theology and theological philosophy must be liberated, simplified, and enlarged; and all these will go together. There is no fear of grand spiritual facts. God, the soul, Christ their union—eternity their sphere, but the way in which we join them may differ somewhat. We are like children dealing with these puzzle-maps, and we are ready, in our impatience, to crush in false junctures and spoil the connection, and some onlookers think there is no truth at

all because they see incongruities. But all the regions are there, and will remain, and if we can only put them in better connection, that of itself will supply the evidence which men long for. Of course, to us, there is another and higher evidence. We have been *in the regions*—we can speak, so far at least (more or less clearly, more or less constantly), of *facts spiritual*, and things we have seen. But many men outside need to be convinced by seeing the connection and concatenation of the facts—what one may call the *internal* evidence as opposed to the *experimental* on the one side, and the *historical* on the other. We have as yet got no further than Rothe's definition of what he is seeking, and his book requires slow and careful reading.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *January 2, 1869.*

I have been thinking much of you all at this season, and how it brought up the past! With all your sad memories, you have so much to sus-

tain you—things that will stand thinking about—so much of what was true and real and good, and that can never perish, but are laid up to be brought out again.

“God *requireth* the past,” the wise man says, but over against so solemn a word we may set the comfort that He will *restore* the past, and the mercy of this last work will surpass all the justice of that other and “rejoice against it,”—*in the face of it*, that must mean. It is a fine figure mercy looking full in the face of judgment, and not bating a particle of its joy.

I quite agree with you that such things as these—God’s goodness and grace in the hearts He has made—are the *true stars* we have to look to in our night, and if some of them have set sooner, they did shine for us, and are shining still. Our small horizon is not His universe. I think this is a conviction that grows on us the more we dwell on it, and how thankful we should be when God has given us in our history realities of *life* to help us to rise to the realities of *faith*! It is a way in which sight helps faith; for surely something akin to this lies in the

words of Christ, "He that hath *seen* Me hath *seen* the Father"—not merely that Christ is the *image* of God, but that a divine life witnessed by us on earth is the *evidence* of a God. So that one may say, we can be as sure of God as if we had *seen* Him, and if we are sure of *Him* we are sure of *everything*.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, February 5, 1869.

I was thinking again of the early and later literature question, and, on the whole, I believe the one broad distinction is what we spoke of—*objective* and *subjective*. It is not that the first poetry contemplates *nature*, the later *man*, but that the first deals rather with outside action, the later with inward feeling; the first absorbed in the panorama of life, the second dealing with the camera-obscura reflection which it casts in on our spirits. Nature and man are mixed up in the first, in the later they are sundered and analysed—nature contemplated in the mirror of thought (Wordsworth), or man throwing himself

into nature and personifying it (Shelley), making it sympathise with him in his emotions. The action of human life is studied as it reveals these emotions ("Idylls of the King," &c.), or subtle revelations of character (Browning). Mrs. Browning is purely subjective, and speaks from herself directly out, even when she attempts to personate another. Scott is objective, but he is a protest against his time, and yet could not entirely escape from it, though he tried hard. This is a very large field, however.

Then comes another difference between them, from the progress of science and reasonable thoughts about the spiritual world, which bring in the reign of law. The spiritual element (a most important one in poetry) is modified by this, and must be introduced in accordance with the broader ideas we have of a regulated spiritual world. Homer's gods and Tasso's angels cannot interfere in the way they once did. The political and social changes have also affected poetry, indeed all literature—have widened its sphere as well as deepened it. The truths of a common humanity taught by Christianity, and even the

equality of the humanitarians, have made the joys and sorrows of the poor take place with the great subjects of the early epic and drama—*e.g.*, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, not to speak of Crabbe and his school, and such novelists as Dickens compared with the old romances. Poetry turns now to some feeling or experience in the ordinary life of us all; instead of selecting the exceptionally great, compare some old ballad of a knight and lady with Tennyson's "Edward Gray," or even "Lord Burleigh"—a curious instance of the modern feeling touching the old manners.

There seem two ways by which one could study the subject. First, take the early and later poets and think in what great characteristics they differ; or, second, take the outward circumstances of civilisation, including religion, and think wherein these are fitted to affect poetry. That poetry can ever cease is impossible—it is in nature and human nature; but it is modified in its *form*, as human nature changes in its ways of thinking and experience. This is very desultory and fragmentary, and I shall not make it more so by going on.

To * *.

GLASGOW, *October 21, 1869.*

I spent yesterday up to my departure with —, and was glad to think her, on the whole, better both in health and spirits. Indeed the last depends on the first, for in this world we cannot help feeling as if the cloud above our own head covered the whole sky. . . . What a beautiful office that is that is enjoined on us, "Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance (read compensation), even God with a recompense; He will come and save you." But how much we need strength ourselves to do this! Would that He might give it us, for I feel sometimes, in this strange age of outbreking unbelief and evil and restless craving, which turns so often to the false and vile, as if all the foundations of the earth were out of course. I thank God I have never lost the firm, fixed faith that we

shall get through it to something better ; but I fear things may become worse in several ways before that. But in calm, quiet doing of duty, and rendering of help and sympathy in the way of the Son of God, we shall keep our souls alive, and through His grace, I trust, not live altogether in vain. Let us ask this for one another, and try to hold up the hands of those who have a sorer fight than ourselves, and we shall increase our own strength as well as theirs. "To them that have no might He will increase strength."

*To *.*

GLASGOW, *March 3, 1869.*

I have been reading the verses leisurely and repeatedly, and think them beautiful exceedingly, with the beauty of true feeling and deep truth. They express so well the sense of oppression we all have, though we might not be able to utter or even distinctly realise it to ourselves, and they give, I am certain, the only cure for it, which does not lie in going farther out into the unbounded universe, but in coming

back to our own heart, and God's own meeting with us there when He gives us the "ear of the learned" to listen. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart," and the way by which we get the ear is when He puts His fingers in who says "Ephphatha"—"Be opened"—and lets us hear Himself—the *Word* of God.

The material world has its value to our souls as well as our bodies, but to our souls only as the mirror and the symbol of something we have got elsewhere. The use of a mirror is for a face, and the face of God—we know where we have to look for that. I have often thought that appearance of Christ which you use for your illustration is so beautiful because the voice, "It is I; be not afraid," goes before the recognition of His face, and gives them confidence to look for it and see it. That is not an accidental thing in the event, but the real invariable way in which we reach sight and all its joyful consequences, by such a voice in some way speaking to our heart and in it, "Be not afraid," and that grand reason, "It is I."

Next, I think, to the resurrection of Christ and the other resurrection histories that conduct to it, the deepest and most fertile truths are to be found in that Calming of the Storm. I would like to get you to believe, more than I think you do, in the benefits of doubt, and growing light, and half-knowledge, and probabilities and possibilities of things, and all the gradations by which our souls must emerge in this world from dark into daylight ; they are all needed in our history, and they stand related to the world of truth now as various degrees of knowledge of our fellow-creatures do to the world of man, from a single nod of acquaintanceship up to the full trust and fellowship of the heart. It was never meant we should have the same certainty about everything in the Bible or out of it. If we could only get to some one centre, and stand there and let the horizon fade away naturally into its own distances. The great centre to me now is Christ ; when I feel *that* sure, all is sure, though I cannot pick out its form from mists and twilights and farness, sometimes from glares of glory which do as much to dim the horizon

as do vapours. But at times one has to go to lower centres, to God in the general, even to the universe as a real thing; for if we can feel that the universe is real, and life real, and not mere *phenomena*, all will be right. So great and real a thing cannot end in a delusion. If we have a deep sense of the reality of life, there is a voice in it which says, "Be not afraid; be true, and you may be confident." When we get down to such a ground as this it is not mere naturalism or doing without Christ, for I believe this is still Christ's voice, only we have not yet caught the first sentence—"It is I." Every true voice in nature, in the soul, comes from Him and will lead at last to Him. One can then feel quiet and composed about many things—our little life here, our greater life of which it is the seed, our dear friends here or there, our relations to them now and then, our fellow-creatures and what will become of them all. It will be right, and I shall be brought to see it and say it, without belying any of the instincts of truth and love which He now puts into our nature, and which, indeed, are the very things

that lead us to believe in Him. If I could be disappointed in these instincts of truth and love what were God or anything to me? "I have not seen Him, neither known Him." . . .

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *March* 19, 1869.

I have been looking into Swinburne's critical essay on William Blake, and do not like it at all. He seizes his worst side and exaggerates it. But I lighted on some verses which are not among his minor poems, and which have a weird-like attraction. One can make so many things out of them. Here they are :—

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk over England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold ;
Bring me my arrows of desire :
Bring me my spear : O clouds unfold ;
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *March 22*, 1866 (?).

I send a pamphlet which makes some stir in England just now, as it represents a difference in the party that have passed from the Church of England to Rome. If you can glance at some parts of it you may find it significant. The account of the way in which the *filioque* clause entered the Nicene Creed is curious ; and the testimony of such a man as Ffoulke to the past and present of the Roman Catholic Church instructive. If he were consistent he ought to go on to the Greek Church. But this entire chase after *Unity*, as they deem it, is false, and the *filioque* question a sheer misunderstanding of

John xv. 26, where our Lord speaks not at all of the relations of persons in the Trinity, but of the manner in which the Spirit's help reaches us. The Bible is too wise a book to run back into transcendental metaphysics.

To *.

BROADMEADOWS, SELKIRK,

March 29, 1869.

I am glad to hear that you have reached Torquay with comparative comfort, and hope you may find the soft air of the south soothing and reviving. Your friends here, as elsewhere, have you much in their thoughts. I came here by way of Edinburgh about a week ago, and leave this week for home, as our Communion-time draws near. I have enjoyed my stay here exceedingly. The murmur of the Yarrow can be heard in my room day and night, and old Newark Castle can be seen by going to the window, so that the air of poetry and romance is all around if one chooses to breathe it, or rather if one has the power, and then there is no choice in the matter. I have been struck

with the fitness of Wordsworth's term for the atmosphere of this region, "pastoral melancholy." Is it not happy? Spring cannot be so far forward as with you, but the primroses are glinting on bank and brae, and the mavis in full song, and these are sufficient for any reasonable man. . . . It is long since I saw such a picture of earthly happiness with, as I believe, a higher consecration in it. It does one's heart good to think of it, and I have been recalling Rasselas's happy valley and such kind of places to depreciate them. But it is such a strange, mixed world. . . . I feel deeply for Miss — ; she looks so anxious and depressed, and is fighting a harder battle in her heart than would give the crown to many a martyr. Well, if we had not another world to put right the difficulties of this, and a God to look to it, it would be a sore case for many of us, and a sorry end; for I suppose even such oases in the desert as I am resting in, have dried-up wells and sand-storms that visit them soon or late. Perhaps the best sight of all in the world is some one that has fought well the battle of life and is lying on the hard-

won edge of it, quietly waiting the "Come up hither." I met the other night such a delightful old lady, Mrs. Pringle of Yair. She was in the *Kent East Indiaman* when it took fire—I suppose forty years ago—and had in her arms then M'Gregor of the *Rob Roy* canoe, her nephew. She told of the way the people of Falmouth received them when they were landed there. One poor lad took the shoes off his feet to put them on one of the shipwrecked people. That was a greater thing than the father of the prodigal son did, and was surely a blood-drop from God's heart. She is so calm and cheerful, and full of interest in everything that is going on. "A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun"—the genial moisture of this world drawn up from sometimes very troubled waters seems as needful as the bright light of heaven to give us such a spectacle.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *Monday*, 1869 (?).

I was very glad I had the opportunity of hearing Dr. Raleigh—so lucid, beautiful, and

persuasive, with such a warm glow felt under it. I think I learned something from it. I have heard so few great preachers, not having the providential lot you seem to have of coming in their way. . . .

+ ——— is very much self-enclosed where he is— in danger of having, as Dr. Raleigh expressed it, “a Dead Sea in the Holy Land of his nature,” and he feels it himself. We have all a yearning to be understood, to let ourselves out ; and surely it is not, as some think, a weakness, but a strength, for it is that of the *divine* in us which led God to make a world and men in it, and to desire to be known of them.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *April* 13, 1869.

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I read ———’s letter with very much interest. I can accept little more of his kind expressions than that as to honesty, which I would like to retain, though sometimes I question myself very hard if I would be just as glad to be on the side

of truth as to have truth on my side. I can, however, truly say that I never think less of any earnest man for our differences of opinion, however much I might desire that what gives comfort to my own thought could be shared with others. . . . I have the entire conviction that, as Christians, we should have constantly before us the doing good to our fellow-creatures as the great aim of life, and that this must include above all the giving them that truth which we have felt to be very precious to ourselves. But *how* we are to give it is a question that requires very much Christian wisdom and the much-maligned *tact*—not the Jesuitical tact that creeps to its end by hidden ways, but the fineness of judgment that can choose time, place, opportunity, and all the while conceal nothing of what we are and believe. The truth is, that men soon get to know what our Christianity is when we live it; and when we have established our position and influence so with any one, our word, when it comes seasonably, comes with power. Men, too, very soon feel whether there is obtrusive self in our movements toward them,

or the kindly interest that every human being should have in another. Naturalness and unconsciousness are best ; and when such questions come in the way, openness and honesty. The Apostle Peter was a very forward man in temperament, but he gives a very judicious, almost reticent rule : " Be ready always to give an *answer* to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear " (the fear meaning not timidity, but reverence, not talking lightly and jauntily about these things).

*To *.*

23 RUTLAND STREET, EDINBURGH,
April 22, 1869.

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Let us be friends and fellow-helpers in the greatest things which it can concern us to know and feel, without which life is a fool's procession, but with it a reality of which we have foretastes now and a full possession waiting us. I am sure we know that suffering and sorrow have done much to bring us nearer to those realities,

and that is the solution of one part, at least, of their mystery. We shall have all the rest one day, and remember our "misery as waters that pass away." If we can put ourselves—and why should we not?—among the "scattered strangers" whom the Apostle Peter speaks to in his beautiful exordium to the First Epistle, we need never be entirely downcast. Or 2 Cor. iv. 8–18. It is very striking that the Apostle should there tell us that everything we see is *temporary*; that it is only what we do not see which is to last—God, the soul, and the soul's possessions. All else is but scaffolding, to be taken down or changed when these are built up. Let us but fasten our hold on that great unchanging Friend and Helper who gathers to Himself all that we love and lose, and who can be with us to gather us into their blessed company. What a hope! And it is sure—all will be well to our hearts' desire with such a Saviour and such a God. Nor let us anticipate troubles; for at every step of the way He will give the aid we need and clear the thickets through which He leads His flock of the lurking enemies we dread. "No lion

shall be there, nor any ravenous beast come up thereon. It shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there." And then follows that glorious breaking-down of the light of heaven upon our earth: "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs," &c. Our dear friends are singing among them, and think the road very short which seems to us so long. May God give us all patience to follow them, and we too shall be as they.

To *.

BALLENCRIEFF, E. LOTHIAN,
April 26, 1869.

I have received and read with interest the critique of Robert Browning. On the whole I agree with it, always excepting some of the interpolations. He does justice, you see, to Browning's power in many ways, with all the deductions for want of melody and proportion. The thing for which I feel indebted to him is thought-stimulus and analysis of character. Honestly speaking, however, I am disappointed with the "Ring and

the Book" when I think what Browning is capable of, and what he has accomplished already in fragments. . . .

This is a beautiful country in its way—not far from North Berwick Law and the Bass, with the whole coast of Fife in full view and the broad, glittering Firth between ;—partridges whirring in the fields wherever one moves, and notes of larks falling like dewdrops out of the clear sky. I write out of doors, and wish I could send some of the sights and sounds.

My literary work, besides sermon-jotting, has been reading old pamphlets, with which this house is stocked. I got interested in the miscellaneous Historical Remains of Dr. M'Crie, a remarkable man for accurate research and graphic pen. I have been reading his review of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord" and "Old Mortality," in which Dr. M'Crie defends the Covenanters—I think successfully, for Sir Walter's "Heart of Midlothian" was intended as an *amende honorable*—up to his light. It is a curious thing to find these two men, so differently reared, crossing weapons, and it would

interest you to read it. Sir Walter, when he first heard of the review, said he would never read it, but such was the excitement it caused that he could not help himself. . . .

*To * * *.*

BALLENCRIEFF, E. LOTHIAN,
April 26, 1869.

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I would have sent an Edinburgh newspaper sooner had I thought you were likely to want it, but it is not the part of the modest subjects over whom the trumpets were blown to send the wild echoes flying. I am afraid you thought from my last note I was in as ill-humour as the peevish prophet when his green refreshing gourd of privacy was withered and the flaring sun of publicity began to smite on his head, and I confess I did not well to be angry, save with myself for making so much ado about little. The quiet of Nature has helped me out of it, and the thought of that great Nineveh of ours, which has so many more grievous ills, if one could only help to cure them.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *May 6, 1869.*

I feel deeply for Miss —, than whom no sister of mercy on a battlefield had ever so trying a duty—fears within, fightings without, as she strives to bind up the wounded in spirit, who are so dear to her—trying to look cheerful with a sorrowful heart, and able to unbosom herself fully only to God—not even to Him, for there is often a depth in our anxiety which we ourselves cannot fathom or fear to think about, and which only He who is greater than our hearts and knows all things can measure and provide for. If we could only cast on Him not only all the known, but the unknown, and what is worse, perhaps, than either, the unrealisable shapes and terrors that we cannot free ourselves from and dare not give form to! It is wonderful how she bears up, or rather is borne up; for there is certainly a truth in the word that to them that have “no might He increases strength”—a divine power felt to be more than our own,

as emergencies come—a token of conquest—an earnest of compensation.

*To *.*

AYR, *June 22, 1869.*

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After all, I am sure you will agree with me, that the wise and good thing for every one of us is to have both our temporal concerns and our soul's interest so disposed that we can die at any time, knowing Him in whom we have believed ; and I do not know any other who can do for us what He can ; but I feel very sure He can, and will, keep safe what we commit to Him. We can go on living in this way, taking every day's life as an immediate gift from Him, as we pray for our daily bread, and resting on the brink of the river, as the good pilgrims did, till the Lord of the City sent them His sign that it was time to cross. And so, my dear friend, if we have this understanding of the case, we can speak as we used to do, either of the great things of His Word and His world, or the little common things of our life's interest, which are

also His, and are all true and good and holy when His thoughts can mingle with them. I shall not seek to write to you otherwise, for I would not wish to be otherwise dealt with myself in your case ; and, indeed, am I not very much in your case, with a very thin barrier, against which the eternal waves can be felt beating ? . . .

*To *.*

AYR, *July 9, 1869.*

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I explored Iona pretty thoroughly, stood on the top of its highest hill, Dun-y, and looked on the mountains, lochs, and islands as they must have appeared often to Columba — very little changed, wandered among the ruins by sun and moonlight, pored over the old epitaphs of abbots and Highland chiefs, and visited some memorial spots that seem, as far as one can judge, to be not ill-founded ; *e.g.*, there is the “ Bay of the Curragh,” a pretty little creek where he first landed from his wicker-boat when he came from Ireland ; the “ Cairn-culnan-Erin,” on a hill above

it ; the "Cairn with the back to Ireland," to mark the spot of his resolve to settle here ; the "Cairn Culdich," or "Cairn of the Culdees," where the foundation of some circular oratories can be traced that are said to be older, and no doubt are, than any of the present ruins—a lovely green spot among rocks. There is the "Martyrs' Bay," the scene of a massacre by the fierce Northmen, and the "Mount of Burden," where the biers were laid of those brought to be buried here before they commenced the procession along the street of weeping—*viâ dolorosa*—to the burying-place. One thing to me was peculiarly interesting. I had an opportunity of preaching in the parish church to the assembled islanders, those of them, at least, who knew any English, and so stood, however unworthily, for a short time in the footprints of the old Apostle of the West. After service on a beautiful summer Sabbath evening I wandered across the hills to the western shore, and saw the sun stooping beyond Tiree and Coll into the broad Atlantic, lying as smooth as glass and mottled like marble. The peewit was crying from the hill and the

lark singing above, but more than all I heard the cuckoo, and remembered that verse of Wordsworth's from one of the most exquisite of his poems, "The Solitary Reaper;" you remember it, no doubt:—

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

To *.

AYR, *July* 13, 1869.

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It is long since some of the best Christians felt that they must through much tribulation enter the Kingdom of God, and exhorted their brethren to remember that when affliction befalls them no strange thing happens. The way in which God favours His friends is the manner in which He enables them *to bear* their affliction. If He helps us to refrain from murmuring or to put it down as it rises by the strong hand of faith, all will be well—all *is* well. What could we do, what *would* we do at such times without His help,

without Himself? May God bring us closer to Himself and to His Son our Saviour, and this will quiet us—nothing else can; and though all be dark, we can hold on till daylight comes. See Psalm cxxxi.; and how fitly it follows Psalm cxxx., that *De profundis* that has passed for ages up through so many hearts, and never passed in vain!

To * * *.

GLASGOW, October 8, 1869.

I was attracted also by the inscription over a small chapel, "Presbyterian Meeting-House, 1725," and went in to service. It was Unitarian. I had a talk with the minister afterwards, an accomplished, candid man. I told him how I had been attracted by the old flag, and was sorry to find the trumpet sounding so uncertainly. He had said in his sermon "it was hard to say how much Jesus Christ was divine, how much human." He referred also in it to Travers Madge, and we had some conversation about him. Altogether I was glad I lighted on the place. At the close

he was so liberal as to ask me to preach for him, but it was not in my power. I think there is a stream of fresh spiritual influence coming through some of these churches from James Martineau.

To *.

GLASGOW, *November 4, 1869.*

Since I saw you I have been looking a little more particularly into Heine's change of views. His biographer, Bekker—a cold materialist—tries to cast doubt on the sincerity of it, but has no better reason to give than the light, half-sportive way in which Heine sometimes puts it. He is a stupid writer, and understands neither Heine's nature, which must be true to itself in everything, nor common human nature, which tries often to cover its deepest feelings with a smile, and does not wish every fool to feel the beating of its heart. Then there comes in sometimes the strange thought, "I have mocked so long at God"—the German Aristophanes; "may He not be repaying me in kind, the great Aristophanes of the universe making

me feel how He can surpass me in this too?"—a very deep feeling, as it seems to me, and showing that Heine had at bottom a strong sense of moral government and retribution. But the other thought of trust in God was the permanent one.

I shall give you an instance of the "scherzend" style, which Bekker founds on to cast doubts on poor Heine. It will scarcely bear translation:—"Wenn man nun einen Gott begehrt, der zu helfen vermag—so muss man auch seine Persönlichkeit, seine Aussenweltlichkeit (opposed to Pantheism) und seine heiligen Attribute, die Allgüte, die Allweisheit, die Allgerechtigkeit annehmen. Die Unsterblichkeit der Seele, unsere Fortdauer nach dem Tode, wird uns alsdann gleichsam mit in den Kauf gegeben, wie der schöne Markknochen, den der Fleischer, wenn er mit seinen Kunden zufrieden ist, ihnen unentgeltlich in den Korb schiebt. Ein solcher schöne Markknochen wird in der Französischen Küchensprache *la jouissance* genannt. Und man kocht damit ganz vorzügliche Kraftbrühen, die für einen schwächenden Kranken sehr stärkend und lobend sind."

Again, "Einige Stunden vor seinem Ende stürzte ein Bekannter in sein Zimmer, um ihn noch zu sehen. Gleich nach seinem Eintreten richtete er an Heine die Frage: wie er mit Gott stehe. Heine erwiederte lächelnd: Sein Sie ruhig. *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son metier!*" That's his business, his way of it; in which blind Bekker sees no more than a *Witz!*

Here is a piece of his last will, in which, after forbidding that there should be any religious ceremony at his grave, he says: "Dieser Wunsch ist keineswegs aus dem schwachen Willen eines Freigeistes hervorgegangen, vielmehr habe ich seit vier Jahren allen philosophischen Stolz abgelegt und mich wieder religiösen Ideen zugewandt. Ich sterbe mit dem Glauben an einen ewigen Gott, Erschaffer der Welt, dessen Barmherzigkeit ich anrufe für meine unsterbliche Seele. Ich bedauere in meinen Werken oft von heiligen Dingen respektlos gesprochen zu haben; aber ich wurde hierbei weit mehr von dem Zeitgeiste fortgerissen, als von dem eigenen Triebe. Wenn ich ohne mein Wissen die guten Sitten und die Moral beleidigt, welche die wahre Kraft alles

Glaubens sind, so bitte ich Dich, mein Gott und die Menschen, um Verzeihung."

To *.

GLASGOW, *November 29, 1869.*

I have not heard for some time how you are, and scarcely know how to write to you. I trust only that your desire in your last letter is being granted, and that you may keep patience—power to hold on. I have been struggling a good deal of late to maintain my own footing, not being very strong bodily or spiritually, and yet obliged to do what I can in the way of work. . . . I was speaking lately of the "Faith of the Woman of Canaan,"—its trials and its triumphs. It was a wonderful thing—so high for me that I could not attain to it, and had to preach it to myself, I dare say, more than to anybody there. But if one can only have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, as a little spark, it will be something great one day—a large tree, a bright fire. May God keep it alive in us! . . .

I cannot tell you how the tone of things sometimes oppresses me—the want of conviction in almost anything, the decadence and weariness and *ennui* that seem to hang over so many spirits. We are surely on the brink of a new trumpet-blast, that will reawaken faith, or else I would think we were near the world's end, for “when the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?” I sometimes fancy what a happy escape it must be to enter the certainties of eternity, and to be able to observe from them the march of God's ways. Our own world will not be forgotten by us then,—no, nor our own short walk in it, which has surely a meaning that will come out when we see the end.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *November 30, 1869.*

There has just come in a copy of Vinet's “*Mélanges*,” sent by your order. Let me thank you for it very warmly. I am not in possession of it, was not, indeed, aware of its existence; so that its arrival was like finding in an unsearched

drawer some utterances of an old friend of whose voice on earth you thought you had heard the last. I have glanced at the topics. Some of them are particularly interesting and in point at our time; those, for example, on *Utilitarisme*, on which the old controversy is again revived, stirred by J. S. Mill. I am sure I shall read them with benefit. Do you know anything of Ernest Naville (of Switzerland), along with De Pressensé, one of Vinet's most distinguished pupils? All he has written is worth reading, specially a little book, "La Vie Eternelle." He has the best characteristics of his master, and occupies the place one hoped would have been taken by Scherer, who has fallen to the rank of a scribe in the Radical press of Paris, let us hope not finally. These are days when Abdiels are needed—days of rebuke and blasphemy; and it appears increasingly as if we shall have to pass through an ordeal when all who believe in a living God will have to fight for it *à l'outrance*. That to us implies a personal Christ in the world and a Holy Spirit in the soul, but we may gladly welcome all who really believe in a

God or in a soul at all. I have no fear of the issue, but great shrinking from the process. Yet it would be wrong to say that there are not happy omens ; and, in other words, I think I see many of them. How much we make our own world!—not its things, but the colour of them, and to the mind colour is sometimes everything. I have been trying to do a little more work in the congregation, both in the way of preaching and touching its machinery. We are trying to organise Sabbath services through the day for the young of the mission district, to be carried on chiefly by our young men. It would be a great thing to bring them in from the streets and give them a service which they could understand and be interested in. Our mission churches are not adapted to this class, still less our ordinary church service. It is over their head, and the higher preaching rises, to keep pace with the growing intelligence of some, the more it leaves others behind. There is surely something that can be done for this class better than either spasmodic revivalism or wax candles. I was preaching last Sabbath on a text which you

once suggested—Jerusalem putting the question, “Who is this?” I am trying to vary the entire writing out of discourses with speaking in a conversational way from an outline in which I feel more freedom in closing at any time, sometimes, I dare say, rather abruptly, shutting in like a telescope and before my hearers have seen the object. But I find that when I can get self-possession enough, the people like it better than a carefully written sermon, which is humbling—to me, I mean.

To *.

GLASGOW, *January 11, 1870.*

When Christ came into the world He came as having nothing, though He possessed all things ; came poor, with nothing but His heart of divine sympathy ; and this has done all that we see of Christianity,—and how much has come ?—and all that will come,—and how much is to come ?—to the world’s close. He drew gold to Him at the very first and frankincense—what came of them I do not know—but He went about without them doing good, and His heart

did it all. I think His miracles were a very little part of it, only finger-posts to a dull world to let them see the way He was travelling. And still it is the heart God looks to and blesses and makes fruitful of noble results ; and though you have been kept lying yourself in pain and weakness, able often to do little more than be grieved for the world's misery, be sure your heart's desire is not merely reckoned to you, but in some way helping on the great end—perhaps touching more directly the One Heart that is to be the fountain-cure of all. You see, God will not relieve suffering by an act of almighty power, though He could do it, but by the action of His own heart of love, first in Christ, and then in hearts touched by Christ's ; and though this be a slower, infinitely slower, way of it, it will be grander, infinitely grander in the close, and that is like God ; and all who have had their hearts to it and take pleasure therein will share with Him, not according to what they have done or given, but what they have truly desired ; for the deed and gift are only of worth when they are the expression of this. . . .

To *.

GLASGOW, *January 20, 1870.*

I was reading to-day that part of Dante—
“*Nessun maggior dolore,*” &c:—

“No greater pain
Than in our time of misery
To think of former joy,”—

for which sentiment Dante has been blamed as untrue. But I had not observed before, and it surely makes all the difference, that it is of sinful pleasure Dante speaks. Pure pleasure leaves no sting, and has, I believe, in it the seed of every promise. “And she shall sing there as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt.” And what a blessing that for all the sad, sinful, miserable past of memory there is a covering and a cure, we know where! If we could not think this we should be, of all creatures, most miserable, but now we are “much better than they;”—as good Matthew Henry says, “The heirs of heaven are nearer to God and fly higher

than the fowls of heaven." So may God help us to look up till He gives us the power to "wing and sing!"

To * * *.

GLASGOW, February 27, 1870,
Sabbath evening.

I felt much interested in your sketch of Mr. ——'s sermon. There seems to me always a breadth and naturalness, as well as freshness, about what comes from him. Nothing, as the Germans say, *ausgesucht*, and yet such as few other men could give. Nothing strained, I mean, nor forced. His mind strikes me always as so overflowing full and so natural.

I send two numbers of the *Revue Chrétienne*. I think you will read some of the articles with interest. They introduce one into a new field of thought. The *Revue du Mois*, by De Pressensé himself, is always good.

I have every sympathy with the state of mind which says, "I feel sure, or morally persuaded, of this truth," but in regard to that other,

"I hesitate." It is what the Germans call a *standpoint*, where the ground beneath the feet is felt solid enough, but the horizon fades away into indistinctness as it becomes remote. It is perhaps more natural than our way of it, which maps out all the doctrines in definite departments, rigidly outlined and equally clear. Yet I feel as if it were a necessity to push from the more certain to the less, to know the first is a thing of life, the second a thing of comfort. I think it is so with the Bible. Its great truths any man may hold and live upon with very free views of inspiration; but the conviction of a design in the *form* as well as *substance* of the Bible must surely be an incentive to a close study of it, and the study brings out such marks of design that one is confirmed in this view. Of course, the way in which inspiration affects the form, how far we are to distinguish guidance in spiritual from infallibility in scientific matters, also how the principle of development in manner of revelation affects it, remains an open question. I merely say that a great artist will have regard to the *form* as well as *matter* of his composition.

Freedom—a freedom like that of nature, may be one of the beauties of the form, but underneath this freedom may we not discover method and law?

To *.

GLASGOW, *March 1870.*

Thanks—true thanks—for your kind letter, and farewell for a time. I have the strong impression, “*Auf Wiedersehen*,” here when the primroses are on the banks, and certainly in God’s good time there where there are also flowers and no sickness, and Sharon’s rose and the lily of the valley. By the way, you recollect that the German name of primrose is *Himmels-Schlüssel*.

All the Scripture figures are certainly intended to make us feel that our future shall have the bright and beautiful in it, and a human beautiful—more *at home* we shall be in all these feelings than here. Yet I can understand your sense of vagueness, but try then to think of Christ. What is the meaning of Christ but a human heaven gathering round Him? And

be sure He will lead on those whom He guides softly, and not let either the darkness or the light break in to startle them in their journey. He has a hand to shade as well as to uncover. But, after all, our wisdom and happiness are to let every day care for itself, for we anticipate the trouble and do not foresee the helps we are to get. If I have learned anything in the way of Christian observation, it is the emphatic truth of that promise, "According to thy days so shall thy strength be." In how many cases I have seen fears vanish to the sufferer's own wonder! "It shall come to pass that at eventide it shall be light."

It is but a poor part I could play in "Great-heart," but I shall think of you in my best thoughts, and do not fear but He will come who is the best to say, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." There is—cannot but be—a Christ, and that will make all right one happy morning. God give you and me grace to hold on through the short, sharp dark till then. Cannot we watch one hour?

To * * *.

NAPLES, *April* 12, 1870.

In the cathedral to-day I saw several baptisms, and the hurried, profane way in which the priest ran through the service, looking round at everything, quite shocked me. It was difficult to catch any word but *Oremus*—"Let us pray"—and on he plunged into mangled Latin; the poor woman—for the father had not thought to come—as careless as the priest, careful only to put in a little sugar into the child's mouth after the priest's salt, to still the crying. The Ritualists, who uphold Rome as the model of devoutness, are surely mistaken. The baptismal font was an old fountain from the temple of Bacchus, and had the head of the inebriated god, the vine-leaves, grapes, and thyrsi looking the worshippers in the face! (Speaking of this, I discovered the original of the black image of the Loretto Madonna in a statue of Diana of Ephesus in the Museo Bordonico.) Yet one might take another view and see the triumph of Christianity, so far, in

the higher moral tone that has conquered the open Bacchus-worship and made society less corrupt than it seems to have been when Vesuvius rolled down on Pompeii. To-morrow we move to Rome and join the portion of our party that has gone on there. Half the Easter week has been lost by me, but I do not regret it much. I should like merely to see the Pope once, and then take Rome itself quietly. I have been reading up Lamennais' "*Affaires de Rome*," a very interesting book, if you have not met with it, both for its touches on the history of the past and its peeps into the present current that is moving on to the culminating doctrine of Papal infallibility. Most people think it will come in some shape. The Pope and the movement party are set on it, and it seems the logical conclusion of the whole system, after which we may hope for something else—better, I trust. Some of the wisest men in the Roman Catholic Church Newman, Dollinger, Strossmayer of Hungary, deplore the present tendency and prophesy disaster. The last threatens to go home and work for a national Church, and very likely the

centralising movement will produce some such recoil. Manning is said to have great weight with the ruling party, but those who knew him of old lament the change of his character, and speak of him as more the priest, less the man—more evangelical, less spiritual. To-day I went hunting through some old book-stalls, and among other things came on a translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," which is said to be a favourite book with the Italians, and a book by the Bishop of Nola, near this, against Renan's "Vie de Jesus." He has read a good deal about the question, but it is a specimen of Romanist controversy, taking for granted what Renan would deny, and filled with exclamations at his blasphemy and ignorance. Yet Italy is showing signs of progress, specially in the north; book-shops and newspapers everywhere, advertisements of schools in all the streets, and perfect liberty of utterance. I was present at a discussion in the Chamber of Deputies in Florence when the Minister gave a statement of the policy of the Government in the matter of Ecumenical Council. They had declined, he said, the proposal of France to send

a representative, because Italy knew how to maintain its civil and religious liberty, whatever the Council might do. Italy and the Italian Government was calm and unconcerned in the face of the whole question, and resolved to maintain a free Church in a free State.

*To * * *.*

ROME, *April 24, 1870.*

I received your letter some days ago, and have been wishing every day for a quiet hour to answer it. This evening (Sabbath) I have read it over again with a painful interest, not knowing how this letter may find you and the sufferer and all the friends. Since I got your letter, indeed, I have had you all constantly in thought, the more so that I am now alone in Rome and have less outward distraction. . . . The only way in which I can reconcile God's seeming indifference with our readiness to help, if we had the power, is, that He understands all the ends that are to be gained, and sees how short the suffering beside the long eternity.

I am thankful to hear, though it is only what I expected, that she holds on with patience, and patience has *faith* at its heart. We must not be surprised if long trial brings with it a sort of benumbedness, and if our very hold of our hope be like that of a bloodless hand. It will save nevertheless, and His hand will overclasp ours if it should be like to lose hold. I enclose in this an anemone I gathered in a walk along the Appian Way; please give it to your sister, and tell her that in a pensive wandering among the ruins I was thinking of friends at home and her. I am sorry the primroses did not open hopefully, but if we are disappointed in what we look forward to, comfort also springs when we least expect it. "The wilderness and the solitary place can be made glad." It was a deeply interesting walk. I resolved to do it on foot, and take a day to it, on the Campagna, and among the tombs, and it seemed to me, and seems, like a dream. The road travelled by the greatest men of the ancient world, warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets, apostles, the great features of land and sky the same—only the

plain desolate which was once covered with life, and the tombs ruined which had been built for an earthly immortality. In the last two miles of the five which I walked out from Rome I did not meet a human being—ruined sepulchres at every step—and it was the highway of Rome to all the South and East. It was a glorious day—the Alban and Sabine hills clear in every pinnacle, the distant Apennines white with snow, and classic towns skirting the plain and crowning the hill-tops; the ancient Tusculum, Cicero's town; and Præneste, and the scene of the battle of Lake Regillus, and Gabii, and Tivoli, and many more. The lark was singing overhead as joyful as in Scotland, and as if there were no graves of men below, and the bells of the cattle tinkling on the Campagna, and here and there a rough-looking herdsman spurring after his flocks among the long lines of aqueducts and the wreck of Roman villas. A more impressive sermon on the vanity of human grandeur there could not be. I took my lunch of bread and oranges on a heap of ruins that had once been a magnificent tomb, and then

wandered about trying to decipher some of them—poor broken half-mute things, trying still to find a voice. It was touching to see the remains in marble of clasped hands, lips pressed together, and mutilated inscriptions speaking of a love stronger than death. One of them I shall reproduce in English as well as I can from the fractured Latin, which was wonderfully distinct wherever it was preserved :—

Here brother and sister,
In their early age cruel,
Pompeia in his sepulchre,
The unhappy father lament,
How much lies here of gentleness and truth—
In mind old, in years young ; but they perished.
Who would not weep my fate
Ye Gods of the dead (*Di Manes*) now ye hold my
children.

On my way out I had visited two of the Catacombs, and though they are poor compared with these as works of art, it was striking to see what a different tone breathed through them. *In peace* was a common expression, and figures of the Good Shepherd carrying the lamb or Christ at the grave of Lazarus told their own

story. He had come who was to breathe a new life into the old dead world. Let us hope that for these poor despairing heathen who wept their dead, refusing to be comforted, there was also some kindly message.

On my way back I left the highway in the search after the grotto of Egeria, where Numa consulted the Wood nymph, but I got entangled in the hollows of the Campagna, and could find no one to put me right. I was consoled, however, by finding afterwards that this was not the true place, and by lighting on it within the walls of Rome. I have now seen most of the city, ancient and modern, and have, I think, as good an idea of it as of any town I have been in—nearly as good as of Edinburgh or Glasgow. It is indeed very easily learned. Of course, I do not speak of the stores of art or the memorials of history, which would demand months or years, but of the general features and chief monuments. My sister and the other friends left a week ago, and I have been all alone, chiefly on foot in every part of the city, feeling it lonely enough at times, and wishful for a friend to speak to about

things, but having the compensation of unlimited liberty. My sister left considerably improved in health, taking an easy route home with the others, and anxious that I should remain, as I was not unwilling to do, but for the parting of company. I should like to leave Rome with a satisfied feeling of knowing it so far, and shall remain here five or six days longer to go more particularly into some things. I hope we shall all be the better for it every way. I have been able to walk about from morning to night, though often very tired. Two ancient things have interested me much — the excavations in the church of St. Clemente, where there are three churches, one below the other, the last going back to the early ages of Christianity, and being founded on the old Roman wall of Servius Tullius, which must have then been on the level ground, though now forty feet below it ; the other is the excavations on the Palatine hill carried on by the French Emperor, revealing the palaces of the Roman Emperors, and back as far, it is thought, as the age of Romulus. I have spent two days going over them. Of course, one

cannot be in Rome and not see the Galleries, and I have tried to do them like others—the Vatican, Berberini, Borghese, Spadan. Some of them I did enjoy, chiefly in the Vatican—the ancient sculpture, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Dominichino's "Jerome's Sacrament," the "Beatrice Cenci" in the Berberini, and as much as any the "Dying Gladiator" in the Capitol. But I have been obliged to stop from weariness. The truth is, that when some masterpieces are taken away the mediæval art has a wonderful monotony — St. Sebastians, St. Francis, and Dominicks, with the ever-recurring arrows and death's-heads and faces that remind me of the monks walking about the streets, faces whose saintship is concentrated into a mindless mesmeric gaze. It is the painting of the cloister, and represents a life that is devoid of reality and nature. But perhaps I speak from the jaded feeling, and mean to go back again. Of course I have seen the Pope, but only once, and not on any of the grand festivals. I tried to see the feet-washing, but I am afraid I was not earnest enough, and succeeded only in catching a glimpse of the

bustle, and wondered then, as often since, at these ceremonies—how the strange ingenuity of man has been able to change the grand simplicity of the New Testament into such shapes. I am certainly more of a Protestant than ever. I had my look at the Pope, accidentally, when he was entering the Sistine Chapel, was near enough to have touched him, and got the blessing, though I did not kneel for it. A benevolent-looking old man, with a strange glitter in the eye, which I would not judge because I cannot understand it. I went one day to hear Father Capel, who gets the credit of ——'s conversion, and is his spiritual guide. He has been preaching much here for the English, and is said to be very eloquent or plausible. I do not think I heard him on a favourable occasion, though it was Good Friday, for he seemed to me affected and superficial, gestures and voice modulated till nature was forgotten. His aim was to show the mental sufferings of Christ, which he ranged under three heads: a want of sympathetic return, a sense of outraged modesty and purity, and an unjust depreciation in the

preference of the worst as compared with Him. In fact, all three purely self, and not a word of the grand sympathy with guilty, perishing men, and the agony of pity for the ruin of sin. It was dilettante sin ; but I have heard from some fitted to judge a more favourable estimate at other times. The Council had an open sitting to-day, and some decrees were read in public. There was no previous notice that could warn a stranger, so I had no opportunity of being present. Indeed I would not have gone in any case, for in the circumstances here I have resolved every Sabbath-day to go to our own church. We are surrounded by narrow-minded devotees from England, Ireland, and Belgium, who think that Protestants have no religion at all, and are ready at all risks to run after the festal sights. And our party has been quietly abstaining, on Sabbath-days at least.

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, *May 12, 1870.*

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Be assured that my thoughts are very much

with you all, and I hope I do not need to say that you can count on me for anything in my power—alas ! how little ! I am at your call for any poor service anywhere. I know well, at the same time, how fainting nature comes to be able to look only on the few familiar faces, and to take its spiritual cordial in drops from the accustomed hand. God will direct you to speak a “word in season to the weary,” and He will be at hand who came so far down into our suffering, and was Himself so prostrate as to need comfort from others, and who took it in His agony not only from the angel from heaven, but from poor humanity: “Tarry ye here, and watch with Me.” What a bond of sympathy was that between the Son of God and men ! And this makes Him now so wise and strong to help us. The thought of these things is so strangely wonderful as to seem at times above belief, and yet, in our necessity, they sometimes come with a power that makes us feel them divinely real. To be able to take all the tenderness of the Sufferer in Gethsemane and put it into the bosom of the Infinite God, and say, “This God is our God for

ever and ever ; He will be our Guide even unto death." What can sustain like this ? It is above our invention and conception, but it comes down to all our need, and it will in the end make all right to our dear friends and ourselves. If we could only realise what is contained in these words of Christ, "Ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

*To * * *.*

BIELD, BY BROUGHTON,

June 8, 1870.

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The quiet here is wonderful, and all cares of any common kind might be rebuked by it. There is an everlasting Sabbath on the hills. In the little churchyard some generations of my forefathers lie sleeping the long sleep, but not a drop of blood related to me runs in the veins of the living. Such strangers we become in the spots that knew our kindred best ! It would be a sad, purposeless world if it went away like a dream ; but when we can think of life beyond,

it may soothe one in such solitary musings as I sometimes have here, and bear one up when hard battles have to be fought. If we believe in a God at all, we must believe in a goodness that is perfect in the final result of things, and the sun will break through the thick clouds with a brightness all the more surprising for the present obscurations. Let us never quit hold of the conviction that *He is*, and then that He *must be* "the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him." I could never doubt that—and Christ is the promise and pledge of it.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *August 30, 1870.*

I send with this the latest number of the *Revue Chrétienne*. The *Revue du Mois*, by Pressensé, you will find interesting at this crisis. It is clear he cannot approve the war as just, but he writes under constraint as a lover of his country. It is a terrible thing for such as he, who must feel the moral as well as material humiliation.

One cannot but deeply sympathise with them. Let us hope it may be for France a salutary though sore discipline. At present, however, the *vapour of smoke* is so very thick one cannot see through it nor guess how it may close. It arose from France thinking herself strong enough to throw Germany; and if Germany throws France and imposes any cession of territory, it will be one of the most humiliating things in history—frightfully so for so proud a people. They will never submit till thoroughly exhausted. On the other hand, France may by superhuman effort baffle Germany or drive out her armies, but the carnage will be awful. Our newspapers procure us much odium as a nation by their cool comments when men are in such a horrible death-wrestle. Silence, and much more *silencing*, of the press is impossible, but its utterances might as a whole be less irritating and unsympathetic. These bluebottle correspondents buzzing round the ears of men in such deadly earnest and gathering gossip from it must be beyond measure annoying. You will see a good article in this month's *Revue*, the first one on Church and

State. Please look from p. 472 his account of the luxury of Paris. It looks prophetic, though it must have been written before the idea of war.

To * *.

GLASGOW, *September 5, 1870.*

I had some work to do yesterday—had, indeed, a sermon prepared, but the wonderful news of Saturday night * so took possession of my mind that I resolved to speak of it, and threw aside my discourse. We extemporised a collection for the wounded in the afternoon, and got above £20 from those who would not otherwise probably have given to any of the public funds. The thought of the wounded lying for days untended is heart-rending, and that poor discrowned Emperor, with his bitter heart and baffled life, a captive, and driven to and fro, separated from wife and child, for whom he was scheming and struggling! It looks like some of those terrible old tragedies when kings “with rainy eyes wrote

* The capitulation of the French army at Sedan, Sept. 2, 1870.

sorrow on the bosom of the earth." There has been nothing like it in our time, perhaps in any time, and men are blind and deaf if they will not recognise God's hand and voice. Poor man, and poor France! If it would at last be taught, and leave glory and pleasure for duty and God. . . . De Pressensé left Paris some time ago, to be among the Protestant soldiers in MacMahon's army. I wonder what has become of him?

*To * *.*

GLASGOW, *November 24, 1870.*

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It is a kind of speculation with which it is not wise to intermeddle, and I fear the Presbytery may fasten him in it by pulling him up too sharply. . . . Many men are made heretics confirmed, as horses are made frantic, by having the bit and whip wrongly administered, instead of the kind word. Yet ——— is not blameless, for the quiet, settled people of the congregation were getting disturbed by the novelty. The liberty of the pulpit, which he claims, must be conditioned

by the rights of the pew. I often admire the Apostle's easy way of passing by some topics with his "whereof we cannot now speak particularly." What would not some of our sensation-mongers have given for what he omitted! . . .

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *February 9, 1871.*

Will you be so good as apologise to your mother for my long delay in sending the notes of the sermon I promised? One thing after another has come in the way, and they lie beside me half-finished; but I hope to send them soon. In glancing at them I find a reference to one of the stages of this war, of which I trust we have seen the close. Poor France! All the evil feelings I had against her when she made her vain and reckless onset have vanished, and I have been obliged now and then to read bits of Thiers' "History of the Wars of Napoleon," as a sort of counterpoise to these awful disasters. I am afraid the recollection of them brings little com-

fort to the French themselves. The thunder of the German cannon might almost have wakened the old Emperor from the sleep of the Invalides, and what a look he would have turned on the man of Sedan! The best thing would be for them to bury the past of this century as a deceitful dream and frightful waking, and begin a day of moral regeneration. Will they? Let us hope. In any case, there is the handwriting. Another thing we have learned, that though the world gets "more and more," the *individual* is as much needed as ever. What France wanted was not men, but a *man*; and this is the exposure of Red Republicanism, Communism, &c., and all the devices of the day to extinguish personality and give us a formless mass in society, which would be the reflection of their Pantheism in the universe. Let us be thankful when God writes again in providence what He proclaimed in Christianity—*personality*—"a man shall be an hiding-place;" and poor France will never be well till she seeks to base her social advance on individual conscience and renewal. This, on its side, is the reflection of a living personal God.

I am sorry for Gambetta, and very sorry for Trochu. If the two could have been put into one they might have turned the fatal tide, but the world is to take a different way—and no doubt better. Have you read "*Voyage autour de ma chambre*," by X. de Maistre, brother of the celebrated Romish controversialist, Count Joseph de Maistre? I bought a copy of it with his other works—a small volume prefaced by the critic, St. Beuve. I got it in Paris when last there—a most genial little book somewhat in the Charles Lamb style, and making one feel kindlier to the whole world.

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *February* 15, 1871.

I am very glad to see the Moderates succeeding in France, and could hope that the Orleanists may get hold of the helm. What a thing a crown must be to some people when poor Louis Napoleon can think of picking it up all dabbled with mire and blood and putting it on his head again! Think of him riding through the Champs

Elysées by the Arch of Triumph and looking on St. Cloud,—and the French people the while! . . .

To * * *.

GLASGOW, *April 26, 1871.*

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I have not heard whether Mrs. ——— has succeeded in getting a Biblewoman. A worker of that kind is almost like a poet, not made but born. Heaven sends them. There is so much good sense needed, and tact, which is the *aureole* of it, or in another way the (*antennæ*) *feelers* of it, followed by good sense as the eyes. It is better to wait a good while than to go wrong at first in the choice. . . . I forgot to say in my last that I read Principal Shairp's Lectures, your kind gift, and liked them much. I like his candour and justness of tone greatly. I shall send with this the last number of the *Revue*—far back, you will observe, for the siege and civil war have stopped their issue. There is an article you will read with interest, the first one, on the Roman excavations. I often

wonder what some of the men whose names we know well are doing and thinking at present. I came across De Pressensé's and John Monod's the other day in letters protesting against the arbitrary arrest of the Archbishop of Paris and Roman Catholic clergy by the Commune. They spoke in a noble, catholic spirit, as you may suppose. Poor France and Paris! what is to come of them, seething like the caldron with three insane witches round—Communists, Legitimists, Bonapartists? I was reading lately Montalembert's Memoir of Lacordaire, and could not but feel that were was, and I hope is, high principle among some of the Roman Catholics of France. Here are one or two sayings of Lacordaire :—

"We are indeed solitary; but we are with our duty, and that is enough."

"I will never believe that the heart can wear out, and I feel every day that it becomes stronger, more tender, more detached from the ties of the body, in proportion as life and reflection neutralise the covering in which it is stifled."

"I am sad betimes; but who is there that is

not so? It is a dart which we must always carry in the soul; we must try not to lean on the side where it is. It is the javelin of Mantinea in the breast of Epaminondas; it is extracted only by death and entrance into eternity."

"I desire, like Mary Magdalene, the day but one before the Passion, to break at the feet of Jesus Christ this frail but faithful vessel of my thought."

Among his last words were, "I am unable to pray to Him, but I look upon Him;" his very last, "My God! open to me, open to me!"

I had been reading before Lamennais' "Affaires de Rome," an early friend of Lacordaire's, who took a different course—a man of even more genius, but less genial. His "Affaires de Rome" is a book of remarkable eloquence and interest, with views of Italian scenery and life as if you saw them through some of the old painters.

*To * * *.*

ABINGTON, LANARKSHIRE,

June 27, 1871.

I found your letter here last night on coming from Lochlee, in Forfarshire, where I was staying a week with Dr. Guthrie. . . .

I preached in the hall of Panmure Shooting-Lodge, under the shadow of old Invermask Castle, where we had about seventy of the Glen people, shepherds, deerstalkers, and their families; the Established Church minister leading the singing and the Free Church minister the prayers, which made the service very pleasant. . . .

I am glad you think well of the Sermons as a whole, for my own opinion was not high. After the glow of a subject has left my mind the sermon gradually falls in my esteem, till I can scarcely bear to look at it. I begin to think I shall make more of the next train I get sight of, but it always looks like a falling stone from a falling star. The satisfaction of any of my friends with any of them gives me courage. . . .

I can take a great deal more of what is

usually called *criticism* than you are pleased to give, with the conviction that it is just, always excepting the proper right of Mr. — and myself to the name of Calvinists. I put that name, indeed, far below the name of Christian, but I look upon it as that view of Christianity which more than others makes God all in all, *saving our personality*, to admit which into His plan, and embosom it in His nature through Jesus Christ, makes Him more God—free, loving, holy. That there are difficulties meanwhile, perhaps always, unresolvable is quite natural. What infinite subject to a finite creature could be without them? And to have such difficulties makes not only God greater, but man, for it infers an eternal destiny. To *comprehend* it, would be to be done with it. To *apprehend* it, is to feel that we are made to follow after. Of course you hold all this, and if you would not take the name of Calvinist, are far less Armenian or Pelagian, or any of the names that stand opposed to it. But of this again.

I have been wandering more or less for the past two months, passing through Glasgow

and taking preaching and visiting and superintendence of the church by the way. I am thankful to say I feel stronger for work than I have done of late. My late stay at Lochlee was very agreeable. It was in company with Mr. Welsh of Mossfennan, an old school and college friend, a transparent, warm-hearted man ; and Dr. Guthrie is exceedingly pleasant in his home. In one of our excursions we ascended Mount Keen, 3180 feet, partly on horse-back, partly on foot, and had a magnificent mountain landscape, all the hills round the sources of the Dee and Don, Esk, Isla, and Spey, conspicuously among them Lochnagar and Ben Macdui, and the great Cairngorm range. We have a noble country, and, let us say it thankfully, a noble people. At the foot of the hill, in a little Highland cottage, is a young man who has taken the heights of the mountains by trigonometry. The glen has its poet, too, and it contains the grave of Alexander Ross, who sang its praises a hundred years ago in still living verses. This little village (Abington) is on the headwaters of the Clyde, round

pastoral hills about, and a simple-hearted, intelligent, God-fearing people, all seemingly well-to-do, industrious, friendly, and courteous to address. The little hotel, half of which we have taken, is a resting-place for fishers, and has a respectable widow for landlady, a good United Presbyterian, who rules her house and regulates her business, so far as I can see, not by law but Gospel, and her family has risen and prospered accordingly. Her kitchen has one curiosity, a wooden arm-chair wherein sat and supped Louis Napoleon. He had been shooting on the moors, and drifted in here when the house was occupied by engineers and contractors, while the railway was making. This chair was his only available seat—more comfortable than some he has had since.

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, *July 7, 1871.*

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I suppose —— feels at freedom as not being one of the diplomatists. I feel the same kind of

freedom, but it goes in the direction of not pushing the Union* at the risk of division in the Free Church. I have never been able to see that formal union would pay for such an unseemly spectacle, and I do not feel that belonging to the same denomination would alter in the least my feeling to Christian men in the Free Church. I wish them as well now as I should do then. The only practical ends are—the effect which union might produce on the world outside, and the security it might give against collision and competition in small localities. But, meanwhile, could not these ends be gained by a sincere and loyal alliance and some common understandings settled by the two Churches? For myself, I am ready for union at any time, but I should be pained to take a place in a Church where my entrance caused others to walk out. For the rest—as Frenchmen say—we are very well as we are, with plenty of room for liberty and charity, the two poles of Christian life. . . .

* Referring to the negotiations for union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches.

*To * * *.*

ABINGTON, LANARKSHIRE,

July 17, 1871.

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The fine days here have been very fine, the air is so light, dry, and bracing, 800 feet above the sea-level, and I have been climbing the hills about, to increase the height. From the top of one of them I had a view of all the summit mountains in the south of Scotland—the heads of the Clyde, Tweed, Annan, and Nith, billow on billow rolling down to the English border, like the old waves of Scottish invasion. Yesterday I was preaching in a small church to about four hundred people of the small farmer and shepherd class, solid, sensible, devout-looking men and women, very worthy descendants, I think, of the persecuted remnant that was hunted about these hills. In the evening I lay for an hour or two on the green slope behind the house, and a finer picture could not be. The green hills dotted with sheep, the Clyde glittering in sunset, the little village so quiet you could hear the rippling

of the burns and the lark's song far up; only a villager or two to be seen in his little garden, moving about to have a look at it, not in the way of work or care, but pure enjoyment. They are an honest, simple-hearted, devout people, and so kindly and courteous withal—our two landladies, widowed sisters, as good specimens of respectable old Scotchwomen as I have seen—well known to and appreciated by our friend, Dr. John Brown, who has often lodged here. Their only failing is, that they do not know how to charge; and when you ask why things are not in the account you are told they were meant for presents. I have got to know a good many of the villagers, the joiner, the shoemaker, the teacher, and feel an interest in them as if I had known them long. They got their little patches of ground and built their comfortable houses on a lease of fifty-seven years from an ancestor of Sir Edward Colebrooke. There are fifteen years to run, and it is a pitiful thing to hear the fear some of them have that their holdings will be taken from them, when they must emigrate or leave their burns and hills for the lanes of the

Gallowgate. But as one of them said, "There is much to come and go before that;" and I hope something may come to preserve for us some fragments of the old race that gave us the "Cottar's Saturday Night." It will be a bad day for all concerned when Trades Unions and Communism swallow them up.

GLASGOW, *July 31, 1871.*

— was an excellent specimen of a race of women I sometimes think are getting more rare, peculiarly Scotch, clear-headed, warm-hearted, strong-minded, and fresh in feeling to the end. Her faith was proved by her patience. Indeed faith is always known better indirectly than directly. Like a Christian, it is known by its fruits.

*To * * *.*

August 24, 1871.

When Christ says, "No one taketh My life from Me," He merely means that He was under

no outward constraint, but acted according to the dictates of His own nature. And God's freedom is *to act according to His own nature*. His will is not caprice, much less is it opposition to the elements of His being. It is the expression of them. Does this deprive the Gospel of grace and value? All God's working either in Creation or Redemption is the *outflowing of His nature through His will*, and therefore to Him there is neither natural nor supernatural. They exist only in our position, and as we increase in knowledge they will melt into a harmony and oneness. The supernatural is the breaking up of a deeper element through a previous surface one—in the case of the Gospel it is the appearance of the spiritual, setting aside for its own ends the ordinary material laws. There was a time when Creation was supernatural, *i.e.*, it was out of a previous course. . . . It is all very well to say, if we had an infallible human judge it would end all discussion, and it would be a good thing to have done with it. There are two things to say to this. First, would it really be a good thing to have done with it by such

means? By an external authority, which ends discussion, not by argument or suasion or moral means, but by a verbal fiat? Is this according to the nature God has given us, and the true law of its growth? And second, to find this infallible judge have you not to go through all those discussions and several more? You cannot take him for granted; you must reach him by argument and evidence, and this opens the whole field of Christianity—its evidence and nature and history, and to add a fresh difficulty, for the first result of this personal infallibility, which was to set all at rest, has been to produce a new division. All these are vain attempts to escape from our personal moral responsibility, wherein we may help one another, but cannot adjudicate. No one, and no number, can take it from any single soul. God has called us to receive truth through our reason and moral nature, and He has submitted both the evidence and the meaning of His message to these. He Himself argues in the Bible; so does Christ; so do all the apostles. In no other way can we be free moral agents. Miracles have no force

apart from the spiritual truth connected with them, and an apostle says, "If I or an angel from heaven should preach to you another gospel, let him be accursed ;" *i.e.*, above an apostle's word, above a miracle, there is the Gospel itself, the feeling and effects of its living power.

It is very true that for the Gospel, which comes to us as supernatural truth, there must be a supernatural witness and superintendent, and Christ has been very explicit about this—His Holy Spirit, the ever-living, ever-working Agent of the Father of Spirits—"He shall take of Mine and show it unto you." As the world made by God must be watched over by Him, and witnesses to His being and character, so the Gospel created by Christ is preserved by Him, and I rejoice to think that even those who are looking, in their own short-sighted way, to a poor human infallibility may have Him preserving His truth to them—His saving truth—by His free Spirit.

The Gospel of God, I believe, saves infallibly every true seeker, and its truths come with growing clearness and certainty, as they are

taken into the heart and life. The man has the witness in himself. And through this the Church also, taking the word in its true meaning, has an infallible Guide and Conservator. The Spirit of God works through the Word of God, as His great organ and instrument, but from the very way in which that Word is constructed, and the Spirit uses it, our moral freedom and responsibility are preserved and developed. But this is too wide a field, and I would only say that in this matter Romanism, as elsewhere, is a great living truth hardened into a formal incrustation—for the living Spirit of God, a visible human head, and for the general assembly and Church of the first-born, a certain number of men, who say "Yes," and "No," as soon as another man has said it.

GLASGOW, *September* 14, 1871.

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— was an honest man who had a true fear and horror of the materialistic views which are taking such a portentous shape in our day. We may all of us be very much concerned about

this, whatever way we take of meeting them. Spiritual views of the universe will no doubt triumph—the spirit within us tells us that—but they have an ordeal to go through. I have seen Baldwin Brown's book noticed, but have not come across it. I shall look out for it; he is a clear, independent thinker. I really have no precise theory about the inspiration of the Bible, and should be glad to have a talk over it, in order to get something like one. We have often a kind of vague idea, which takes form only when we try to express it, and when we get cross-lights from another mind. For the sake of truth, I believe we are better to hold some of our convictions in this state of solution—of course within limits. I do not hold what is commonly called verbal inspiration, in the sense of every word being the direct dictate of the Holy Spirit, but I do hold inspiration in the sense of the *form* as well as the *essence* of the Bible being under the *special* superintendence of God's Spirit—a supernatural action of God in regard to the *record* as well as the events in it. It seems to me that these two things go logically

together. The precise line in which the divine and human touch and condition each other, that, like everything where the human and divine meet, is not so easy to define.

To * * * (*while abroad*).

GLASGOW, December 29, 1871.

The book of the season seems to be the "Life of Dickens," which some commend, and others have read with a kind of regret, as bringing out things one would like to see buried. A biography of Robert Chambers, by his brother, and one of Adam Black, by himself, are both in preparation, and are expected to give interesting memorials of the Edinburgh life of forty years back, inferior in interest to the Edinburgh of Brougham, Scott, &c., but still having attraction to the natives. Edinburgh, more than any town in Scotland, has lost by the centralising power of London. This last is the scene of a very pretty quarrel just now between two poets, Robert Buchanan and Rossetti. Buchanan attacked Rossetti and others, under a *nom-de-plume*, as the

Fleshly School, and he has been charged by the assailed with fraud, envy, and all manner of uncharitableness. There is also, not a quarrel, but a kind of counter-play between Robert Buchanan and Robert Browning about the character and work of Louis Napoleon. Buchanan has written a foaming, furious drama, with some powerful passages depicting the ex-Emperor as the incarnation of all evil—what Dr. Cumming would call the “Man of sin”—and Browning has brought out one of his own peculiar poems, in which he makes Louis Napoleon give his own apology, which is something like this :—“He felt he was not made for an apostle or prophet, or man of an idea ; that was not his *rôle*. He set himself to do his own work, lower, perhaps, but needful, to hold society together, and he had done it for twenty years pretty well. When they drove him out of his plan, and made him fight for the French idea, see what they made of it—Sedan and Paris. He thinks the world will come to judge him by what he did as a conservator, and not by what Victor Hugo thinks he should have done as a regenerator.”

I have just finished reading a little book by Professor Blackie, which I think you and your sister would like. It is called "Four Phases of Morals,"—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, and Utilitarianism,—very fresh and racy, and on the whole very sound on the Christian side, and therefore dissented from by some of our newspapers. . . .

Of one thing I feel sure, that there never can be lasting charity if truth die out. Men would begin to fight, as in Paris, for class and national interests. The charity of indifference that prevails with many is simply the after-glow of the set sun, and goes on to darkness. What we want for real charity is broader, deeper truth. What struck me in ——'s sermon, also, was the tendency of academical life to give men one-sided views. They do not see the facts of humanity in their most common, every-day reality, and they are unable to see how the Gospel meets them and proves itself, as a medicine does. A chemist has his laboratory, and a geologist goes to hill and quarry, and I would have professors of theology go occasionally to mission districts

and Sabbath-schools and diagnose humanity. If we are to understand Christ's life and death, we must take the way He did to know man and act on him—go down to men.

*To * * *.*

TINNA PARK, CO. WICKLOW, IRELAND,
February 1872.

I have been here now just a week, and feel already the soothing and strengthening power of rest. . . .

The great obstacle in Bohemia, as elsewhere, is the prevalent materialistic spirit, which at this time makes itself felt elsewhere, and enervates even good Christians. I weary much to see a new eruption of spiritual force, or rather, I should say, a descent of spiritual fire. It will come, certainly, and we must try to keep ourselves awake on the enchanted ground till it arrives. "Blessed are those whom their Lord, when He cometh, shall find so watching."

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I have often wished to study the question

fully, why God has permitted doubt to enter so largely into moral and spiritual questions, and what results may be expected from this part of His plan. "How long makest Thou us to doubt?" Of one thing I feel sure, that, supposing there is a spiritual world, I can give some reasons for the entrance of doubt; but supposing there is no spiritual world, I cannot give any proper reason for the entrance of faith, at least of such faith as we wot of.

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It is seen that Establishments cannot stand upon the old one-creed basis, for other religions demand full equality, and so the plan will be to admit all shades of doctrine into the Established Church. The idea of a latitudinarian Church lacks the power and intensity of earnestness, which the most narrow creed can give. Neither have I any doubt of the ultimate result in the rise of a purer, more spiritual, and more Christianly liberal Church than any we have yet seen. But I dread the middle passage, "They feared as they entered into the cloud." We may have a long series of fights in which charity may have

her plumes rudely ruffled before she reaches the Ark, and dogmatism reassert its reign for a while. And yet God may give us sooner than we expect a Church with a few clear, strong truths circling round the Son of God, our Life and Hope, with room for "the mind to orb about." But it is in God's hand, and He will give the signal. I was thinking, if Christ were just now in the world, which Church would be His? I shall not venture to say *the United Presbyterian!* We are not pure and broad enough to hold Him. But as little would, I say, *any other*. And therefore, I suppose, He went out of sight because, in our narrowness and contentions, He could belong particularly to none of us, and will remain away till we can make a Church in some degree like Him. Meantime He belongs to all who welcome His Spirit, and He so helps us in the work of preparation.

Now as to that question of despondency about the general aspect of things, of which I wrote. You understand well that it is only the shadow of the passing cloud, but still I feel as if it were there, and I am not alone in this. There does

seem, as you say, a want of earnestness and high purpose in general life, and you may be sure that this is always associated with a weakening of the higher faith. When the sea ebbs all the creeks feel it, only they do not all show it alike.

There are many and great exceptions in the spiritual ocean, where the strong flow lingers and clings to the eternal land until the next tide comes in—*rallies* in the battle which seem like *victories*, and in the sight of God are so. Such are all these works of faith and labours of love of which you speak. Still, I think the general tide is the other way. There is a love of pleasure and sensation among both the upper and lower classes such as I do not remember to have seen, an amount of dishonesty in trade, with homage paid to wealth, however it has been made, and an immorality of the worst kind under a refined exterior, which come out at times in startling forms. . . .

In reading, the other day, M. Taine's account of the reign of Charles II., I was struck by the resemblance, though we have much more Christian life at work ; and there is the comfort, *that*

age produced its reaction, and we may hope for ours. All this of which I speak is connected with the weakening of faith in things unseen and eternal, and even of a strong conviction about moral distinctions, which were once reckoned most clear.

In glancing back over the above I am almost sorry to have written it, for in crowding these symptoms together they make the time look very dark. One cannot shade the landscape and put in the bright reliefs of which you speak ; and let us thank God they are very many. Sometimes, when I consider them, they change my mood and make me at least hopeful that we shall not fall deeper into materialism nor need an awakening through some national reverse, but may rather obtain it through spiritual revival and the gentle rains of Divine influence.

As to Bunyan and Spinoza, I agree to a great extent with what you say. Spinoza, I believe, was a sincere man led astray by a passion for a consistent theory ; but I trust he has found the living God, toward whom, I think, an advance could be traced in his later writings, and I am

sure that the sight of His face would make Spinoza very glad. God will satisfy, here or hereafter, every true thirst after Himself. Still, I feel that Spinoza, with all his metaphysics, had much more to learn and was much farther from the divine centre than John Bunyan, with his mystic accretions. And my fault to Professor — is, that he did not make this plain, but rather put them on a level. Now, I think that Spinoza may have been in the Court of the Gentiles, but Bunyan was in the most Holy Place, and saw the glory over the Mercy-seat, though its rays may have dazzled his eyes and made his lips utter strange things. Yet his incoherences were nearer God than Spinoza's dialectics, and he had over him the "I thank Thee, O Father," of Christ, whose plan is to speak the greatest and surest truths to the heart. And then Professor — might have shown that it was in the beginning of his strange experience that Bunyan felt and spoke so discordantly. It was the turmoil of his soul from the intense conviction of sin, a very true thing, and he emerged into a clear consciousness with

which all Christian natures can, according to their measure, sympathise. You are quite right in saying that we have still our martyrs in another way, not perhaps again likely to be for the same points as some old martyrs' scruples, but though on a different confine of the great Fatherland of truth, we are fighting the same battle. It is, after all, the same principle, the allegiance of the soul to the living God in life and to death; and what I cannot understand is that —— can say, "There could not be martyrs nowadays." That I do not believe, else I could not believe in God's everlasting truth and Spirit. I have no doubt —— has his own way of explaining it, but his way of it makes me a dogmatist, as you see, which I would not like to be, just as ——, good man! used to make me a latitudinarian, which I would not like to be either.

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, *March 30, 1872.*

I agree entirely with you, that much of the self-

satisfied feeling of our Evangelical Christianity is to be deplored, and has had an evil effect on the world and the Church itself. We are paying the penalty, perhaps, in relaxed tone and lowered aims. I do hope a better spirit will come soon, when spiritual comfort will not be thought the chief end of Christ's Gospel, with a shivering glance at the poor creatures outside, and when it shall not be so incomprehensible to Christians that the Apostle Paul could say, "I could wish myself accursed for my brethren's sake." . . .

Rome should be visited by itself; and one of my dreams is a winter there, waiting to see the wonderful spring. What a different Rome it is already since I saw it two years since!

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I have been reading two books lately—the one little more than broached as yet—Hodge's "Systematic Theology," of which two volumes have come out, 700 pp. each; a third expected. Very full, able, and orthodox. He is Professor in Princeton, U.S., and perhaps the chief polemic of Calvinistic divinity living. Some think him the most acute and comprehensive theologian

since Calvin. His book is a marvel of reading and study, patristic, mediæval, mystic, German, dealing with all systems, Romish and Rationalist, Hegelian and Huxleyan, riding through them armed and ever militant. I feel it rather hard and sharp—lines cut round everything like scarps and ditches round a besieged city, the opposite of which is to throw all these down and fill them with little trees and *cafés*, changing *bulwark* into *boulevard*. The one is too ready to lead to the other, and so I would like a little more of free and softened interspaces and shadows, where everything is not so distinct and angular, for I feel as if this could not be the real world. Yet his views of different systems are very interesting and fair, (he gives their own words ;) his criticisms acute; and it is, in a way, refreshing in these days of uncertainty to find a man so thoroughly and impregnably convinced. I was glad to find him so decided on the question of infant-salvation, and on the final results of the Gospel as a whole, but he leaves too little room for those who have not heard of it, *i.e.*, he makes too much of Christianity as a system

of dogmatic teaching, and too little of it as the ground-plan on which God is dealing with His world.

The other book is a little one, pp. 180, by the Duke of Somerset, "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," thirty-nine chapters, with an Introduction. He is as confident, on the other side, that most of the Bible is legendary, its doctrines relics of idolatry, and all faith in it fast dying out. He gives it, as Voltaire did, a generation, and then he expects a kind of Broad Church, where Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconformist will lie down together and calmly talk on morals and be very tolerant with one another when they are all kept by the State. I suspect by that time the State will scarcely think them worth keeping, and that the Duke's coronet would not be very safe then. It is a curious sign and portent—and it appeared before the French Revolution—members of the *haute noblesse* turned to Radicalism and infidelity: Somerset, Auberon Herbert, &c., &c. The book altogether is very flimsy, and serves up German theories that have been surrendered in Germany,

but I dare say will attract some notice. A great point with him is the alleged inconsistency between the Paul of the Epistles and the Paul of the Acts, and therefore the inference that the latter book is not genuine. You are aware that the first four Epistles of Paul stand untouched by the most captious critics, no historical documents surer. (Of course, this is a strong position for historical Christians, since Paul in these Epistles affirms the leading events of the Gospel, since he was in close intercourse with Christ's immediate followers and friends, and cannot be charged with want of truthfulness and sound judgment.) But the object of destructive critics has been to break down the link between the Epistles and the Gospels, *i.e.*, the Acts. As a specimen, Gal. ii. is compared with Acts xxi. 17-26. It is said that in the Epistle Paul is uncompromising in demanding freedom from rites, and always takes this ground; in the Acts he yields to temporise and becomes an apostate to freedom. Is it not clear that these are not the same men, and the book of Acts was written by Judaisers? But if any one

looks at the circumstances, they are entirely different. In Galatians, Paul demands freedom for *Gentiles*—not to be brought under the yoke of Mosaic law. He says nothing against *Jews* continuing the observances as national if they chose. His principle was to implant central truths and leave them to work—a broad and free way. In Acts he is willing to show that he has no objection to *Jews* carrying out their customs of vows and temple-worship. These became pernicious only when they made them terms of salvation and imposed them on all others. Now, the Duke and his friends have not the candour to see this, nor to remember that Paul in his Epistles lays down the very principle, “To the Jews I became a Jew,” &c. ; “Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creation”—that this is the principle he lays down about eating meat offered to idols. I wish we had him back at this hour, with his honesty and charity and common-sense, and we should take him with equal good-will either from the Epistles or the Acts.

This is the same principle you say you feel

about the Roman Catholic *bonne*. You could not venture to break down her hold of little observances that are to her interwoven with deeper and holier things. He said, "Nay, lest ye pull up the wheat with them."

When over in Ireland I found Church matters gradually taking shape, and everybody in the disestablished Churches wondering that they were so little hurt. The Presbyterians have a number of popular ministers and active laymen, and are extending. Five new churches are projected at once in Belfast. The Episcopal Church is busy with its plans of administration and finance. In the latter point they are tempted with the desire to get enough of money to secure them to the end of time; but their faith will grow in the power of a living Christianity. They had their first election of a bishop under the new system, and it passed off most satisfactorily. It was in place of Dr. Daly, Bishop of Cashel, a venerable man of ninety-one, true Christian, and his successor is well spoken of. The great weakness of their Church is a class of low Protestants, ignorant and

drunken, whose only religion is swearing at Popery. Many of them are unable to read or write, and are lower than the Roman Catholics. Unhappily the Church service has no power to touch this class, but I am glad means are being taken to allow a minister to shorten or modify it, so that he will be able to bring heart closer to heart and reach them. The first thing to influence Roman Catholics is to show them we *have* a religion, and that it makes us true, temperate, and charitable.

To * *.

GLASGOW, *June* 16, 1872.

As I came out of church I got a very sudden and sad shock in hearing from an elder of the Established Church the news of the death of Dr. Norman Macleod, which had just been announced in the Barony. I have heard no particulars, but it must have been very sudden. It is a loss not to his own Church only, but to us all, for he filled a place that cannot be occupied by any

other man we know. This is indeed the case with every true man, but more marked in some cases than others. . . .

I thought before any other of our Queen, who, I believe, leaned very much on him for comfort. In the mission-work of his own Church, too, and in public and social questions, he will leave a great chasm.

*To * *.*

ROME, November 27, 1872 (?).

The recipe you kindly gave me for disinfecting fever-haunted rooms is still in my portmanteau, without having been used, of which I am sure you will not complain. Rome seems to be at present free from epidemics, and our apartments are high and healthy. Every room has three or four doors and as many windows, and we find it more easy keeping up ventilation than heat. The fireplaces are simply stone-hearths, and the fuel a starved-looking brushwood, which reminds one of Solomon's description of the fool's laughter that "quickly falls in ashes to

the ground." There is another gift of yours, however, which has been more in use—the binocular, as our American friends love to call it. It has been frequently employed, and I only wish I could enclose a view of all the things which have passed through its tube. I have not set myself regularly to *do* Rome yet, for my box, which contains my guide-books, and which I sent off by sea a fortnight before myself, has not yet arrived. They tell me that the average time from Leghorn to this is twenty days, and if the rest is taken in proportion, I shall be a year at home again before I get it. The Italian answer to every complaint is "*Pazienza*," with an indescribable shrug and look which you have seen.

Still, I have seen a good deal. By the bye, we have some kind friends staying here, and they asked us to accompany them yesterday in an excursion to the ancient Tusculum, sixteen miles across the Campagna. The day looked doubtful, and everybody promised rain; but we went, and the weather saw it was no use and cleared beautifully. We went out by the

Lateran gate at 9 A.M., and along the ancient Latin Way. It was over that widespread plain you have seen, but when on it, it undulates and dips into curious hollows and pits and sometimes chasms. We drove along by that wonderful Claudian aqueduct which runs for miles and miles and has stood for two milleniums. Our romantic considerations were a little disturbed by the sight of a pack of foxhounds and a man with a red coat, who was taking the dogs to a "meet;" for the Italians have already naturalised the word and taken to hunting as far as they can. The English ladies, I am told, astonish them, and accidents are not uncommon from the old tombs and ruins. Think of a daughter of the Britons chasing a fox through the sepulchres of the Julii!

We passed the camp of Coriolanus and the tomb of Helena, and near the scene of the battle of Lake Regillus (see Macaulay's ballad); but the lake is drained now, and only the old margin is visible, with some springs in the centre. At last we got to Frascati, a town

beautifully set on the lower slope of the Alban hills, among olive-groves and vineyards. Here Cardinal York, the brother of Charles Edward, was bishop, and here Prince Charlie died, far from Skye and Moidart. We changed our conveyance here, and took, some to our feet and some to donkeys, climbing among the hills for three miles by winding ways. They were of bad repute in the Pope's day for brigands, but the Italian troops have cleared them out, and we saw nothing more terrible than a shaggy-looking shepherd in a sheepskin coat, watching some of the sheep with those curious faces you see in Italian pictures. I do not think they look half so natural as our own. I cannot think of David with such a charge and costume. But our route was beautiful,—among acacias, and wild figs, and evergreen oaks, and flowers strange but fair, with peeps into wooded defiles and through clefts between which the wide Campagna lay streaked with brown and yellow, like a leopard's skin. Old Tusculum, the progenitor of Frascati and, one may say, of Rome—for it is older than Rome—lies near the summit

of this range. I should have said *lay*, for not a house stands nor a living being moves. But there is the Forum and the theatre and the amphitheatre, with the road leading among them on the paved stones on which Cicero's feet walked, for his Tusculan villa is close by, not only with its site clear, but its rooms and gardens and surroundings; and here he sat and discussed with his friends those Tusculan questions about the State and life and man and the soul. What builders these men were! It looks like the work of giants and antediluvians, when they had arms and lives longer than the degenerate sons of men in these times.

From the old city we ascended to the Arx or citadel on the very summit of the hill, and such a prospect! The Alban hills close around, cut off from all else, for they are extinct volcanoes rising from the Campagna plain,—the site of the Alban lake and city whence Romulus and Remus sprang—Hannibal's camp, whence he looked down on his coveted prize,—the mountains of the Volsci and Equi and Sabines, once the rivals, then the allies of Rome,—Hadrian's famous

villa shining below Tivoli, and Horace's farm where he sang of "the fountain of Bandusium clearer than crystal,"—not far from it, belonging to a different time, Mentana, where Garibaldi had to yield to the French chassepot,—the Apennines towering behind in clouds and snow,—and last, right in front across the Campagna, Rome on her seven hills, and St. Peter's dome, higher than any of them, dwarfing the Capitol and every other structure,—a dear boast, however, to the Pope, for it cost the Reformation, as Leo the Tenth could tell, and has ended by shutting up Pio Nono in the Vatican. The yellow Tiber was invisible, but his bed could be traced to Ostia, and there the Mediterranean lay spread out, with the sun making it like a sheet of silver as he set—the sea of glass mingled with fire. We got home after sunset with, I am sure, memories that will last.

Another day we drove out twelve miles along the Appian Way, taking an entire day to it, and lunching on the top of one of the mounds near the tumulus of the Horatii and Curiatii, where these warriors fought and lie buried. What

gave it most interest to me was, that here Rome must have broke for the first time on the sight of the Apostle Paul, when he came along this very road with the centurion and the Christian friends who went to Appii Forum to meet him. They must have given good convoys in those primitive days of Christian faith, for Appii Forum is fifty-six miles from Rome. But speaking of the Forum reminds me of a day I spent this week in exploring the Roman Forum. The Italians have already done a good deal in opening it further, and the whole bottom is uncovered for a space as large as George's Square. The temple of Castor and Pollux and the Basilica of Julius Cæsar, which must have been a magnificent edifice, have their floor-pavement and pillar-casements laid bare; also the real Viâ Sacra, along which the feet of conquerors advanced to the Capitol. Some beautifully carved stones depicting the taking of the census and sacrifice have just been discovered,—the bull, the sheep, and the hog as fresh as if cut yesterday, and so life-like. The Palatine, also, has been further opened up, and one curious

relic struck me—a little altar with this inscription, "Whether this was sacred to a god or goddess, it has been restored by C. Sextus Prætor, according to the order of the Senate;" the meaning of which is, that they had found this old altar with its title obliterated, and, afraid lest the deity should take it amiss, they set it up anew to an unknown god, which will strike you as having some relation to the other Paul saw at Athens.

I saw a very curious book lately in a monastic library (Minerva) which would interest —, an account of the state of religion, *i.e.*, Roman Catholic religion, in England in 1590, written by a Jesuit father to the Superior here. He tells of the wonderful conversions, and hopes England will soon be back to the faith if Elizabeth were dead. . . .

To * * *.

ROME, 32 VICOTO DE GRECI,
November 27, 1872.

It is difficult to know where to begin in telling my experience of Rome, there are so many

things to speak about. I shall commence with myself, as the easiest way of getting into other things. I have been very well in health since I came, and have kept clear of colds and malaria. The weather has been somewhat broken, but very different from what you seem to have had at home. The *tramontana* wind has prevailed, and then we have clear blue skies, warm in the sun, but rather cold out of it—snow in view on the Apennines, butterflies and all manner of wild-flowers in the Campagna. Three times, however—and they have always happened to be Sabbath-days—we have had *sirocco* (south wind), which begins with a kind of close sultriness and ends in rain. It is an African wind, which draws up the moisture from the Mediterranean and deposits it when it touches the colder land. On the whole, however, the weather is something wonderful, and the never-ceasing subject of praise to those of us who are fresh from the land of fog and mist. Our work here has been preaching twice a day—my share being once—and visiting among the people, especially the sick and solitary. Our attendance as yet is not large,

as winter residents do not come in numbers till December, and we have suffered from the Americans starting a new church of their own called the American Union. They had an Episcopalian Church before, and this is intended for all shades of non-Episcopalians. Nationalism and denominationalism are the scourge of Christianity. Happily we have escaped it, as Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches combine, and a number of Americans seem to like this so much that they adhere to us. One part of our work here which takes much time without corresponding profit is attending all sorts of committees. Yet it is necessary for casting, if possible, oil on the waters; *e.g.*:—Some time since an Italian Bible Society was formed in order to draw in Italians themselves to this part of the work, and Father Hyacinthe and some Romans of note attended the formation. They agreed to print Diodati's Bible, which is acknowledged by impartial people to be the best and also catholic in the true sense. Now some of these American Baptists have brought over copies of an Italian Testament of their own in

which they always translate *baptize* as *immerse*, and call John Baptist, John the Immerser ! and with notes in that direction.

They asked the Italian Bible Society to reproduce it for the sake of the truth. It was declined, but I do not know what they may do. Some of them seem to regard the common Christianity as so much less than their own party. I can imagine nothing more mischievous if they go on with it. As yet all Protestants have united round the Bible, however divided otherwise, and the word *baptize* is unsectarian. The priests have been accustomed to say, "The Protestant translation is false," and they would point triumphantly to this as proving it ; and poor people beginning to inquire would be stumbled and thrown back. We have plenty of little parties working here, Waldenses, Chiesa Libera (Gavazzi's), Methodist, two kinds of Baptists, and some others. They do good, I believe, especially with their schools ; but the division and jealousy are great drawbacks ; and another is, the want of proper meeting-places. They are almost all in the dingiest parts of the town,

and several of them are shops with the front and back thrown into one, so as to form a place like a long lobby—damp, dingy, and noisy. Yet the people come to them, and they are often quite full; some remaining during the whole service, others crowding at the door coming and going. I have been at a different one every Sabbath evening, when we have no service, just to see with my own eyes, and I have now got far enough on in Italian to understand pretty well. The first night I heard Ribetti, Waldense, about sixty present, of a respectable-looking working-class. His subject was “Salvation by Grace;” but it took a controversial form, as I believe is more common in the evenings. He exposed the system of indulgences and penances, and said that “Protestantism was the old unchanged religion, while Romanism was always making something new—immaculate conception, papal infallibility, and the next might be papal invisibility—the truest of all, as we could never see the Pope now”—which produced a broad smile in the audience. There is, I think, too much of this; for I believe even to the

miscellaneous evening audiences appeals to the heart and conscience would be better. Another evening I heard one Ravi, a Sicilian ex-monk, who is married to a daughter of a Church of Scotland minister. His audience also might be about sixty, not so respectable-looking as Ribetti's, and his discourse was of the same kind, bearing more fully on evangelical truth, but in a combative style, with pictures of the Crucifixion in the Italian fashion.

Last evening I went to hear Gavazzi, who has just returned from America. His hall was the most comfortable I had seen, clean, well lighted, and seated with decent-looking people, who seemed to know the service, for they had hymn-books, or could sing without them. But there were not above forty present, which Gavazzi told us arose from the wet night—it was very wet—and also from the political excitement that day, which frightened women and timid people from coming out. The town was filled with soldiers marching about and changing guard at all the chief places of resort. Gavazzi's discourse was on the fourth commandment, in which he sought

to show that it had Divine authority, that it had good ground for change in the day ; speaking here of Christ's death and resurrection in a very Christian manner, and then going on to show how it should be kept. He would not object to hard-worked people taking a longer rest on Sabbath morning, nor to their taking the air with their families in a quiet way ; but the day was given above all for Christian worship, for doing and getting spiritual good, Sabbath-schools, visiting the sick and poor, and all works of mercy. He showed how the Sabbath had been injured by festal days, and how Church and State had combined in this—for work goes on upon Sunday, and stops rigidly on saints' days ; spoke also of the dissipation and gambling on Sunday, when the wages of the week are squandered by many, to the ruin of the family ; and said the Latin races would never get on even in this world till they set up again the first table of the Law, all the commandments of which they broke. Gavazzi has put off his Barnabite cloak, but speaks with as much vigour as when I used to hear him in Scotland, and I think more

naturally. I have got an Italian teacher, Madame —, who gives me accounts sometimes of her minister, Signor Sciarelli (Methodist), to whom she is greatly attached, because, she says, he is not only talented, but does her spirit more good than any of the others. Last Sabbath-night Sciarelli was opening a new meeting-place in what is called the Borgo Vecchio, near the Tiber, and she was there. Above a hundred, she says, were present, some of whom had never before heard Protestant preaching. One old man, when Sciarelli gave the Gospel in Bible words, could not help always clapping his hands and saying, "Bravo!"—"for, you see," said Madame —, "he did not think he was in a church, as there were no images nor Madonnas." Some of the wives asked their husbands if all this could be true. "It must be," they said; "he reads out of the Bible." "But is it not a sin to read the Bible?" "Hush," they replied, "and let us listen." This Madame — has her history. She was brought up in the nuns' school of Trinita del Monte, and used to sing in their choir, which everybody goes to

hear some time ; it is so celebrated. Some years since she began to read the New Testament with fear and by stealth, and when the preaching began here she became a Protestant. I think she is a true Christian woman. Her husband does nothing for his family, and she has to support them—two children and an aged mother—by teaching, suffering, I fear, much want, and making a heroic struggle. Her mother is a devoted Romanist, and entirely under the priest to whom she confesses. He has told her that her daughter has become a *bestea*, and that she must leave her, else she will be visited by some dreadful calamity. The poor old woman will scarcely let her daughter speak to her, and tries to teach the children *Ave Marias* on every opportunity. Her daughter says she would willingly pay for a separate room for her mother, but she is not able to give her separate support. The husband, on the other hand, is an infidel, and says they are both fools. She said she could not tell how the Gospel had supported her in her struggles, and felt what it was that had borne the martyrs up. She is one of the instances of the hard lot

of many here. The means of living and taxes have increased greatly, and tell on the poor, for all earnings pay income-tax. Of every twelve francs she has to give one to Government, and if they suspect any one of giving in their income too low, they put their own estimate on it, and appeal is useless. Besides this there are the customs and *octroi*, which make household articles dear and bad, as we know. This leads me to speak of the political excitement of last Sunday, which has not yet subsided. The International had announced for some time a great gathering in the Colosseum for the 24th November, and deputies were to come from all Europe, England included ; and some of our own dear countrymen are now here, not doing us much credit. Just before the day of meeting the Prefect issued a prohibition, and troops were collected in large numbers. On Sunday last there were 15,000 in and about the city, and 10,000 national guards under arms. The Colosseum was occupied, and there was nothing but regiments of Bersagliers hurrying from post to post, with anxious groups, some of them angry-look-

ing, discussing the situation. It was said at one time that the Internationalists meant to hold their meeting at all hazards, and that a number of the citizens, galled by their burdens, would second them. The display of force frightened them, if they ever meant this, and the rain settled the question. It began in the morning with a steady downpour which would have done credit to Greenock, and Italians have a horror of rain which we, from our education, cannot fully appreciate. So everybody saw there was to be no revolution till the sun came out, of which there was no sign, and we went to our churches in peace, and thanked God's providence for it. We wondered much at the display of military force, but statements have since been made that would account for it. It is said the Government had information of conspiracy against the lives of the royal family. Prince Humbert was to have been assassinated and the king, and bombs thrown into the House of Deputies. Orsini bombs have been seized, and all manner of stories are afloat, how far true I cannot say. A good many people have

been arrested, among whom, it was at first said, was a son of Garibaldi, but this turns out to be unfounded. Withal, I do not believe the people sympathise to any extent in the movement ; and if the taxes were only less, or more equable, they would be quiet enough. The Pope's papers, of which there are two, rejoice greatly in the crisis, and say they foretold it long ago, and worse things must happen unless Victor Emmanuel leaves Rome to its rightful owner. The Liberal papers, on their side, charge the Pope's emissaries with paying the leaders of the Internationalists and uniting red and black in an unnatural alliance. But I have gone much more into this than I intended, for you will see it in the home papers. For ourselves, we read no English papers on principle, and provide ourselves daily with one or two Italian ones, for the sake of the language and local life. I have been trying them all in turn, price one halfpenny, and they would make the *Evening Citizen* proud to look on them. Sometimes however, a good article appears, with a moral and even a sound religious tone. It is a seething caldron, but God's hand controls it.

To * * *.

FLORENCE, *February 22, 1873.*

Though you have been at Florence, I do not think you have ever got as far as Vallombrosa, and I must therefore give you some account of my ascent to that classic spot. When I was last here I had a great desire to see it, but I was told that time and arrangement were needed, and these were not then at hand. Happening, however, in a small party here, to mention my wish, Mr. M'Dougall, with his ready frankness, at once offered to be guide, and invited any willing to join to give in their names. A good many volunteered, but some of them failed when the time came. The appointed hour of muster at the railway station was 5.30 A.M., when even in this latitude it is still dark, and predictions came from all sides of failure owing to the snow lying three feet deep on the mountain roads. The whole scheme was declared foolhardy, and an ascent had not been known of so early. But we held to our point, and at the hour we had

two ladies, Mrs. T—— and Mrs. H——, who came with much misgiving as being neither great pedestrians nor equestrians, but because they had a great regard for Mr. M'Dougall and Milton ! We had Mr. ——'s little daughter and a gentleman named H——, a fine young man, Italian born, but English in blood and feeling. The railway carried us in less than half-an-hour to Pontasieve, where we descended and found a small omnibus waiting us. It took us through the little town, which was beginning to get awake, under the old walls, and over the bridge that crosses the Sieve, a fine green mountain river which comes down from the Apennines, and adds a considerable contribution to the Arno at this place. We soon began to ascend its farther bank, among olive orchards and vineyards and mulberry groves, pruned close, and stretching out their bare fingers for the clothing of spring, which had begun to show itself in crocuses and anemones by the roadside. As we ascended we got out of the mist which was hanging over Florence and the vale of the Arno, and looked down on it as level and compact as the sea,

when it lies breathless between Largs and the Argyllshire hills. You would have said it was the sea, for it spread away into all the valleys in the exact counterparts of lochs and creeks, and here and there a hill crowned with a town or villa rose up from it like an island, and a puff of wind broke the calm and rolled in on the shore or the headland—the copy of a wave. Soon the sun began to touch it, and it was curious to see how sensitive it was. The surface quivered in soft vapour, rose in little jets, and ere long the whole level was broken, gaps were pierced to the bottom, fields and waters disclosed here and there, till the vales of the Arno and Sieve were plain in all their length, and only some fragments of the wrecked mist clung to the hillsides. By this time, however, we had got into another smaller valley, with a fine little river called the Piagione (I spell from conjecture), and arrived at the little town of St. Pelago, where we had ordered breakfast. We got it very comfortably and amply in the shape of excellent coffee, abundance of eggs and omelettes, with Parmesan cheese and wine of the country. The landlady, who

seemed to have an indefinite number of sons, daughters, and nephews, was a cheerful, kindly little woman, who was never satisfied with looking in to see that all was right and the log-fire blazing properly. She set off before us to her hospice at Vallombrosa, I believe on our account, though she said it was to prepare for the opening season and look after the poultry and cattle, and, to our shame, she was there before us. I took a circuit through the room in the Pelago inn while we were resting, and looked through her son's sermons, who is priest in a small village near; and as you may be curious, as I was, to know what a village priest preaches about, I will give you the titles of some just as I took them down:—

Predica Sul. S. S. Sacramento.
Predica Sulla Impenitenza Finale.
Predica della Perseveranza.
Predica Sulla Misericordia di Dio.
Apostrofo alla Madonna Addorata.
Predica della Passione.
Predica Sulla Confessione.
Predica Resurrezione di G. C.
Panegirico della S. S. Annunziata.
Panegirico di S. Antonio di Padova.

Panegirico di S. Giuseppe.

Discorso Sulla Divinità del Catolicesimo per la sua
Propagazione.

Discorso per la sua conversazione.

Predica della Anime del Purgatorio Sulla Morte.

His name was written at the foot of each, P. G. Chalezzi, and the whole bore marks of great care. Each sermon would take probably forty minutes to speak, and you will see that a large number of the subjects are of general Christian interest. This town of Pelago has a church, a market-place, and a monastery, now closed; and our arrival created quite a sensation as we rattled into it, and made our exit in another way. We exchanged our omnibus for two horses of the small country fashion, hardy, sure-footed creatures, with a man at the head of each, and another man who carried plaids, wraps, and many things needful for a night from home. The horses served the travellers in turn, and were needed, for we had good seven miles before us by steep and devious ways. From Pelago we made a direct plunge down to the river's edge, and climbing the opposite bank, equally steep, we had a good view of the town we had left. It stood on a

projecting high cape, with its church on the base and its old convent on the point, and below and round it the stream was fuming and fretting in many a rapid and waterfall, among rocks crowned with all kinds of dwarf-trees, wild fig and olive included. Trout and eels, we were told, abound in it, but their way of catching them is to dry up a part of the channel! Up the valley and down as far as we could see were the same banks terraced above into gardens where grew the olive and vine, and patches of wheat coming up in a brilliant emerald green. Villages were here and there on level spots on the hillsides that seemed made on purpose, or on tops of rocks, appearing to grow out of them by a law of nature, Kenite-like little houses stuck in clefts, as if holding on for dear life; and this was the character of all that region, so I will not require to alter my description as I go on. But occasionally, I should say, palatial-looking edifices appeared, which were either monasteries or villas, but both deserted; the monasteries because the Italian Government has laid hands on them, the villas because their aristocratic

owners are all in the city at this season, which, indeed, Italians, whenever they can afford it, prefer universally to the country. Rural life seems rarely to have charms for the members of the Latin race. Well, we climbed the opposite bank, which went up hundreds of feet, widening our view at every turn, till we passed over into another valley, the name of whose river I did not catch sufficiently to write it. It was even more rugged than the one we had left, and our road at one part led along a cliff over which we could have cast a stone 400 feet down into the river—not a wall or fence between. It was all peopled, however, and cultivated wherever possible. Wending our way up the valley, we came to another little town, called Tosi, this time nestling in a hollow; and here we began the ascent of the Vallombrosa mountain proper, of which we had full three miles before us. It does not need so much description, for as we rose the villages and fields left us, we had forest ground of chestnut and oak and beech, and at last of pine mixed with juniper and heath that wore a foreign look, the whole cut by

torrents and stretching up to mountains covered with brushwood, and at last with snow. The path was wonderfully good, having been made by the monks with centuries of labour, paved in some places with hewn stone, sometimes, however, broken and rough enough, and generally steep, though the way wound about in the most perplexing fashion. When we reached the edge of the pine forest we came on the predicted snow and ice, which really troubled us very little, except that the horses slipped, and we thought it best to dismount. We were now on the plateau of the convent, a kind of basin surrounded by high hills, and straight before us, at the end of a long avenue, was the famous monastery. An imposing building it is, square and lofty, with a campanile belonging to the church, and a massive tower where, they say, refractory monks were imprisoned. Our way led us, however, a little to the right, to a place called the Foresteria, where the strangers lodge, and where we found a comfortable lunch and good fire, prepared by our landlady, who welcomed us with smiles at the door. The convent bell

sounded twelve just as we approached, and the full, deep tones seemed to roll out from the heart of the mountain. After lunch we commenced our exploration, a little impeded by the snow, which lay a foot or two deep. The monastery is empty of all its old owners, and used by the Italian Government for an agricultural school, where some forty pupils lodge, under the charge of teachers. There are still two priests for service in the church, and a lay brother who shows the place. We visited the oldest part, which was there in the time of Milton, part of it, indeed, long before. In the year 1050 one Giovanni Gualberto, who had led a wild youth, fixed on this lonely spot for a penitential life, and built the first chapel, still standing, and as primitive-looking as St. Blane's in Bute, which you may have seen. The church and campanile, of Milton's time, are stately structures, and an old fresco on the walls shows the look of the place when he must have been here, and the overhanging woods, some of which must have been cut down. You will recollect Milton's comparison of the lost angels lying on the lake of doom—

“Thick as the leaves on Vallombrosa,
Which the Etrurian shades high overarched embower.”

He has been charged with poetic freedom in this, as the forest is of pine, but all above and around are stores of oak and beech trees, and coppice on the mountain slopes, which have their foliage drifted about in heaps. I was told by a friend who was here in autumn, when it is probable Milton visited the place, that the leaves lie in the hollows yards deep. I enclose a leaf or two which I picked up as genuine relics. I felt some interest also in the tall straight pines, which may have furnished Milton with his figure of Satan's staff by which “he eased his steps over the burning marl.” He speaks, indeed, of a “Norway pine,” but the idea may have started here. I paced one of them, evidently meant for a mast, and found it, twenty-nine long steps, or nearly ninety feet, as straight as a rule could have made it. Next we ascended to the Paradisino, a smaller convent crowning the summit of a rock 350 feet above the plateau. It was for those who wished to lead a more secluded life. The view from it,

however, gave more of the world than we had seen for the whole day. All the hills and valleys among which we had been creeping could be traced as on a map ; the valleys of the Sieve and Arno were right below us ; Florence, twenty miles distant, could be seen in the haze of its smoke, and its dome and the campanile of Giotto, dwindled to a pine-tree, rose distinct. All round the east and north was a marvellous panorama of mountains, the Apennine chain running for more than sixty miles candied with snow toward the east, and then as it rose toward Lucca and Carrara clothed with dense white fields, for here they are 7000 feet high. It was magnificent and never to be forgotten. We were ourselves about 3400 feet above the sea-level, and behind us were peaks from which, we were told, the Mediterranean and Adriatic could be seen at the same time. On our way back through the snow we came upon a frozen cataract nearly a hundred feet high, where the water was falling behind its veil of ice, and fringed with stalactites of crystal ; so, if we had not the summer leaves, we had some compensa-

tion. We were glad to see our landlady and Foresteria, and had no end of compliments for the dinner she had provided in the old hall. It felt chilly at first; but wood is plentiful, and we did not spare it; and we sat by the blazing hearth for the rest of the evening with plentiful converse, concluding by singing together in our worship, "O God of Bethel," to the tune of "Martyrdom." The ladies had made an inspection of the beds, and after appliances for comfort and distribution of wrappings, pronounced all safe, as we indeed found them. The convent bell was heard by few till 8 A.M. next day, and after breakfast we began our descent. We reached Pelago again in two hours, an hour less than our ascent, and we found here again an abundant table spread by our hostess's care. I had a better opinion of the kindness of the Italians here than I had formed in any previous journey. They are an amiable if not a profound people in their feelings. One custom I remarked, that they salute you all round at each part of the day; when the girl brings in the lights for evening she says to each, "*Buona*

sera." If we could engraft a little of their softness on the strength of our population it would be well. We took our omnibus again, caught the train, and reached Florence at 2 P.M. on Friday, to find the foolery of the Carnival running its course. It is not so boisterous here as at Rome, where I see from the paper a man has been killed in the Corso, from the horses running against him in that relic of barbarism the horse-race—a miserable caricature of what we have in England.

I fear I have wearied you very much, but having begun, I was obliged to go on; and if it leads you, when you come here, to think of going to Vallombrosa, and you get as fine a day, you will thank my tediousness.

*To * *.*

FLORENCE, *February 22, 1873.*

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I was very sorry to leave Rome, though glad to turn homeward. There were so many things in Rome I had seen imperfectly, and some,

worthy of sight, I had not seen at all. I suppose it would be so though one remained a year, for the history of the world for three thousand years centres in the place, and the excavations are always turning up something fresh. I had much regret, too, in parting with many kind friends. I had learned to know some whom I cannot hope to see again in this life, for they came from far distant parts, and were, like myself, birds of passage. But it is always good to have known good people. Our church in Rome was not very well attended at first, for few visitors had arrived, and other churches had been opened, attracting some of our former hearers. But as the season went on it filled up, till the echo which troubled us in an empty house had disappeared, and we had as good an audience as the place could well hold, and a more interested one than we generally have at home. The afternoon audiences and prayer-meetings are generally small in Rome, sight-seeing has such attraction ; but we were much cheered by the attendance of our folks on these services,

and I hope it is a token that good was done. I enjoyed very much, also, the opportunity of intercourse with Christians of other denominations. We had them attending in our church from all the outlying sections of the world and of Christianity, and we met frequently with friends of the other churches in various ways. One of the most gratifying meetings we had was one of a farewell kind, at which nearly twenty sat down to tea, all workers in Rome, speaking English or Italian; Episcopalian, Independent, Baptist, Methodist, Waldense, Chiesa Libera, to which long list you must add an *et cætera*. It is perhaps a pity in Rome that it should be so, and yet there was a unity of feeling for the time that was really genuine, and it was striking to see such an exuberance of Christian effort in the city of the Popes. . . .

I saw our friend, Dr. Robertson of Irvine, just before I left, and went about with him a little before I saw him off to Naples. He has been better in Florence than anywhere else, and has been studying thoroughly the life and writings of Savonarola, of whom he has formed

the highest opinion. He thinks the Italian patriot and martyr has never had justice, and would like to render it if he had leisure and strength to give to the work. There are many things unexplored in Italy yet. I may mention one of another kind.

The day before I left Rome a friend asked me to go and see some new excavations which had been made in the neighbourhood of the Mamertine prison, by the Forum. They had been lighted up, and were to be explained by Mr. Parker, one of the excavating and lecturing archæologists who live for and by such works as these. After passing from the Forum through a narrow lane which led us some hundreds of yards from the prison, we entered a narrower lane, and out of that into a smithy, from which a stair led down into a pit-like cavern. How they ever came on the place I cannot tell ! We paid our franc a-piece, got our wax-lights, and at the bottom found ourselves in a large vaulted chamber, where fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen had convened, prepared also with their lights. Had I not known a number of them

as respectable Christians, the first sight might have made me think of a brigand gathering or Communist conspiracy. We penetrated several other large chambers, all subterranean, dark, and damp, and were stopped always by passages still unexplored, filled with earth and broken rubbish. The lower part of the building was of those huge travertine blocks which belong to the period of the kings, and the roof of brick arches supposed to be repairs of the time of the Empire (it is thought of Tiberius from the shape and size of the bricks). Then we entered a narrow passage which has been hollowed out for more than a hundred yards, and which we had to take in single file, with small enough space even thus, stooping and creeping most of the way, and squeezing past projecting stones right and left—dingy and dirty. . . . At the very last we came to a square hole, through which we had to half-force ourselves, and then we emerged into what is usually shown as the Mamertine prison, where the apostles were confined ; but from what one may conjecture of the extent of the cells, you will see how little can

be known about particular spots. It was a relief, I assure you, to find one's self in the prison, and our recollection of the place was not improved when we were told that it is supposed this passage was used for dragging the dead bodies to the *cloaca* which flows beneath it, that they might be carried into the Tiber. As I was among the first who emerged from the burrow, I stood with my light to give a little aid to the rest in making their passage through the square hole, and could mark both their consternation at the last obstacle and their relief when they reached the cell, which looked wonderfully comfortable by comparison. . . .

I left Rome on Friday last, and stopped all night at Perugia, about half-way to Florence. I had with me an old lady, . . . who has set out all alone to see Italy and the Holy Land,—not a word of any language save her own, almost deaf in one ear and not very quick with the other, though sensible and shrewd in her own way, and gifted with resolve to go on and see everything; a little peculiar, as you may conclude, for though possessed of sufficient means,

and able and willing to give liberally to good objects, she travels without help of *courier* or *servante*. Perugia you may remember as a city set on a hill about half-way between Rome and Florence. We reached the station about 3 P.M. ; but the town is more than 1000 feet higher, and we had to climb to it in an omnibus as if among the Alps, winding and zig-zagging till four horses were no more than enough. Indeed the hill is all scored round and round with roads and bridle-paths and footways for various classes of travellers, till it looks like an Italian wine-bottle laced about with cords. It is a most extraordinary town, for you seem to be living in the air, and look down from the piazzas and ends of the streets on the plain below as if you were in a balloon. Every view is a bird's-eye one. Magnificent views they are,—fields, vineyards, streams, towns like Perugia itself, on hill-tops miles away, Assisi, Spoleto, famed in old-world and modern history, and ranges of mountains clothed with oak and chestnut running up into the snow-covered Apennines. Inside, the town is of the most curious kind. There is

scarcely a level of any extent in it—not a town to be visited by the breathless or lame. There are winding ways that creep about under porticoes and beneath the roots of houses and between dead walls and deserted palazzos, up and down, till you come out on some open place or giddy height with one of these grand aerial views. Then round the city proper, the original Perugia of the mysterious Etruscans, runs the ancient wall, 3000 years old some of it, with its huge blocks of travertine, built as men never build now, and above parts of it a Roman wall, and above this in other parts a mediæval one, the work of one Braccio, Forte Braccio ("Arm," "Strong Arm"), the Vauban and Moltke of his time in one. The gates—I never saw such gates—especially the *Arco Augusto*, Etruscan below, Roman above, with the inscription still fresh, PERUSIA AUGUSTA. It is the work of giants, or, with its gaunt and gloomy mouth, might have served Milton to describe the portal of Pandemonium. But there were no churches in Pandemonium, and Perugia, though it has only 20,000 inhabitants, has one hundred, including

oratories, which will give you an idea of the work the Italian Government has to do with the priestly order. We visited some of the churches, which have their treasures of painting and sculpture, and also the old halls of commerce and government; for Perugia, once a free city of the Etruscan League, was also a free Italian republic, and had its wars with all its neighbours round. The sight-seeing of Perugia goes in two directions—the paintings of Perugino, the master of Raphael, and of the Umbrian school, from which Raphael sprang. They are found in frescoes in convents, churches, and palazzos, but chiefly now in the museum attached to the University. It was a school specially devout as devotion was then understood, and was profoundly affected by the spirit of St. Francis, the saint of this region. The second interest lies in the Etruscan antiquities, sculpture, tombs, altars, coins, which go back beyond the origin of Rome, and fill one with a constant wonder as to who these people were and where they got their skill and sense of beauty. The language is a perplexity, reading, like the Hebrew, from

right to left, and little has been made of it; but as you wander through the rooms and look on the figures on the vases the old dead men and women seem to rise and live again.

I was sorry I had so little time to spend in Perugia, for it would repay a fortnight's stay, and it has towns all round it well worthy of a visit. It is not far distant from Lake Trasymene and the famous battlefield where Hannibal entrapped and crushed the Roman army. Our little hotel bore the name "Del Trasimeno," and we found it clean, cheap, and comfortable, with a view from the back window on the walls and gates of Perugia in a brilliant moonlight that would make an antiquarian into a poet. I saw the names of William and Mrs. Howitt, a short time before us. They are at Rome, the centre of a spiritualistic circle, or, as a lady called it the other day, by a happy mistake, *spiritistic*. . . .

To * * *.

INVERNESS, *July 5, 1873.*

I got your very kind letter when I was stepping

on board the steamer at Oban to come to this place, and I had just learned, in the stay of a day there, the death of Mr. ——. . . . The feeling I always have in these times is, how little we can do to comfort, and how much we need God's own hand ; and yet we have all felt how soothing human sympathy is when we are sure it is true, and how it consoles us to think that others understand something of what was in our departed friends, and what we have lost in them. It is one of the tokens that not selfishness but love is at the root of this world's making, and that somehow, after all the struggles and shadows, love will have its way, and repair the wrongs of death and evil. . . .

I sailed from Portree to Oban on a magnificent day, and I think, of all the voyages I ever made, in the same time, that surpassed for charm and variety. We had the good fortune to get a telegram to go up Loch Duich for wool—the most beautiful loch I have seen in the Highlands ; but I was sorry for the captain : the wool was still on the back of the sheep, and his errand was bootless. . . .

I was at Stornoway two Sabbaths, where we have a small church. It is our custom at the fishing season to send help north for preaching among the fishermen, and I volunteered for this, as I was in the neighbourhood. They are there in thousands, and those from the east coast especially are quiet, well-disposed men, some of them very intelligent and most ready to listen. I saw very few cases of drinking among them—only once, I think—but there is a good deal of this among the Loch Fyne and west coast men. I had a very pleasant cruise among their boats in the Government cutter, and an excursion by land as far as the Butt of Lewis. The whole country for thirty miles is bleak, rolling moorland, fringed with a ribbon of green along the shore, made by hundreds of cottars, who have from five to eight acres of cultivated ground, with a share of the moor behind. They are, on the whole, comfortable as to food, but the houses or huts are of the most wretched description, the worst for foulness and discomfort I have seen anywhere—the cow in one end, the pig and poultry chasing one another round the peat-fire,

which is on the ground, and the smoke floating up, not to pass through a chimney or hole, but to ooze through the straw roof, or to give colour to the rain which drips down on wet days. Attempts are made to wean them to better houses, but they cling to the old ; and the straw roof saturated with soot is an important part of their manure, stripped off every year and put on the croft. The women, too, are veritable slaves, carrying on their backs loads of peats or seaweed for six miles, knitting all the time, while their brothers and husbands walk beside them smoking. They seem to think it quite natural—the men doing the fishing, as the Indian brave does the hunting, while the women do all the rest. Of course, this is connected with the state of the houses, and home comfort perishes with the outside drudgery of the women. It is surprising how much of good conduct and religion of its kind exist amid this dirt and disarray, but they are unnatural associates, and one sees the need of a Martha as well as a Mary. Indeed there cannot be much of Mary either in the case, for reading is next to impossible in their huts, and

reflection buried in slave-labour. There has been a sanitary society formed among the ladies in Stornoway, and there is great field for it. In Stornoway there are a number of very intelligent, pleasant people, and you would be surprised to see so much cultivation. A number of the people send sons and daughters for education to Dresden and other places.

I have been preaching in Free Churches as well as United Presbyterian, and always got a friendly reception from the ministers, though there is a good deal of the Anti-Union animus about, and the Unionist ministers have had to endure a species of martyrdom. Another day I was at Lismore, at an ordination—a beautiful green island in the middle of Loch Linnhe—where I was condemned to a great share of silence, as Gaelic is almost the only tongue intelligible. . . .

*To * *.*

1873 (?).

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The most grievous thing of all is the injury

these disputes do outside, and to the minds of the young. I fear, too, it is lowering the tone of all of us. A contest for great principles is exhilarating and ennobling, but these petty squabbles irritate and dwarf us. By the way, I heard ——'s address (part of it). It was gloom unrelieved by a star. I like the old prophet's way of it better: "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness." We must do our work with a high heart.

*To * * *.*

June 1873.

It gave me a great surprise and true grief to perceive the other day the notice of the death of the Bishop of Argyll. I never had the pleasure of meeting him personally, but from all his utterances (and I constantly read them), I had the conviction that he was a noble-hearted and sincere and ardent Christian, one who had a heart in him that was tenderly and broadly human, warmed by a divine fire, and who was not afraid to speak what he felt to be truth, gainsay it who might. His death came on me as if I had

lost a friend, from what I heard of him through you and others, He must have been a lovable and deeply interesting man in the circle that knew him best, and he will leave a great blank in their hearts. If it is any consolation to them, they may be sure that he was greatly esteemed among many who never saw him, as I have reason to know, but they have the better consolation of his acceptance by the Master whom he lovingly and loyally served.

To * * .

SAN REMO, *December 10, 1873.*

I left Greenock by steamer end of September, and after a night with a friend in Birkenhead, sailed from Liverpool for Bordeaux in one of the splendid Pacific steamers. Fogs and breakages detained us twenty hours behind time, and when we got to the mouth of the Garonne we were unexpectedly landed in quarantine because a French vessel with cholera on board had arrived in the Mersey just before we left! We tried to

show how unreasonable this was, but you know the helpless shrug and look of a French official, against which the most brilliant reasons fell dead. We were kept for three days inside four yellow walls, with a yellow flag above, closely guarded and ill boarded all at our own cost. It kept me too late for my first Sabbath at Pau, but gave me an experience of a new way of life, and an opportunity of preaching in prison to about twenty fellow-passengers. . . .

You have never been, I believe, at Pau, but you can read all about it in "Murray"—its old château of Henry IV., and the magnificent view from the platform of the Place Royale towards the chain of the Pyrenees, &c. But I shall tell you some things not to be found in "Murray." There is a colony of 2000 or 3000 British and Americans in Pau, who have brought there all the institutions, secular and sacred, of the Anglo-Saxon race. They have a club, frequent balls, races, and private theatricals. Last season an entertainment was given for the benefit of the indigent, and the gentlemen and ladies who took part could not get to church on Sabbath, being

engaged in rehearsing their parts. The tickets had the inscription, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," but of 5000 francs drawn only 200 francs remained to the poor after decorations were paid for—the most curious *mélange* of Scripture, charity, and fashion I have heard of. There are two classes at Pau, the very gay and the very sober, and the first have been gaining the ascendancy owing to the growth of large hotels and casinos. There are many good people, however, and I met not a few of them. There are three Episcopalian churches, and one Presbyterian, fairly attended.

I wish I had time to tell you of some of the people I met; a novelist could have got good hints, and I dare say they might be of use for preachers too, such curious changes and shiftings in the web of life. One old lady, ———, sprung of a good family in Scotland, came here many years ago, married the owner of a French château, as old as the time of the Black Prince, (*i.e.*, the château), lived in a gorge of the Pyrenees, educated her son after his father's death, and sent him into the British army in

India, improved the property and house against his return, and the ungrateful prodigal came home, sold it, went off, and leaves his poor mother to a worse heart-break than the father of the prodigal in the Gospel. Her only comfort now is in her Bible and the church, and though she is so deaf that she can only catch a word here and there, she is never absent from a service. Three other much younger ladies . . . are the daughters of a young Scotsman, also well connected, who came out and married the daughter of a peasant, died shortly after his wife's death, and left the three infant children unknown and destitute in a remote village. A Scottish traveller passing through remarked their appearance, asked about them, and from some papers left by the father discovered their relationship. They were educated by their friends in Scotland, but generally live here, helping out their maintenance by efforts of their own. Another, —, comes from the banks of the Nith, and has a genuinely Scottish tongue, though she has lived for years in a cottage close by the Gave. She first came here as lady's-maid in

an English family, refused the most pressing attentions of a Frenchman attached to her, and returned to D——. He followed her, became a teacher for four years, for her sake, in an academy there, and a Protestant also, conquered her opposition, and brought her back to Pau. The end is tragical! His marriage was the one great effort of his life, and now he does little else than go out with a gun to shoot sparrows, leaving his wife to maintain six children by washing and dressing. But she is a heroine in her way. She has brought them up well, taught them to speak English as well as French, brings them with her husband to the Scotch church, and has given the three oldest the names, Jamie, Willie, and Katy, seeming to reserve a peculiar affection for them above the poor innocents whom the father has named Adolphe, Gustave, and Louise.

I should have liked to tell you about the French Protestants, of whom I saw a few. There are three small communities, the National, the Free, and the Plymouthist, and they number altogether about 800, young and old. Thirty

years ago they were not twenty, so that they have increased in Pau, and also in the district around. They have good evangelical ministers, the National pastor a man of culture and taste, but struggling with narrow means. There is a crisis just now in the National Synod, as you may see, and the evangelical party hope for a severance from the rationalists as the best thing for both truth and peace. . . .

*To * * *.*

SAN REMO, *December 10, 1873.*

I left Pau with many regrets, for I had got to know a number of pleasant Christian people there. I came to this place by easy stages, my first being to Bagnères de Bigorre, a famous bath-resort in a Pyrenean valley—the waters gushing from numerous springs so hot that you can scarcely hold your hand in them. My chief object, however, was to see the Rev. M. Frossard, called the apostle of the Pyrenees, and have a talk with him about his views of Christian work.

He is a fine, intelligent man, of literary and scientific acquirements, as well as religious, and has done much work in his day. Alas! he is now getting old and grey-headed. I mean the *alas!* not for him, but for our world, and especially France, which needs such men. Yet he has all the fire of youth, and was to start early next morning for Paris, to be present at an important Synod there—the second since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From Bagnères my next stage was to Carcassonne, where I stopped to see the *Cité*, the “old town,” still more curious than that of Edinburgh. Part of it is Roman, and the rest mediæval, a kind of middle-age Pompeii, with wall, gates, battlements, and interior streets and houses as they were centuries ago—the most remarkable place I have seen in France. Here the poor Albigenses made their last stand against the ferocious Simon de Montfort, who was sent by the Pope to extirpate heresy here. Simon slaughtered all in cold blood, and lies buried in a church in the town. Those were different persecutions from the delicate sufferings of Pius IX. in the palace of the Vatican. From

Carcassonne I came to Marseilles, and along the route you know well. It was interesting to see how the vegetation changed as we neared this place—the vines and figs of Pau changed for olives, oranges, and palms; for Pau is just about half-way between this climate and home. The language, too, interested me, as far as I could make it out by talking to workmen, peasants, and all who represent the speech of the soil. At Pau I had in the house a Basque domestic, and a Bearnaise, and got some curious words; and here and all around it is stunted Italian—the twigs of the *Lingua Toscana*, without the leaves and blossoms. I have made out enough to see clearly that the French have no right to rectify their frontiers any more in this direction, and the people have a great dislike to them. The annexation of Nice has made them strongly anti-Gallic, and the Germans, who have half-colonised San Remo, are received with open arms. I do not know if you have been to San Remo, but you can understand its sea and sky, and hills and vegetation from Mentone, without any description of mine. The only difference is,

that the hills come closer to the shore here, and that the valleys, or rather gorges, are shut at the top, which makes the place impervious to northerly winds. It has been wonderfully warm up to this time—thermometer at 50° in the shade at 8 A.M., and the barometer steady at *set fair*. I should have told ——— that I have put the registration book he gave me to good account, and that I have weather chronicles daily. Lately, however, it has become a little colder, as an evidence of which I slept free from mosquitoes and uncurtained last night. But now for the human side of things. San Remo has some 12,000 people living in strange, narrow, dark lanes, that put me in mind of the pictures of the cities of Edom, for the houses cling to the steep hill-face like original rock. They are a hard-working, poor, down-trodden class of people, though I cannot see very well where the oppression comes from—now at least—toiling early and late, and never seeming to make much of it, peaceable and good-natured withal. They are entirely Roman Catholic, and have plenty of priests and monks of the Franciscan order, and

they keep the festivals of the Church devoutly. Monday last was the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the churches were full, chiefly, however, of peasant women. Our washerwoman brought home our things on the Sabbath, because, she said, she could not do it next day, being the *fešta*. The only evangelistic effort I hear of is at Bordighera, eight miles from this, where a Mrs. Boyce has settled down, and devoted herself to founding Bible schools and industrial classes for poor children. She sold her house in London and built one here, and after meeting opposition, has fairly lived it down. I hope some day to get along to see her work. Fully half the strangers here are Germans, who crowd the place because they cannot go to France. They have a service in the *salon* of this *pension* every Sabbath forenoon, attended by thirty or forty, a small number for their share of the population. . . . The English church is a nice little building, attended by about one hundred and fifty in the forenoon, the only time I can go. . . . We have made an arrangement to get the *salon* of this *pension* at 2.30 P.M., and meanwhile it suits well.

All the Scotch families come, many of them attending the English church in the forenoon, and some of the English church people coming to us in the afternoon. We have also an occasional sprinkling of Germans and one or two French, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. We have a weekly Bible-meeting at Mr. Fenton's house, where both churches unite, and one German pastor comes—pastor of Eisleben, the birthplace of Luther—I am glad to say of Luther's way of thinking. I am much pleased with the spirit Mr. Fenton has shown; he might have looked on us as intruders, but he is quite above that. I spoke freely with him about it—told him we came for our own people, who naturally preferred their own way of worship, and that we believed whatever kept up Christian life most in one community was for the good of every other. For myself, I have no objection to the principle of a liturgy, though I do not personally prefer it, and I believe a Church could exist on the basis of each congregation acting for itself in this respect. When the Church of England comes the length of allowing this freedom, and of

admitting, perhaps, a briefer form, which would be a great advantage, we Presbyterians may be ready for such a union too—sooner, perhaps, than many think. But the way to reach it is by mutual respect, and by common justice accorded to each other's ground. So our wisdom as Presbyterians is steadfastly to hold our own ground without being absorbed anywhere, until we can unite on equal, honourable terms—meanwhile maintaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. In this way “the coming Church” will receive the good elements of all true Churches, and will have more real breadth and more stability than any existing one. If Scotland had been absorbed and subdued by England, Great Britain would not have been so strong nor we in Scotland so loyal as now is the case. And what has happened nationally we shall gain as Churches if we are manful and true. But there is a curious ignorance about us among even liberal-minded Englishmen. I told Mr. ——— I was a United Presbyterian. “Yes,” he said, “I have heard of your Church; you have had a number of eminent men. Did not

John Knox belong to it?" If he had been a humorist I would have answered, "Certainly; and the Apostle Paul, and a good many of the fathers," but he was quite grave, and I merely said that in Scotland we all took our share of John Knox. But what would Dr. Begg have said, who fancies John Knox would as soon be a Comtist as a United Presbyterian.

To * *.

SAN REMO, *February 3, 1874.*

I was much interested in the account of your work at ——. This is an age of a very mixed character, so much to make one doubtful and anxious, and yet so much to encourage. Almost every part of the world has its little company of workers, who are looking about them to see how they can make the world better and help the coming kingdom of truth and peace. I have been struck with this in moving about, and I find that when you break through the first reserve there are more people thinking about these things than one at first imagines.

The olives cover all the hills as I look out at this window, with their unvaried smoky-green (I do not mean to say I dislike them for all that), yet they never show the touch of spring's finger on their leaves; but underneath, I know, in many sheltered nooks already, are the sweet-scented violets and hyacinths and purple anemones, and the fig-tree is putting forth her green figs, and we know that summer is nigh. The most discouraging people of all here I find to be the Germans—as a whole, I mean—and I am sorry for it, for I like their language and many things about them so much. But if the visitors here are a fair specimen of the present generation, they are given over to spiritual indifference, and I have more sympathy with the poor peasant Madonna-worshippers, for they have reverence and a sense of a life beyond life. The Germans are the most numerous community here, and they seldom muster above thirty at their church, mostly servant-girls and old people. The manhood and womanhood of the cultivated (?) class think it beneath them to go to church, and do not

scruple to say it. I have had a good deal of free talk with them, and they say they do not need to go to church, they worship God in nature; and mothers of families sit with their children about them before the door of the hotel or drive off to their excursions, while the poor pastor and his handful can with difficulty keep the grand old hymns of their Fatherland in tune. Poor fellow! he is here for his health, and has to teach eight hours almost every day to live. They have given him nothing yet, and are trying a Bazaar to get him something; but even this depends greatly on the English. He is a man of culture and a gentleman, and his preaching, though somewhat vague, is evangelical. I am truly sorry for him. He tells me that some salaries in Germany are five hundred pounds a year, but a number not more than fifty pounds, and pastors have often to teach for a living, or help merchants with bookkeeping.

The Government will do nothing, and the people are indifferent. I believe one main cause of this is, that the Government has taken charge of everything, and left the people nothing to do;

no voice nor hand of theirs is allowed anywhere, and the whole thing has come to be looked on as a piece of police agency. The life has gone out of it from sheer inaction, and as the Government gave no freedom outside, there was no Nonconformist life to provoke to good works. Another cause has been, I think, the Lutheran idea that the Sabbath is a holiday to be satisfied with once at church, and the rest for pleasure, *i.e.*, secular pleasure. The effects did not appear while the Reformation life was fresh ; but when the ordinary strain of the world's crush came they were seen. The most impressive service or sermon was soon lost when a picnic or a theatre followed in an hour or two. Family religion and church work could not be carried on, and the one formal church attendance was dropped by the mass. Romanism can live without a Sabbath, for it has its little week-day devotions, but Protestantism depends on the strong impulse on the one day that is to move the nature and pervade the week. I fear that while Bismarck may check the outward manifestations of Ultramontaniam, he will do

little to strike at the root of it, unless Germany itself get a more living Protestantism. Light and heat go best together, but in this cold world the heart will have heat sooner than light, and a convinced Romanism will in the end prove too powerful for a dead State religion. How thankful we should be that in our country, with all our evils, we have in all Churches some warmth of spiritual life! I believe we owe it, under God, to our religious freedom, and to the reaction of our free Churches on those of the State.

There is little hope of Germany until all the cumbrous machinery that has killed life is removed. Their thoughtful men begin to see this. The inmates of our *pension*, who are mostly Germans, have had a great quarrel among them, which has ended in two parties, the *Vons* and *Not-vons*,—the first, the titled or professional, the second, the *Bourgeoisie* or *Philisters*. It had been smouldering in talk and gossip, which seems to prevail greatly among them, till it broke into the demand that the landlord should clear his house of the one party, else the other

would leave. He wisely refused to take a side, and some have left ; but the grudge remains. It seems to show that the great boast of *Kultur* and *Kunst*, culture and art, which is heard from every mouth, elevates as little above petty factions as do politics or dogmatic religions, which many of them look down upon. So far as I can see, they have more affectation and less of earnest concernments than people of the same class in our country ; but I should say again, that there are notable exceptions, especially among the *Vons*, who have more in them of religious principle and of a conservative temper. The *Bourgeoisie* are more materialistic, and what they call *liberal* or *illuminated*, but what we should call sceptical and destructive. The more sensible are ashamed of the thing, as they say, in the face of the English, who agree so well, and they say we must not take these as fair specimens of Germany. Well, I hope they are not. Happily we, like the landlord, have taken no side, and get on well enough.

To * * *.

SAN REMO, *February 3, 1874.*

On looking over the letter to your sister, I find I have got stranded on German criticism, and have given little of what I wished to say in way of news, though really news can scarcely be given. I have made two excursions lately. The one was to Mentone to see our friend, Miss ——. We had little time, for we spent only part of a day in Mentone, and most of it in driving about between Cape St. Martin and the gorge that parts France from Italy. It has more varied and picturesque views than San Remo, has more life and colour, but is not so sheltered for invalids nor so homely. But that may be because our home is meanwhile here. I saw the villa where you lived—*Amélie*, now *Maria Theresa*, so soon does this world change—and the hotel where you dined, and the French church you attended, and the minister. He at least has forgotten none of you, and was making many kind inquiries. Our other visit was to Genoa. I know few views more remark-

able than that of the city and port and hills from the tower of St. Maria Carignano, or few streets more picturesque than the line of Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima. The churches are too laboured and gaudy, but the palaces of the old nobles make one more disgusted than ever with the slim productions that seem to follow Trades Unions and strikes. There is, I think, religious movement in Italy, but it is the day of small things and of preparation. Mr. M'Dougal is an active spirit in Florence, and has bought, and nearly paid for, a convent, which he intends to fill with schools and mission work. I think I told you of a mission at Bordighera, near this, where Mrs. Boyce, a noble-hearted woman, has settled down. I came across a little token of its operation the other day. An English lady here has one of the girls trained in her school named Pelagie, and Pelagie has her Bible. Another servant, also Italian, a married woman from Ventimiglia, had lost her mother, and the priest had taken away most of her husband's little crop of olives for soul-masses. Her sister is at the point of death, and she told her mistress that

all the wages she would make would be required for masses for her soul. "Signora," she said, "Pelagie tells me the Bible says there is no purgatory. I wish I could know that, and I should not pay a penny more." Her husband came to see her from Ventimiglia, and as he can read, she got the Bible, and set him to study it, to be sure if it were so. It is, after all, a sordid motive, but it shows that the bond is one of terror; and I am told that the feeling of distrust of the priesthood is getting common even among the peasantry. It has long prevailed among the town people. It is not so much Protestantism that has done it, as a disintegrating process within, and the conflicts about politics and infallibility. The old system is dying; not Romanism merely, but formal Protestantism—custom, religion—and therefore the need of striving to get, and give, a living faith in God which will stand the test of these times. It will be a poor future, and a dangerous one for society, if the Christian Church cannot help the world to this.

We have been reading with interest the

account of the religious movements in Edinburgh and elsewhere. I confess to somewhat of the feeling of doubt and the necessity for caution, which you seem to have; and I do not like some things about it, especially the wholesale mode of praying. And yet I rejoice in many ways on account of it, and trust earnestly that it will be guarded and guided to good. We have all been praying for revival in these times, for an influx of spiritual life, and God answers us not always in every particular as we expect. "By terrible (startling) things in righteousness dost Thou answer us, O God of our salvation." We must learn to accept facts in the spiritual world as well as the natural, if they approve themselves to be facts by their fruits; if they make men temperate, just, humble, charitable; if they are fruits of righteousness sown in peace of them that make peace. It is true that dross and chaff may mix with it—what good movement has them not? Christianity from the first has had them, but we must take it as a whole, and be glad if the good predominates. Perhaps we ourselves could not get good, or but

little, in this way ; but Christianity is wide, it is a debtor to all classes and temperaments, and we shall get *our* good in it if we rejoice in the good of others. I sometimes think, What if these simple receptive natures were met by all the objections of Rationalism and Pantheism, which cost such men as Pascal, Vinet, Neander, such a struggle ! They never seem to have thought of such doubts. Can this be a strong, true Christianity ? And yet Christiana and the children were on the way as much as Greatheart ; and Greatheart's part was to be glad of it, and to fight for his simple but true-hearted fellow-travellers. I believe this was Vinet's spirit, and Paul's, and Christ's : " I thank Thee, O Father." After all, Christianity is first a sense of need, then a sense of life, and at bottom, when we have fought through our own special difficulties, intellectual, practical, or temperamental (and we all have our own), we receive the divine life in one way as children, as poor, as sinful. So, with all our doubts about it, I earnestly pray that it may gladden us with good hope, for I am sure that you as well as I watch it as friends to

find the good in it. For one thing we may always rejoice: it is token of a great spiritual force in the souls of men that breaks out, and will, again and again, in the life of man—testimony against materialism and hopeful augury of yet grander times to our world. I am glad it is so calm and self-possessed. This tends to still the enemy, and it promises more permanence. Of course, it cannot always continue in strong force. No great emotion, even when calm, can maintain its first power; but it leaves fruits, if it is healthful, and these work in a more normal and enduring way. Spring thunder-showers come up in silent corn-blades. It is no disparagement to the Christian ministry or to ordinary means of grace that these movements take place by some extraordinary agency. They take place only where the ordinary means have been in operation; not here in San Remo, not in Africa, but where God's Word has been preached to young and old; and it seems natural that after the seed is sown some new way should be used to quicken it: "He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

When I tell the German pastor of these thousands flocking to church—men, young men—he holds up his hands; the class of such is so barren, sneering, superficial, in the old land of Luther. How sad! Yet I believe their time will come, and present movements, political and ecclesiastical, will open the way.

We leave this in three weeks, and stay at Avignon for a little time, then Paris, where address always is *poste Restante*. I can scarcely say when I shall be home, for I am not a knight-errant, indeed, but a wandering squire in search of any venture.

To * * *.

PARIS, *May* 14, 1874.

I would have written ere this, but I have not been very well, and have had to renounce books and pens till lately. We had an access of wonderfully warm weather in Paris some weeks ago, and I think I must have got something like a fever from exposing myself carelessly. It lasted for several days, and reduced my strength much.

but now I am glad to say I am getting back to usual health. I have heard of others attacked in like manner, among them M. Bersier, the most popular minister at present in Paris, an earnest Christian man, and a strength to Protestantism. He is lying in a very critical state, with severe congestion of the head. I sincerely trust he may recover, but it is doubtful. He and De Pressensé were very active during the war in organising ambulances and religious services. During the Commune they had to hide and shift their quarters every few days because they were known to be friends of order. They are building a large new church for M. Bersier near this, but I cannot look on it just now without a pang.

I am glad to hear ——'s verses are to be printed. It will introduce many who were friends in the outer circle into the number of the privileged few who knew her heart more intimately, and it will be a boon to many still beyond, who will feel that her spirit throbbed to all the fears and sorrows of our age, and also to those eternal truths that are the solution of them already to

the heart, and that will be their solution by-and-by to the intelligence. This is God's order of things. . . . She was one of the truest, most anxiously sincere and candid spirits I have known, and all she has written reveals it—the agony to be sure of the greatest things, because they were to her so great, so infinite, the very opposite pole from those who can say at once, "I believe and am at peace." I am not condemning these last; there must be room in our Christianity for both; but of the two, ——'s part is the higher, and her joy in the world of clear light will be the deeper. I sometimes think of the ecstasy of her certainty, for, as she said, quoting a French writer, "*Elle s'est toujours tourmentée des choses divines.*" . . .

I have been looking after Vinet's Works, but am sorry I could not find anything satisfactory. . . . There seems a want of enterprise in the book trade of Paris at present. The city has not recovered from the late terrible shock, and all thoughts are taken up with how to lift up the country and give political confidence. The nation is yet sick, very sick, and not much symptom of

finding its way to the true Healer. The pressure of taxes is felt much in Paris. The debt on the city is above £60,000,000 (besides all the National Debt), and duties on provisions at the gate must pay the interest. . . .

Before I had this stroke on the head from Apollo's shafts, to speak as French journalists use, I attended a good many of the Protestant meetings which are held in April. They have missionary meetings—home and foreign—Religious Tract Society, Deaconesses' Society, &c. There is a good deal of life, and the ministers of Paris, National Church as well, are generally evangelical. The extreme Liberal party have gone off under Ath. Coquerel, *filis*, and formed a small Separatist body, still connected with the State. The Evangelical party wish that all the Liberal party throughout France would follow, but this is not likely. As you are aware, in the meeting of Synod, 1872—the first held for about 200 years—they adopted a short symbol of faith of a positive character, and they intend to make it apply to the future. Against this the *Liberal* party protest. They go for union on

the ground of common Christian *sentiment*, but as many of them deny the divinity of Christ and His resurrection, there can be no real union, and the time is consumed in civil war. The headquarters of the Liberal party are at Nîmes. It is the same struggle as in all the Churches, how to arrange the claims of personal liberty of thought with the testimony which the Church has to bear as a collective body to the world and to her own members. I should like to see a short, clear symbol guarding the *life* of Christianity, and leaving freedom in all else. Those who cannot agree to it can have their freedom outside unhindered and unjudged, save by our common Master. But some such symbol is needed, not only for truth's sake, but for *liberty*; without it the liberty of the private members would be abolished. They and their children would be at the mercy of every capricious speculatist, and they would be compelled to listen or to leave the Church, of which they are as true a part as the preacher.

There is a good deal of extra religious work (Protestant) in Paris. A Miss De Broen, ori-

ginally Belgian, has a mission among the women at Belleville, providing them with work, relief, and religious instruction. Belleville was the headquarters of the terrible Commune, and is filled with widows and orphans. Miss De Broen is aided by a Miss Kerr, from Edinburgh, and her labours seem to be greatly appreciated by the people of the quarter. There is Mr. M'All too, who came over here without knowing a word of French, but who has taught himself the language so far as to be able to address in it. He and his wife and other Christian people have opened as many as ten rooms in the working quarters of Paris, where there is simple Christian instruction for old and young, readings given, books lent. The name *Aux Ouvriers* is over the door, and the places are generally full.

I have been a good deal about the Sorbonne and Collège de France, which are centres of the university training in Paris, in the Quartier Latin, near the Luxembourg. There are lectures on all subjects, science, literature, history, philosophy, languages, ancient and modern, by the most learned men in France. They are open to

all in the freest way, and, in fact, are attended more by the general public than by regular students. Ladies are not admitted to the Sorbonne, an old ecclesiastical prejudice, but they are to all the others, and go in great numbers, especially to the lectures on history, philosophy, and languages. I have heard Renan several times on the Book of Job and the Psalms; clever and lively, but wanting in reverence—the great fault of our day. I have heard also his opponent in the philosophical and religious field, M. Caro, who has generally more than two hundred auditors, Renan about twenty. The philosophical classes seem to excite most interest, even the most abstruse.

*To * * .*

ABINGTON, LANARKSHIRE

September 15, 1874.

I have been preaching nearly every Sabbath in some small church or hall as I could lend a helping hand. Galloway, which was once the hearth of Scottish faith, has but few of the embers

left. The Anwoth of Samuel Rutherford has his old ruined church and his "Walk" left, but little else of him. It is a curious question how this decline has come about, while other parts of Scotland have risen in religious life. . . .

I have, as you will see, had little to do with the great world, and have heard its din only at a distance. So you listened to Tyndall's great oration? The most striking, and indeed the saddest, thing about it is the way in which great part of the public opinion has received it, dealing with the question of the being of God and all its infinite issues to ourselves and our sleeping dead as if it were about the history of the great Khan of Tartary or the structure of the Mammoth. Surely there is some strange apathy on the national mind at present; else if Tyndall were right, or possibly so, what weeds of mourning should we not have on! We shall have to get through this nightmare some way, else it is not merely the future world that is lost, we may look out for troubles in this that will upset British Associations and a good many other things. It is a pity for the Associa-

tion that it is leaving Bacon's sure ground of fact for the theories of old Epicurus, but I trust the more sober and Christian-minded will step to the front and save not religion but science. After all, a man of science is no more fitted to theorise about the First Cause and final end of the universe than the humblest man who looks on the world with a plain understanding and simple heart. God and the soul are no nearer to a microscope or telescope than to the eye. In some respects they are farther away, unless the observer is careful to seek a corrective. If a man deals always with matter, and cuts it up into sections to find previous reasons in it for every law, he becomes disposed to see nothing more. We need to turn away from any one thing to others in order that we may see the one thing more clearly and healthfully. In any case, when you and I have found a window in our little home that shows us great commanding views and draws in light and hope and strength from higher spheres, we shall not give up our conviction of its reality to Professor Tyndall because he has carefully analysed a

R

stone in the corner and finds neither light nor life in it. There are facts in the world within us which we can rely upon as firmly as on any in the world without. Professor Tyndall's plan for testing prayer, as propounded lately, shows him so utterly ignorant of what we hold prayer to be, that we know him to be as weak and blind in the one sphere as he may be strong and clear in the other. He is not able to realise the problem to be solved.

*To * * .*

GLASGOW, *October 23, 1874.*

We had forty-five additions to our membership yesterday, twenty-four of them young people. A number were the result of the late religious movement,* and more remarkable for intelligence than most whom I have spoken to in similar circumstances. It is a pity that — and his friends should discredit in any way the earnest help of men who have not got what they call the

* Referring to the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

"stamp." Let us learn a lesson and add earnestness to culture. Both are best; and if we can give the best thing, the Church and world will come in time to acknowledge it. He is not of the mind of Moses in his noble-hearted wish, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" Certainly there should be order; but life is greater, and if there is not room for all earnest workers in the "Second Book of Discipline," we should have a third and *make* room. Truth and form, life and order—these we have to work for, and give them better proportion in these chaotic times, but let us welcome life.

I send with this a small French paper with notice of Père Hyacinthe. . . . Père Hyacinthe clings more than we could wish to the Church, but he is a true, brave man, with faith and conscience; and the rationalistic democracy resents personal independence. Would that the Protestants there had as much nerve! . . .

To * * *.

NICE, PENSION ANGLAISE, CIMIÉS,
December 30, 1874.

Before this year closes I must send all the good wishes of the season to you and all friends near you, and let you know how things move by the Mediterranean. I have been here not quite a fortnight, leaving frost and snow in Paris, and finding the roses and violets here in bloom. Yet it has been colder in Nice and along the Riviera than usual, and last night the hail rattled hard on my window looking to the south. I need not describe Nice to you, as you have seen it, and Mr. — is close by to fill up details. He will know where I am by the above address. At first I was in the Internationale, close by the Scottish church, in the centre of the town, but I moved here yesterday. This *pension* is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from town, but it is downhill every step, and when I am tired visiting I can get a conveyance up. Is that fair? A good number of our people, too, live in villas on this side. The proper name of the place is Villa Garin. It has

been an old palace, with a history no doubt, but I have not yet learned it, except the mysterious hint that it is haunted. Great winding corridors run about in perplexing fashion, passages run into darkness or perhaps nothing, curious tapering columns remind you of the Saracens, and the hall has four Roman altars found on the spot. An amphitheatre in ruins is on one edge of the ground, a temple of Apollo or Vesta on the other, and they are digging in the garden for antiquities. All this sounds uncomfortable for modern uses, but my room is warm and sunny. It looks down on Nice, with its château, the blue "bay of Angels," and I have all the peaks of the Antibes and Estrelles like a map before me while I write. At the back of the house we have the gorges and ridges of the Maritime Alps, the distant tops powdered with snow, and all about are gardens of orange-trees covered with fruit, and groves of olives waiting for the gathering. Our *pensionnaires* are all of the English tongue, which I rather regret, but they cannot help it any more than I. Now for other matters. Nice has not been

very full up to this time, but they are coming. Cannes, it seems, is crowded, and quiet families give it the preference owing to the nearness of this place to Monaco and the temptations to the young. Indeed, Nice has enough of this in itself. There are said to be three gambling *salons* in the town, and there are *matinées dansantes*, where they close the shutters and light the gas at noonday for the sake of invalids, to give them the idea that they are getting the real midnight excitement. We have, as you know, a number of churches besides the Roman Catholic. There is the Russo-Greek, German, French, American, two English Episcopal, Scotch, and various knots of Plymouth Brethren. To begin with our own. It is a handsome new building, holding from 150 to 200, with a suite of rooms on the top for a manse, not very well arranged. It cost more than anticipated, and the acoustics were bad, but it has been rectified and the debt all paid. The anxiety about it helped Mr. Burn Murdoch's illness. He is much respected and beloved here. The attendance was small at the beginning of the season, but now, as the visitors

increase, we are improving, and last Sabbath forenoon we had about a hundred. Families get much broken up here. Some members leave us for the Church of England, and some of the Church of England come to us, and there are all shades of opinion, high, low, broad, and narrow. I should not like to be permanent minister. It is like shepherding a flock of birds. But there are many good and some interesting people, and there is great room for the three virgins of Palace Beautiful, Prudence, Patience, and Charity. I have named one of them wrongly, but it suits this place. I have been interrupted just here by Mr. —, who gets the name of a Plymouthist, but he denies it. He preaches and holds meetings, and has come to ask me for one to-morrow. There are two others. They all attend our church more or less, and are busy arranging for meetings which are to occupy the first week of the year, morning and evening. They think it want of faith to plead physical inability, and somehow, though I can see good in them, I cannot see eye to eye, and they insist on that, making the rule *their* eye. I had a long talk

to-day with a man of a very different kind, to whom almost everything is doubtful, but who speaks in a candid way to man, and a reverent way of the Divine, and I really felt I could get better on with him.

To * *.

GLASGOW, *March 23, 1875.*

I have availed myself of your kind permission not to answer your letter at once. The grasshopper is a burden. I am now beginning to feel a little better, and need only rest, with the blessing of God on it, to be fit for some work as usual. Whenever it ceases to rise like a mountain before me, and comes to the proportion of a hill, I get hopeful and can speak of it.

In my hours of idleness I have been looking through Livingstone's last Diary. In many places it is very sad—touching prayers every now and then that he might live to solve the problem he had staked his life on. It reminds one of the passionate wish of Moses. How

many unfinished lives there have been ! It seems strange, sometimes almost cruel ; and so it would be if they were not finished somewhere. His history is that of a man whose will overpowered his body and his judgment even. The way in which he pushed on during the last days of his life, when he must have felt the hand of death at his heart, is wonderful ; and the history of the march home with his body is as marvellous. Never did Westminster Abbey receive remains with so strange a record.

*To * * * (while abroad).*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

June 8, 1875.

Have you read "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," an interesting, gossipy book by Sir F. Head ? I read it some years since at Wiesbaden (I have never been in Homburg), and found it in keeping with the place. If you have not seen Frankfort, you should try to visit it on your return—the Römerhaus, Goethe's

memorials, and the Ariadne. If you want to see a little of Holland, you could do it easily by taking boat or rail to Arnheim, on the Rhine, then sail to Utrecht, Amsterdam, Leyden, Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend. Two or three days would do it, and you would see a very curious country, and museums of paintings well worthy a visit at Amsterdam and the Hague. But I have found it as difficult to pause on the way home as to stop when running downhill. The law of gravitation is against you. . . .

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
December 2, 1875.

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You had some knowledge of my northern trip through the letters I sent. I enjoyed it much, though it was hurried enough at some interesting points. But the chief use of travelling to one not a professional like Hepworth Dixon, or that sort of person, is the living interest gained in the country and the stimulus to read and

reflect about it. We shall have need of both by-and-by. As to Russia, I have the impression that she is destined, in God's providence, to be a great power for Christian civilisation in Asia, keeping her, as we naturally wish to do, out of India, where we have our own mission. We are getting settled down in this place, though I have not been so much in it as the others. I have been in England and elsewhere doing a little work. We are to have a union in England of our section of the Church with the English Presbyterians. Some of our congregations will still, I fear, cling to the mother Church, which we regret, for we should like to have it as complete as possible, since it is to be. We are much exercised at present about professors. We need three, and some friends have been dealing with me to let them propose me for one. But though I were qualified otherwise, my health is so uncertain, and so utterly incapable of continuous work, that I have said decidedly I cannot think of it. Some of us have a strong opinion that we should look for the best men anywhere—men of faith and life in any land or Church. I would

take one at least from the Continent—a man like Naville or Christlieb. It would freshen our thinking and make us more Catholic every way. But I fear we are still too “Philistine,” and the common view is, “Have we not good enough men of our own?” So every Presbytery and Mutual Admiration Society blows the trumpet of its little hero.

To * * *.

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
March 27, 1876.

I wonder how they came to call the month *March*. Everything in man, beast, and flower is at a stand-still.

We have a rookery near us, and by their noise and gesticulations I see they are perfectly perplexed. If this is to go on, what is the use of building nests or doing anything? The crocuses—the forlorn hope of summer—are perishing in the breach, not a blossom to back them up, and the buds are shaking their heads

in woeful doubt under this east wind. What a parched, *blae* look the world has under that east wind! It strokes everything the wrong way, ruffles it up and sets nature's teeth on edge. The moral of all this is, that we are not to judge of how we are to be till "Zephyrus breathes on Flora," as Milton says, and April brings us nearer pleasant May.

To * * *.

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

April 24, 1876.

I can scarcely hope that you feel much better in this trying time. Nothing can take root, not even grass seed. I have been sowing some on bare patches, and the sparrows have had their will of it for weeks. They are as ungrateful as greedy, for the old gardener wished to pull down their nests some time ago, and I would not allow him—so he enjoys the triumph. I fixed a bell, also, to the neck of a cat that had taken some of their lives, to give them due warning of danger, and now I fancy I see a sparkle in her eye.

To * * *.

EDINBURGH, *June 21*, 1876.

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I have read Macaulay's Life with much interest, and my estimate of him has risen very much, especially as to his qualities of heart and spirit. His religious reticence is remarkable, and I cannot help thinking that it was partly caused by the character of the school to which his father belonged, and which had a tendency to measure religion by a rather narrow rule. The present Evangelical party in the Church of England is the degeneration of it, with the *Record* for its prophet. I say this with the sincerest admiration for Zachary Macaulay, and with the feeling that in some respects he was superior to his son,—it was from the father's deep religious nature that the son's high moral nature took its spring. But so difficult is it to be earnest in religion without being a little narrow, or broad, without being somewhat latitudinarian. I suppose the Psalmist had something of this in view when he said, "I have seen an end of all

perfection, but *Thy* commandment is exceeding broad." . . .

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

October 10, 1876.

"They feared as they entered into the cloud."

I have often thought the words were applicable to some of our stages in life when we have to go forward into the new and unknown. But God leads us step by step, and our past experience may well make us trust Him as the breaker-up of our way. You may be very thankful that you have memories of which no change can deprive you, and that your dearest memories are in a line with your highest hopes. What a world would those give us who seek to change our memories into incurable regrets and irrecoverable losses!

I am busy just now preparing for the "Work of Practical Training." * I cannot write lectures,

* In 1876 Dr. Ker was appointed to the Chair of "Practical Training for the Work of the Ministry," newly instituted by his Church, and although, on account of the uncertainty of his health, he declined

but I have the course pretty well mapped out in thought. My idea of it is—*First Department*, to show how all their previous studies are to culminate in the outcome of a wide and high Christian ministry. What their University course has to do with it. (1) Classical or Literary; (2) Mathematical or Scientific; (3) Metaphysical or Philosophic. How these three fit them for illustrating, defending, and applying Christian truth—not in a formal, pedantic way, but with a natural adaptation to the intelligence of their hearers. Next, what their *Divinity* course has to do with it. Apologetics or the Evidence of Christianity,—Exegesis and Dogmatics—the exposition of it, Church History,—the development of it, trying to bring out not the processes of these studies, but the results of them. This takes a wide field. How they may best instruct men on the grounds of the Christian faith, in its essence as contained in Scripture; and how Church History is to be made a living guide,

to enter into a formal engagement with the title of Professor, he agreed to undertake the duties of the Lectureship as far as his strength would permit, and was enabled to discharge them fully for the last ten years of his life.

choosing the best men and best methods of the past for their guidance and encouragement. My part should be to take up these chiefly on their practical side, and under this last division, Church History, to give some sketches of the different schools of preaching,—Primitive Reformation, German, French, American, and more fully British, in its different epochs and Churches, so as to give the excellences and defects, and to show how the Christian ministry has done its part. If this could be rightly done, it should be stimulative as well as instructive. But “art is long and time is fleeting,” and I shall have to review my old reading and go on to fresh pastures. I mean to deal with all this first department only generally just now, and go on to deal more fully at present with the second department, *the actual work of the ministry*. After a good deal of thought I have taken this classification of work—

- I. The minister's relation to the edification of the existing church. Public work. Preaching, where there is so much to consider. Our idea of the ministry

and all about preaching, its importance, its primary aims, and how to gain them. The Sermon, and its structure, so as to guide without fettering the student. Prayer and Praise, so as to give them their due place, and make them the true expression of the feelings of the community. *Private or Pastoral work.* The family, and how to act on it with benefit and without intrusiveness. The sick, the aged, the poor, and the value of a Christian ministry for these ends, the profit to the minister himself, the instruction to the young, the care of that most critical class, the adolescent.

- II. The minister's relation to the increase of the Church. Here comes in the Sabbath-school viewed as a mission agency. Home Missions, and how the Christian people can be led to act on them that are without. The whole machinery of Evangelisation now growing up, how far it has gone, and what it still lacks.

Revivals, their use and abuse. Foreign Missions, and the duty of the Church to them.

III. The minister's relation to the administration of the Church. Our Presbyterian method, and the minister's part. The Session and Congregation, admission of members, and care of them, with a daily prayer for two things—common-sense and right feeling. Interest in the general business of the Church, and our *free* methods, with the duty of carrying them out. Our position to other Churches, to go with them wherever truth will permit, and to aim at larger union.

IV. The minister's relation to society. To help education, and how, in these perplexing times of strife. Progress of every true kind, taking the watchword, "He that is not against me is with me." To work for national religion, *i.e.*, to make the nation religious, and to be human in the divine sense. While he

has his own political views, to hold the
pulpit above the winds of party.

V. The minister's duty to him-
self in mental culture, } = man.
books, and intelligence. }
Moral bearing, to show } = gentleman.
example. . . . }
Spiritual health and }
strength the centre of all } = Christian.
true work. }

But you are tired if you get thus far. I did
not intend to enter upon so much when I began.
I am working also at selection of subjects for
sermons and lectures, as one-half the time must
be devoted to this ; and that I may have freshness
and impartiality, I am looking out subjects on
which I have not preached.

*To * *.*

HERMITAGE, *November 22, 1876.*

I am sure I should enjoy some days at ———.
Somehow the little bits of leisure one looks for

get swallowed up more and more as time moves on and life faces one with wave behind wave. Do you not find it so? But I hope to find a quiet little hollow between the two to push the boat into in that quarter.

*To * *.*

Date uncertain.

I got through my two months of Hall work comfortably on the whole. I was nearly breaking down the second week, but I now drive all the way, which saves nervous energy; and Dr. Calderwood takes the Wednesday for me, which gives a day's rest in the middle of the week. I have four days (two hours a day), two of those days being lecture days, the others for exercises in finding texts, treating them, &c. I am going with the students through the whole course of their studies on the practical side, trying to show what the preparation of the student life has to do with the teaching of the pulpit and the actual work of the ministry. I have got through the University course, which I have divided into

history and literature gathering round classics, study of nature gathering round physics, and study of thought gathering round mental philosophy ; the divine in history, in nature, in mind, showing how these help in the illustration of Christianity. I am now in the midst of the theological course, trying to show how the defence of Christianity, the exposition of doctrine and duty, may be best presented to the people, &c. We have about a hundred students, of very varied ability, as you may suppose, but most of them seem in earnest. They keep up three mission stations on Sabbath evenings, and have, besides, commenced work in a destitute locality with the view of forming a church. Not long since we lost by death a promising young man,* some of whose poems have been published. His father was a shepherd near Jedburgh. Here is a little piece of his which I think will interest you :—

THE AULD ASH-TREE.

There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw,

* Thomas Davidson—The Life of a Scottish Probationer, by Dr. James Brown.

In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
And birds sit singing on them a'.
But leave your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
And o' your liltin' let me be ;
Ye bring dead simmers frae their graves,
To weary me, to weary me !

There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are clad in snaw ;
The ice-drap hangs at ilka twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a.
Oh ! leave thy mane, thou norland wind,
And o' thy wailin' let me be ;
Thou bring'st dead winters frae their graves,
To weary me, to weary me !

Oh ! I would fain forget them a',
Remembered guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o' licht far seen by nicht
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree,
O' a' thy voices let me be ;
They bring the dead years frae their graves,
To weary me, to weary me !

*To * * (while abroad).*

EDINBURGH, *January 5, 1877.*

I was exceedingly glad to get your letter,
and especially delighted by its contents—to know

that you had got so comfortably to Nice, and that your sister was profiting so much by the change. I can follow you in my fancy in all your walks at Cimiés, through the olive-groves, and to the platform, with its old Cyclopean walls, earlier than the Romans ; and the odd antiquarian ; and the old chapel, a monastery where the bell strikes three times three at noon, as it has done for centuries to commemorate the victory over the Arians ; and the curious cross with the crucified seraph as he appeared to St. Francis ; and the arena ; and the stroll to Mr. Cazalet's, and the "*piccolo paradiso*" there,—they come back to me in dreams, waking and sleeping, for I have known them by day and night. . . .

I have been reading with interest during my holidays H. Lancaster's Essays—clear and vigorous, and full of knowledge ; the Essays of R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*,—theological and literary, rich in insight and suggestiveness,—an independent and most stimulating thinker, though one may not always agree with him ; also, "Struggles of a Scottish Naturalist." Try to get it ; a singular book.

*To * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

June 28, 1877.

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My next visit was to Alnwick, my former sphere of work. It is twenty-five years since I left, but every stone lane within the curious old town, and every leafy lane outside, was as fresh to me as yesterday. But it made me melancholy ; it was like going through a churchyard, so many gone ; and then I did go to the churchyard, and there were the stones and names, and I spent a long time among them. It seems to me strange I was ever dragged away from these people ; I was so attached to them, and I believe they were to me. Parting was one of the sorest trials of my life, and yet I believe it was for good. I had to go into almost every house, and all the past had to be gone over by the survivors to their children. On the Sabbath evening we had the church filled with the most miscellaneous crowd—Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Unitarians, Nothingarians. My time of work

there happened to be a crisis with cholera, potato famine, &c., so that I got to know the town in straits, and they remembered me in connection with plagues. The congregation is doing well, which was to me a great pleasure. Alnwick Castle is a sight worth going to see—a great feudal fortress, grim with battlements, and the interior rich with the painting, carving, and gilding of Italy. It cost Duke Algernon, who died lately, £700,000. I returned to the first meeting of our Committee on Revision of the Confession. I do not know if you are aware that we appointed one at last Synod. We had a large Committee-meeting, and the spirit was very amicable. Full and frank conversation on all sides was the chief thing, and as the result two sub-Committees have been appointed. The one is to examine all the existing Presbyterian Confessions, and digest any alterations that have been made either in the body of them or in the terms of subscription. The other is to receive a statement of all difficulties that may be felt among ourselves concerning our own Confession, and to digest and tabulate them. We shall thus

have all the materials for judgment and can go to work. We have to give in a report with suggestions to next Synod. So far as I can gather, the drift is this : many would prefer a brief, simple Confession resting on a few central truths. But the general feeling is that we are not yet ready for this, and that it would come best from a union of Presbyterian Churches. The next way might be to revise the present Confession, leaving out, putting in, and altering. But this would be reconstructing a new house, fettered with the lines of the old. So I think the change will be in some preliminary preface and questions of the formula of subscription, giving relief, as we have already done, in regard to the question of the Civil Magistrate. The great essential truths will, of course, remain, but there is a strong desire for some declaration that will not make predestination the beginning and end of our faith, but Christ as the expression of God's love to the world, putting election in its proper place, as the expression of the truth that "all things are of God." The wish is felt to leave some of the minor questions for each one

to settle in thought by himself. I speak, of course, only of my impression, for nothing has been done, and I only trust we shall be wisely guided in the interests of truth and peace.

*To * *.*

EDINBURGH, *November 24, 1877.*

I have for a good time back been pressed in heart to write to you and learn how you all are. I write to-day, because, being Saturday, I have a little leisure, and also because last night I had a confused dream about you all. . . . I never could manage a clear dream in my life, as some people tell off so easily, so I resolved if I could not explain I would act upon it.

The chief interest I take just now is outside the newspapers. There was something intellectually grand in the Franco-German war, but this one * is such wholesale unredeemed slaughter that one gets sick of it. If it is Dr. Cumming's river Euphrates drying up, it is dreadfully red at bottom. . . . Still, I hope, and believe, some-

* The Russo-Turkish war.

thing good will come out of it. It must be so. We live in a world where sore suffering is paid for higher life—something wrong, no doubt, to begin with, in a world where that is the law. This has been a dreary summer, too, and I have been wondering how you have been standing it. An American said to me at the Presbyterian Council, that we seemed to have no seasons here, only weather, and it becomes rather hard when we have a year and a half of it.

De Pressensé spent a night with me here. He is a true man and a warm-hearted Christian. He was very much concerned about the state of his country then, and must be still more so now. I feel more anxious about France than even about the East. Its future is being determined for a century, and a good deal of the future of Europe. He thought, if they got well over this crisis, that there would be an opening for a living Christianity, such as had not been seen since St. Bartholomew. The thinking men begin to feel nationally, and some of them personally, the need of religion. They see they cannot meet Romanism with a negation.

I have got a good deal of work just now—rather too much for my strength. I have six hours a week, partly lectures, or rather talks, and partly hearing sermons of all kinds and criticising them. I have an idea that a minister is not best fitted for this last ; he is prejudiced to his own way, and at best looks at the thing too little from the side of edification. . . .

*To * *.*

THE HERMITAGE, *February 12, 1878.*

Notwithstanding your kind offer of hospitality, which I knew would be more than fulfilled, I shall not be able to come to you. I have got a bad cold, which somehow or other gets aggravated when I leave home ; it is not dangerous to myself or anybody, but very troublesome and anti-social. Then I have still to do some work in my vocation, getting up fresh matter for lectures, which require one's papers and books to be at hand. I have, besides, the students visiting me on two set days a week in relays, for talk and opinions about sermons, and I bark away at

them with my cough—and sometimes bite. I have two or three things to work up which have been hanging on my conscience. I have just got rid of the Bohemian Report, with its facts and figures, and I have two short reviews to write for friends—one on a volume of poetry, the other a volume of sermons, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that we must read in order to review. This is a long apology, but it lets you know what I am doing, which is not much after all, but many things when put together—strings that twist into a rope and make a tether. We shall hope for freedom in

“ Summer, when the woods be green,
And the leaves are large and long,”

as the old ballad says. . . . I am not less hopeful of things as a whole, and of all coming right by-and-by, but one gets tired at times of the great discoveries that tend to nothing, and the petty points that get mixed into principles—the Robertson Smith case and others, that threaten to turn the Church into a bear-garden. I have little sympathy with the way these

questions have been raised, and about as little with the way in which they are sought to be laid sometimes. I think I shall abjure them altogether, and read a newspaper only once a week, in order to keep my mind and heart free for better things; but then there comes some telegram from Constantinople, or utterance from the man of mystery in Downing Street, and the vow is broken. I understand now how the men of old did so much work; they had no newspapers, nor magazines, which are only a shade better—all the questions of Huxley and Tyndall and atheism turned over and over every month, like the sand of Sahara. It is very profitless, and the wise Preacher had surely this age in view when he spoke of the "reading many books." The best thing, I think, is to have one's mind made up on the few great points about God and man that go to make life, and to read the few great books that deal with them, leaving the magazine men to pull one another to pieces as they like. It is weary, endless work—for newspapers. We might confine ourselves to the big placards on the walls, which, like the signs of

the shows when I was a boy, are generally more impressive than the inside contents. And yet we cannot but be interested in the state of things at present. . . .

*To * * *.*

EDINBURGH, *May 20, 1878.*

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I got home from my Continental trip on Tuesday night last. . . . We saw plenty of palaces and pictures, but the two most interesting sights to me were the two old towns, Leyden and Utrecht, with their universities. The first is famous for its siege by the Spaniards, and in these days for the well-known Professor Kuenen. I did not see him, from want of time, for I met accidentally a professional friend of his, who offered to introduce me, but the railway was inexorable. Kuenen is much esteemed in Leyden for his amiable character. He has not many students, the tide now running towards Utrecht, which is the Evangelical university. There is a reaction in Holland against the old rationalism. Namur, which I left last, is a fine old town on

the Sambre and Meuse, with a citadel famous for its sieges by Cæsar, William III., and Sterne's Uncle Toby.

Belgium is divided between two parties, the Clerical, or Ultramontanist, and the Liberal, the last being, unfortunately, infidel, or nearly so; but some of their leading men begin to feel that they cannot meet the Church of Rome without a religion of their own, and they look towards Protestantism. It is a poor enough motive to begin with, but it may lead to higher. The same thing is taking place in France. . . .

*To * * *.*

GLASGOW, *May 22, 1878 (?)*.

I was much interested in your notices of some of the places you visited, and had my own impressions of them revived. One of the chief pleasures I have from travel is in the review, and I feel as if the scenes impressed me more in calling them up again than when I saw them. There is some defect in it, I dare say, some

want of quick enough impressibility. I can never forget the view of the Jungfrau and Silberhorn, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and reckon it a happiness to have a few such pictures always accessible. One would think the memory of them would unfit one for seeing our home landscapes again, and yet I enjoyed as much as the first time a sail round Loch Lomond and Loch Long last Tuesday. I am sure you will be not less patriotic. — and I were accompanied by two Bohemians and a Dutchman, and their fresh wonder helped us greatly. The Bohemians especially, who saw it for the first time, and who never cast their eyes on the sea till they crossed it a few weeks ago, were enraptured. Their country has no lake, only, as they said, "*elliche Teiche*," and the hills merely form a rim to it, like the edge of a saucer. . . . They are very simple-hearted, good men, not great in intellect perhaps, but true in nature, and very earnest in spirit. News came in the other day that the Emperor had at last signed the abolition of the Concordat, and their joy was very great. It was the last link, and a very heavy one, of their chain. No mixed

marriage could take place without an obligation that all the children should be brought up Roman Catholics, and they had no freedom of education and evangelisation. All this has now changed, and as the present movement is a recoil from the Jesuitical yoke, they hope for brighter days, which I trust they may have. Indifferentism and its parent, materialism (I do not know whether I should not invert it), are their great obstacles. — and some others in Glasgow have contrived to raise about £500 as a special fund for the foundation of training schools, their most immediate want. They could scarcely believe it possible. Dr. Blackwood, who is much interested in them, has been staying at — for some days. He is a man of some influence in the Church of England, very Christian and liberal, with a spirit of romantic enterprise in his nature. He and his wife were out in the Crimea, he as missionary, she as nurse; then in Bulgaria, last in Bohemia, and there they got interested in Schubert and his countrymen. . . . He has now taken them with him to England, and expects to raise another £500 for them.

To * * *.

TINNA PARK, CO. WICKLOW,

August 7, 1878.

When one is not very well, rest at home is best of all, if it can be got. It is weary work chasing health in railway trains and strange houses, and it needs great patience—the last attainment in the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. I sometimes think *acceptable* should be put after *perfect*; faith comes before feeling.

To * * *.

ELIE, FIFE,

September 30, 1878.

I came here almost straight from Ireland, and have been staying for two or three weeks, but return soon now to Edinburgh, for duties that look forward to the winter session. This is a fine sea-coast; broken reefs of rocks running and chafing the waves, and little sandy bays between; cliffs rising to 150 feet, with caves

beneath and castles above; and quaint fisher-towns with curious customs, sticking like limpets to the past, as the houses cling to the rocks. St. Monance is on one side of us, two miles off, entirely a fisher-town, where the people had, and I believe still have, a superstition that if swine are seen or named so long before they go to sea misfortune is certain. The great charm against this is to touch or name "cold iron." A stranger preacher was startled one day to observe the commotion raised when he read the parable of the Prodigal—the people muttering "Cauld iron" to themselves and reaching out their hands to touch the heads of nails. In his confusion he stumbled back and forward among the unhappy beasts till he dispersed a good part of his congregation. I am told that the feeling still exists, but fear of ridicule makes it be concealed. There is a cave below the town where St. Monan, a Culdee, had his lodging, and a fine old church built by David II. as a thanksgiving for escape from shipwreck. He was coming to visit one Dishington, a baron married to Robert Bruce's sister. The name, once powerful, is quite gone,

and only the wreck of his Castle of Ardross, scarcely distinguishable from the rock, remains. Near it, on a beetling sea precipice, are the loftier relics of Newark, built by David Leslie, famous in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus and the Commonwealth. A little way behind is Kelly Castle, which is pretty entire, though greatly dismantled within. The owner offered it for a hundred years, with its weed-overgrown garden, to any one who would put it in order and live in it. It has been accepted by Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh, and when you see the undulating floors, tattered wainscot, vast cheerless halls, and hear the wind trying to whistle down the thin notes of the piano in a section where the family have already begun to occupy, you wonder more at the acceptance than the offer. Not far from this again is Anstruther, with Dr. Chalmers's birthplace, once a *bien*, comfortable house, but getting into the sere and yellow leaf. It could be bought for about £200, and I have been trying to get some of the Free Church folks to purchase it for a mission-house or young men's association, just to keep

it in the family line. It is a Free Church heritage.

On the other side of us we have Largo, with an upper town, clean and neat, having its memorials of the famous Sir Andrew Wood, the Nelson of his time (James IV.), and a shore-town, a second edition of St. Monance. Here is the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, and in hunting it up I found he is known only as Robinson Crusoe. Defoe met him in Wapping, and got the story which he wrought up so uniquely. You know, I dare say, that Vinet was so fond of it, he always read it once a year out of an old French translation with curious woodcuts. I should like to see that book. Vinet does not seem to have been aware of Selkirk's story, though very curiously he quotes Cowper's verses about him. Several descendants still live in Largo, and they had his cup and chest used on the island among them; but they quarrelled, and settled it by a sale. A curiosity man in London bought them, but Sir David Baxter has repurchased them for the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum. That was a good deed.

Time would fail me to tell you of many other things that would rejoice the heart of Jonathan Oldbuck or Captain Grose. There are the three standing stones of Lundin, celebrated in Druidic theories, though nobody now seems to believe in Druids, and yet Cæsar is very positive about them. There is a Pict's house, turned up lately, not a mile from this, a queer subterranean place, which I have crept into once or twice with the help of candle and lucifer-match. There are several Kils and Bals that mark early Culdee seats (Balchrystie, "the Christian's town"), and set one a-dreaming about what the land was like when this Antioch-like name was put on one of them. There is Macduff's Cave, where he hid from Macbeth before he could cross the Forth—doubted by some, devoutly believed in by others, but worth seeing even for the magnificent sights and sounds that fill it at the advancing tide. Close to it is Grange House, reduced to a shell by a late fire, where the Rebellion of 1715 was concocted. Mar landed at Elie that year, and this part of Fife was a hot-bed of Jacobites, some of whom remain unto

this present in the shape of very high Scottish Episcopalians. A little bit from this again are the old stones of Cairnie House, where James Melville, in his Memoirs, celebrates the warm reception he got from a godly lady after a dangerous and dreary voyage across the Firth. But I dare say you will think I am writing a guide-book. All these places are within an easy distance, but I would not have found them out so easily without the help of Mr. Walter Wood, the Free Church minister, a descendant of old Sir Andrew, who has a hereditary knowledge of every stick and stone hereabout.

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In the midst of these walks and talks I have been trying to get on with my work for the winter; among other things finding texts and making sketches of sermons for the students. It must have struck you how much interest is thrown into the Bible from looking at two clauses which stand sometimes in the way of analogy, sometimes of antithesis. I have been trying some of these for subjects.

1 *Tim.* i. 19: "Holding faith and a good conscience." The necessity of uniting these.

- I. Some try to hold faith without the good conscience. That soon becomes a hollow and hypocritical thing.
- II. Some try the good conscience without faith. That becomes a superficial, unspiritual and barren thing.
- III. The union. Faith is the spring and quickener of conscience—conscience gives truthfulness and reality to faith.

Acts xiii. 52 : "The disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost." A union thought by some to be impossible. Some seek joy and refuse God's Holy Spirit—a shallow, short-lived thing. Some accept in a way the Holy Spirit, but decline or dim the joy. But—

- I. It is a true union. The Holy Spirit gives sense of pardon, of sonship, of purity and elevation as the aim of life. Each of these is joy.
- II. Some characteristics of this joy. Its depth in the inmost recesses of the

human spirit. Its breadth ; it breaks out and touches everything. Its height rises to God's life and heaven. Its length ; the only permanent joy ; its dimensions ; the love of Christ, by which it is sustained and which it is always reaching towards.

Prov. ii. 3, 4 : Two requisites for gaining the true knowledge.

I. Looking far up—cry, lift up thy voice.

Observe how the longing cry becomes articulate, "a voice."

II. Looking close and near—like a man in a mine. Observe the growing intensity, seek, search. Prayer and exertion united.

Amos vi. 6 ; 2 Cor. xi. 28. Read in their connection to see two characters found long ago and now, the selfish and the self-renouncing. Sketch their circumstances, enjoyments, and the result. The result of their pleasure (see *Amos vi. 7, 8*) ; the result of Paul's care, which had

a god-like joy in its heart, in the Christian Church, and in the world, the end of consistent materialism and consistent Christianity.

Prov. xxiii. 23 : "Buy the truth and sell it not ;" to be said of all truths, but especially of the highest.

- I. How is truth bought ? In one sense it is free as air, but in seeking and keeping it we make surrenders. *Labour and search* may need to be paid. *Prejudice, pride of heart, illusions* broken. *Sins of heart and life* forsaken. *Esteem of friends and of the world* may need to be parted with.
- II. How truth may be sold. Not when it is communicated ; thereby we buy more. But *when it is not communicated, when it is betrayed from fear or allurements, when it is held in unrighteousness*, selfishness, treachery, inconsistency, we sell the truth.
- III. Why, when bought, it should never be sold. It has a value beyond all you can get for it. Its value grows the

longer you keep it. It buys all other good things at last. When sold, it is hard to be bought back.

*To * * * (when abroad).*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
December 25, 1878.

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The weather seems to have been very unnatural on the Riviera, and must have told against the health-seekers; so let us hope great things when the sun "comes forth like a strong man." We have a winter that makes old people talk like Waverley, "'Tis sixty years since." It makes them brisk and young to think of it—those of them at least that have some greenness left. The snow has been lying pure and deep for a full month, crusted with frost, to the great delight of boys, skaters, and the brethren of the "roaring play." The grand match took place between north and south some time since—in favour of the south. There are great drawbacks, however. To begin with the nearest, though

not the worst. The birds are in a state of famine, and our first work after breakfast is to make a collection for the crowds of sparrows, robins, tomtits, chaffinches, thrushes, and starlings that come flocking to the house as if the Flood were at hand and we had Noah's ark. I am sorry to see, however, they have not the same peaceful spirit the old painter gave the antediluvian animals. There is plenty for all; yet the strong oppress the weak. The thrushes, who sing most lovingly in summer, are the worst tyrants, so I am losing faith in concerts as a civilising medium. There are two cats, also, that vex my spirit. They seem to think the season propitious to their sanguinary tastes, and that our doles are part of the scheme. When I see their stealthy step and pause and prowling look through the bushes, I fancy Hindoo jungles and tigers, and wonder how this vice has got into the blood of nature. But then, one thinks again, how are we made to sympathise with the weak, and so anxious to help them against the strong, and that the higher we rise the more sympathy grows? That is the higher law, and must con-

quer at last. Of the smaller birds, I observed the tomtits and robins are the boldest, and can stand their own against most comers. The starling is a kind of bravo, succumbing to the blackbird, and a despot among the sparrows. The sparrows are the most amusing of all, kicked and cuffed on all hands, but getting their full share by a persistent holding at it, like the "heathen Chinees" in California. Among the poor people the distress is very great. The severe weather stopping outdoor trades, the stagnation of business and the failure of banks and companies have caused a suffering and gloom beyond what any one can remember. People talk of the "Darien time," but we know very little about the Darien time. . . . Last Monday was the day for paying in the first call to the liquidation of the City of Glasgow Bank, a sad day to many families, taking away their earthly all, and each day that comes round striking down more. It is not known yet what it has produced. If it yields three millions, people will take heart and the liabilities may be met; but if it is below two millions, it will be

a sad look-out for shareholders, depositors, and the country. Of course, the fact that trustees meanwhile are held liable makes it more hopeful for the general case, but every one feels that the case of trustees is hard even to injustice. There has been a proposal strongly urged, that there should be a lottery, and they feel certain it would relieve all ; but there is also a strong feeling against it. I do not think, for my part, it would succeed, and I should be sorry to see it tried. We shall get over this calamity, even the sufferers will, but we should not get over this way of relieving it. It appeals to covetousness, the very sin of our age, and brings in a principle of the worst kind. I do not see, if we have a big lottery for this big calamity, why we may not have a little one for every innocent bankrupt. I met —— the other day. He is in a very despondent state about the sad revelations of commercial dishonesty—the abounding corruption, the vanity, avarice, and unscrupulousness that have come to light ; and certainly we need reformation among all ranks. Scotland was getting rich too fast, and neither the middle

nor working classes were able to stand it. Let us hope that when God's providence has given such a blow, His Spirit may also teach. We need a John the Baptist or Jeremiah, or even one of the *minor* prophets might find his work. Some of their words are strangely suitable. I have had much comfort, however, in the way many of the shareholders have borne it—with unshrinking honour and resignation to God's will, though sorely tempted to wrath. I think the outsiders have more of that than they have, and certainly I have given a large contribution in that line. Somebody must, and seldom has one so good an opportunity of being "angry without sin." We are getting little from England but lectures on our misconduct from the —— and ——, who have been talking of "black Scotland." They have put on more of the Pharisee tone than that of the good Samaritan. I could excuse the denunciation of the wrongdoers, but the want of sympathy with the sufferers, and failure to recognise the honour of the shareholders and the liberality of the Scottish nation, shows a heartless egotism which is being felt by

many. I am very glad they have made no contribution for us. The twopence, without the oil, would have been hard to bear.

To * * *.

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

June (?) 1879.

I have been looking at a few texts lately, chiefly for the class.

"When Jesus heard it He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (Matt. viii. 10).

"And He marvelled because of their unbelief" (Mark vi. 6).

The two marvels.—Christ had the same changeful feeling as ourselves from looking at the two sides. Almost everything has two sides.

I. Look at the two sides of faith. It is a wonder we believe, and a wonder we do not.

(1.) Look at *nature*. Everything seems material on one side. Our eyes, hands, senses, are refined matter. The laws are material—weight,

force, &c. The end is always to decay, waste, death, "dust, and this day by day, from life's beginning to its end." Some men see nothing else. And yet in nature there is a world within, utterly different, the grandeur, glory, beauty, tenderness, that enters by the eye, the harmonies of sound so subtle, ethereal, thrilling. Are they only the vibrations of a string? Beethoven, Milton? Or look at the moral sense, righteousness, truth for which men will cheerfully die; or faith and religion, with the visions of the infinite and eternal; is all this from matter?

(2.) Look at the Bible. So many things against faith. That God should not have made its evidence clear as a sunbeam; that it should come so broken and scattered, assailed by criticism, with difficulties we cannot solve, apparent contradictions, trifling circumstances in so great an errand; that the divine should be in union with the human in Christ; that the laws of nature, as we see them, should have been suspended, and that they will be;—a world breaking up through this, like spring through winter, from the decay and death of ages. Some men pour

contempt on such thoughts, and we think sometimes no wonder. But below the fragmentary form, a strange, unique character. Amid all, it has one ruling thought, God and man to be brought together, till all separate lines meet in One who rises over difficulties like the sun over waves and hills. A consistent meaning in His history which is a key to our greatest doubts. He explains our yearnings in the dark, meets our wants, shows an end to the universe worthy of it. It has had such effects in changing men, ennobling them, creating a new world already of moral and spiritual life. It is a wonder men do not see and own it.

(3.) Look at life and its events ; against faith, so many things which shake our confidence in God and the soul and a divine plan. How thick they come in a materialistic age ! The difficulties of Job, Ecclesiastes, 2 Pet. iii. 4. It is in the pagan lightness of Horace, Montaigne, Béranger, in the deeper tone of pessimism ; it is the loss of the view of God on human life (Jer. xii. 1), and seems to throw a shade up into the sky (Rev. vi. 10). Besides this, the poor way

in which the best men often act, divisions of Churches, moral failures, hypocrites, faint Christians, Judases, Peters. Do you wonder at incredulity? But look deeper. In the darkest times and places those who stand firm and shine out. Peter joins John at the sepulchre, the faithful women, the centurion, dying thief; and still we have such witnesses to a living God and spirit of grace. And if we look we shall see them growing, slowly and fitfully, but onward, a kingdom of truth and righteousness. The secular mind is obliged often to throw itself on the thought of advance, a brighter future for humanity, though its dreams rise only to the clouds, not to heaven, and have no divine ladder. It is true we do move on, yet where except in time and place in which the Gospel has in some way been at work? No moral force to cure sin and suffering like what comes from Christ. We marvel men do not see it.

II. Some conclusions (only named here).

- (I.) It does not seem to be God's plan to force man to faith by demonstration. He gives him two sides.

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- (2.) To attain to faith we must look at things in their depth and breadth and final bearing.
- (3.) To see this we must have an eye in the heart, and make God's truth our personal experience; *i.e.*, the test is moral and spiritual. To see God's kingdom without, we must have it within.

"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know to speak a word in season to him that is weary" (Isa. l. 4).

Christ, God's servant and man's comforter. This should be the tongue of all God's servants, learned from their Master.

I. What is its use? *To speak.* This is the peculiar, wonderful power of the tongue of man, and the Son of Man shows us its highest purpose.

To whom? "The weary." Christ's ministry and ours is not for pleasure, or even knowledge, though these follow, but to speak to the weary, sinners, sufferers, lonely, worn-out wrestlers with the burdens and mysteries of life.

What? "A word." What a little thing! But if it be a divine word, God, Christ, life eternal. Some of the little words of Christ. To Peter on the water, to the woman (Luke vii.), to the dying thief, to Mary of Bethany, Mary Magdalene, made so little that a weak hand might grasp, a poor memory hold, a feeble mind understand them. Man constructs libraries, Christ speaks words (John vi. 68).

When? "In season." It is to all of us an offer at every time; but weariness is the qualification for it, a sense of need. Do you feel need? Be thankful. It comes often at the extremity of weariness, when all other relief fails. "Lord, save me; I perish;" or John v. 7, or Mark v. 26. It does not come always in *our* season, or rather our sense of suitability. It may be as to the souls under the sanctuary (Rev. vi. 11). Patience may be the word in season, with the whisper *hope*.

II. How is this tongue gained?

(1.) By the use of the ear of experience.

To take the word into our own heart. So Christ did.

- (2.) By constant use of it, "morning by morning;" we must practise it and keep it fresh.
- (3.) God's special gift, The Lord God hath given me (Job xxxvi. 22).

Acts xxviii. 20, last clause: "Israel's hope in chains."

It seems a strange case. Was not Israel's hope promised to free from chains? It is true. This man is free.

- (1.) The hope of Israel lifts the chain and makes him free toward God, from guilt of sin, from love of it.
- (2.) Lifts the chain of fear and makes him bold before men (Matt. x. 18, 19; Ps. cxix. 46).
- (3.) Lifts the chain of imprisonment, and gives him large room and gladsome (Acts xvi. 24, 25; Ps. cxix. 62). "No nook so narrow," &c. "Stone walls do not a prison make."
- (4.) Lifts the chain of restricted influ-

ence and gives him the world and all time for his field (Phil. i. 13). What messages Christ's chains have given ! Luther in Wartburg, Knox in the galleys, Bunyan in Bedford jail, Christ from His sealed grave, Hugh M'Kail dying for Christian freedom. "In token whereof I embrace this rope ;" — better than Bonnivard's Chillon.

*To * * * (when abroad).*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

June 2, 1879.

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It is slow work getting up when one has slipped far down the brae. Yet think of me and take courage. I visited every "*Kur*" that had a glimmer of hope, traversed Europe, tried Asia, Africa, and America, passed from mountain-peak to sea-shore, from baking in mud to bathing in innocent Hydropathics, and was in the state of mind of the man at the pool of

Siloam, till little by little made me tolerably well. . . .

My first experiment in water was at Wildbad, a beautiful place, where I basked in the sun, and read whatever I could find in the local library. I remember one book that interested me very much, the "Autobiography of Heinrich Steffens," a native of Scandinavia, but eventually a Professor in Berlin. A man of simple heart, but varied and versatile gifts, who took an interest in all things, human and divine. I think you would like him. He writes, too, in such clear, natural language, so different from the involved pedantic sentences that literary Germans think it necessary to construct. Another writer I learned to know there was Matthias Claudias and his "Wandsbecker Bote" —a kind of Christian humorist, who reminds one of Charles Lamb. When in Hamburg, not long since, I walked out to Wandsbeck for love of him, saw his grave, and sat on his favourite seat under an old oak.

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— is an old landmark removed, and makes

one feel how life is pushing us on. He was a pattern of consistency, but wonderfully different in his later from his earlier life; a natural sharp sternness softening into mellowness without losing strength. Such cases make one distrust the critics when they tell us it is impossible for Moses or John to have written books so different in style as stand in their name. Some men have two or three humanities in them, that are brought out sometimes by time, sometimes by the subject they have to deal with. It is a long way from the upper chamber with Christ to the rocks of Patmos and the trumpets of Judgment, and even to think about them makes one feel in another world. The two sides of any great truth are very far apart, and a man of a sympathetic nature must seem to others, and even to himself, a changed being when he stands on the one edge or the other.

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The leaves are nearly out now, though there is little sign of summer in heat or sunshine. Poor things! they seem to feel it their duty to

make trial of the world into which a hidden life is forcing them, but their curled edges look as if they were uncertain of their reception, and there is a waesome paleness yet, that is far from the glory of leafy June.

I suppose there is a pre-established harmony between the inward desire of life to enter on its higher sphere and the outward attraction of air and sun, but this year they are not well met. There must be some such law in higher things, but with us too it seems to linger yet ; " summer shall not fail."

*To * * .*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

July 12, 1879.

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The Synod meeting is about that vexed — case. All, I am sure, would be willing to let the question rest, and give every possible room on so mysterious and difficult a subject ; but he insists on dragging it up to a hard and fast line on the side of either annihilation or universal

restoration. . . . The feeling I have is, that all this is beginning at the insoluble, *i.e.*, the infinite side, and that if it were settled as they wish in some definite scheme of restoration, this would become *the gospel*, instead of its being, as it is, a deliverance from sin here and now as the most terrible evil and danger in God's universe. If Church History has proved anything, it has shown that the crude universalism here propounded is unable to work any real deliverance, and that it undermines many more things than it seems at first to touch.

To * * *.

LONDON, *April* 23-26, 1880.

I came up here with my sister and her family, to get some rest and change after the work of the winter, which has been for me continuous and severe. For the sake of the children, we have been running through the circle of London sights. It is a bewildering process, and makes one sigh at last for Cowper's lodge in the vast

wilderness. The name of Cowper reminds me that I have not told you how we came. Our first halt was at Nottingham, where we saw some interesting things :—the ruins of the old castle, with the memories of Richard II. and Mortimer ; the place where Charles I. raised his standard in the civil wars, still called Standard Hill ; the reminiscences of Colonel Hutchinson and his noble wife, Lady Lucy ; the birthplace of Henry Kirke White, and the grave of Ann Taylor (sister of Jane and Isaac), and her husband, Mr. Gilbert. Then to Derby, where I had to preach for a very old friend, Dr. A. Simpson. He has formed a new Presbyterian Church here, and built a beautiful little house of God. He is a man of culture and devotion. From there to Lichfield, with its unique Cathedral, and its associations with Johnson ; to Coventry, to Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Rugby, Northampton, Olney, and Bedford—at all of which places we had a look or a glimpse. Northampton we visited for Doddridge. At Bedford, of course, we had Bunyan ; but we lingered longest at Olney,

spending two days in a little country inn called "The Bull." We followed Cowper in his walks as described in "The Task," looked in on the cottagers, who still weave lace on "pillow and bobbins, all their little store;" sat in the bower where "The Task" and Olney hymns were written, and got some roots of wallflower and violets for transplantation to the north. This was a most enjoyable part of our journey. I should tell you here a little incident related by the present owner of the garden. The windows of an old shoemaker's cottage looked into it (now in ruins), and the old man at his work used to hum the tune of "Ludlow." Cowper was taken with it, and wrote the hymn, "O for a closer walk with God," to suit it, and walked up and down often to hear it sung.

We saw at Weston Underwood, a village a mile from Olney, the last lines ever written by Cowper. They are in his own handwriting, in pencil, on the window-shutter, and his hand put them there before he was taken away to his last confinement. They are carefully preserved, and have a growing stratum of paint rising round them :—

"Ye scenes so dear for ever closed to me,
Oh ! for what sorrows must I now exchange you !"

July 22, 1880.

I went to hear Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, but left disappointed, not with the preacher or sermon, but I could only catch snatches of it. I sat for hours, and hundreds round, from their listless look or deep slumber, had given up all attempt to follow. These lofty domes and resounding echoes are an ingenious device for defeating the ends of God's ordinance of preaching. The same evening I heard Stopford Brooke, who is by no means followed like Canon Liddon. He is clear, natural, forcible, and all that he said was good, "of Christ living in us by a mighty influence." All that he said of "the power that we get from Him for a nobler life" was also true. But he did not speak of the first step, "the forgiveness of sins," and his subject should have led him straight to this. The Christ, too, of whom he spoke might have been a dead Christ, as Plato is to us, not the living Christ, who

comes with His Spirit here and now, so that He dwells in the heart, not by metaphor, but in reality. And yet one felt that he believed more than he put into words. The fear these men have of mysticism and superstition, as they call it, and their recoil from the High Church school, makes them broaden their breadth.

I liked Oswald Dykes much, whom I heard for the first time. An inward experience breathed through a sermon on "Christ not breaking the bruised reed," that made you feel he was thinking of the pew, or of many pews, and the troubles and sorrows in them. If we could only do this, get hold of God's truth with one hand, and of the hearts of the people with the other !

On the way home from his church (which is the church of Edward Irving and James Hamilton) I went into a church with the name of St. Andrew's, under the charge of the Venerable Archdeacon Dunbar, D.D., Tavistock Street. It was a curious sight. He stood with a huge cross on his back turned to the people, chanting prayers in Latin and English alternately, with fifty lighted candles, three acolytes with bell and

incense, and a full band of professional singers, led by Signor Carlo Magante and Miss Jessie Boyd! It was the very ideal of the Church service of the future, as I have read it, propounded by the secular newspapers. It does not seem to be very popular, for there were only about fifty present; but I was told that in the evenings there is a larger audience. It must confuse the poor Cockneys, for it takes the name of "the Church of Scotland." I enclose one of the bills as one of the curiosities of London to which our poor old Scotland contributes. I have not time to tell of the other places we visited, not the sights, but the memorials—the Mitre Tavern, for the sake of Johnson and Goldsmith; the Fountain Court in the Temple, where Milton loved to sit, with its spring and flowers, so fresh in dusty London; and the church where he lies buried, and where, too, Oliver Cromwell was married; the Bell Inn, in Old Bailey, where Leighton died—but the old structure is gone; the spot, as near as one can find it, where Sir William Wallace was executed in Smithfield; Bunhill Fields, with Bunyan lying in the midst,

and round him Owen and Watts and Defoe, and many other Nonconformist heroes. Among them is Grimaldi, the clown, with the epitaph, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," which I would by no means wish to be unsuitable. (We had a request to our Mission Board lately from a Chinese acrobat who is giving performances in Spain to take charge of a Protestant evangelist in Salamanca, in whom he is much interested, and who, he says, is preaching the Gospel faithfully. This Chinaman promises a day's performance every month to aid ! He had become acquainted with the Bible in passing through America, reads it daily with his company, and attends Protestant service wherever he finds it. It reads like a grotesque romance, but we have his letter, and find him to be a true man. I was somewhat stumbled at first, but on reflection I think he may help to wean the Spaniards from bull-fighting, and it gives me good thoughts about poor Grimaldi !) When in Bunhill Fields I was told by the old keeper that John Wesley had died in the house opposite, and we went to see it. The Wesleyan minister's wife showed us everything

with great kindness : his chair, his little portable desk where most of his works were written, his big teapot in which he made tea for his preachers ; it is as big as a kettle, with five blue figures in the Dutch style, and the blessing and grace you will find in his hymn-book on the sides of it : " We thank the Lord for this our food," &c. ; so that he had just to turn the teapot round for the fitting exercise ! All these are found in the little room where he died ; and behind is the tabernacle where he preached and the cemetery where he lies, surrounded by numbers of his leading helpers. It is the Mount Zion of the Methodists, and I was ashamed that, in all my visits to London, I had never seen it. I had seen the room where George Whitfield died, and his grave thousands of miles away in Massachusetts.

*To * * * .*

EDINBURGH, *March 26, 1881.*

I was very glad to see your handwriting on the envelope, and to hear all the contents—the sad part I had already heard, and the comfort-

able news were, that the friends at —— had stood the siege of this winter, or succession of winters, so well. What an idea the young lambs and birds must have of the world they are entering! Yet I am surprised at their elasticity. We have a colony of rooks close by, and plenty of the smaller race, and a little sunshine seems to put them all right and send them out to work and sing. Opposite the window where I write there is a birch-tree, good part of which goes into crows' nests, and it is amusing to watch the desperate tugs and somersault-tumbles when the hold is lost. We have been keeping, on the whole, pretty well; occasional colds, of which I have had a share, and rather too much to do this winter; but we have had a pleasant, peaceful session, and we have the prospect of some rest. We close April 13, and after our Synod meeting, which is early this year, and for which I have to prepare a few things, we, *i.e.* the family here, think of a Continental trip. It will be old ground to me, in Holland and Germany, but it becomes new seeing it through younger eyes, and I think of looking in on some

of the university towns to see how matters stand. On the whole the tide of deeper religious life in Germany grows among professors and ministers, but it is slow in laying hold of the people, who have never recovered from the cold indifferentism that fell on them during what its friends call the *Illuminism*, or what we call rationalism. There have been and are many eloquent and earnest preachers of the higher spiritual truth, of that which addresses not the mere understanding, but the heart and spirit, and they gather audiences, but when the preacher dies or leaves, the audience falls asunder. An *ordinary* preacher of Gospel truth does not seem to have the power, as with us, of keeping people together. I think this is owing very much to the want of bonds besides the preaching—to the absence of church life and work. There is no Christian tie among the people themselves, and so an earnest preacher kindles only individuals, not masses. The history of Germany might have been different if it had had a number of free Churches to spread fire among the faggots; the good men there are afraid of schisms,

but faggots, however they may be piled, are separatists, fire only is a unity. We shall have a number of students there this summer, five or six at Leipsic, and I should like to see them. I have not yet read Carlyle's book, only extracts, like yourself, and I was not much prepossessed. Carlyle had great strength and also great weaknesses, and the weakness was connected with the strength. He saw some things intensely, and hurled them at the world vehemently, because he did not see some other things at all. His opinions had no shading, his temperament no breezes, not even gentle gales—fire and tornado were his element—and his criticisms were guided too much by likes and dislikes arising from his idiosyncrasies and relationships. It is a pity he should have left loaded pistols to be fired off at poor Charles Lamb and his sister, and that he should have put Edward Irving so much above Chalmers, simply because Irving was his intimate and Chalmers had other work to do. One can excuse his reverence for his father and his love for his wife to any extent within the circle of his home-life, but to expect the world to believe,

on his word, that the genius of Burns was beneath the one, and George Eliot below the other, is too much. Still he has done good work in stemming the tide of materialism, and I think his progress has been from his early Stoicism, touching into Cynicism, towards Christian ground. I should be glad to believe that the autobiography does not belong to the latest period, for from anything I have heard he had mellowed considerably. The purity of his personal life and the righteousness of his anger (as a whole) are worthy of all praise. It is untruthfulness and wrong that rouse him. I have not had much reading of late except what is connected with my work. Miss Bird's "Japan" I have skimmed, and found it interesting—it is written in a lively style—I happen to know her *a little*; Justin M'Carthy's "History of our Times;" and Trevelyan's "Early Years of Fox," which gives a sad picture of English statesmen and electors under George III.; see chap. iii.-ix., and let us be thankful.

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P.S.—Glancing over this letter, I regret some

things said about Carlyle which I have not time to modify.

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
May 16, 1881.

I have read Carlyle's "Reminiscences" since I wrote you. They remind me of an apple I have just been trying to eat—very sound on the one side, on the other bruised and black. What a pity Froude persisted in thrusting it in the public face, and that he did not help to let the dead bury its dead! Carlyle had certainly a morbid nature, partly, I suppose, from dyspepsia, and partly from having set himself to expose wrong as the exclusive business of his life, and weakness and incapacity were in his philosophy forms of wrong. We may be thankful that we have a better standard in the Infinite Strength that stooped to weakness to pity and to raise it. I should be far from saying that Carlyle had not the Christian in him, but he wanted one part of it, and it is proof of an entirely original and

Divine Being, that the Reminiscences of the Fishermen of Galilee give us One who had the most perfect purity, with the most tender pity—an unbending strength that never despised weakness.

One of the false things of the day is to exalt power (including intellect as a form of power), at the expense of the moral and spiritual. It belongs to materialism and in a degree to pantheism, and it is the direct opposite of Christianity, which makes Christ lay power aside, in order to make the centre of the universe self-sacrifice and love; and that then power should gravitate to this centre because it is the only safe one. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power." When we begin to see this, we feel in our deepest nature that it is divine—that this must be true if the universe has any meaning, and the soul a worthy end. It gets obscured sometimes, but it will come out again.

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

January 2, 1882.

I do remember my faults this day, and you have quickened my memory by heaping coals of fire upon my head. Let me thank you first of all for the last, "The Very Words." I saw it noticed the other day with much approval, and I am glad to have it. It is a remarkable thing how the purest gems of truth, like other gems, affect us by a change in the setting. We know all the leading texts in the Bible, but when one of them is taken out and put by itself, it shines with a new light. It is like a friend pointing to something we had often seen, and saying "Is not that beautiful?" and we get a fresh recognition. . . . I have been sending my students through the Gospels with this intent—making them collect the short prayers addressed to Christ, the questions put to Him, the questions He puts, &c., characterising them in some few words. I had the double purpose of making them better acquainted with the Gospels in their

search, and gaining skill in discerning the facets of the scattered diamonds. "The Very Words" will help me to something else.

Sometimes, however, we lose by changing the Bible connection. Here is one instance that struck me—Luke x. 17-21—which I never saw in the same light. There are three joys—1st, ver. 17, a sense of power in the subjection of evil, which may have good in it, but also the great danger of vanity and ambition—the *Loyola* spirit, which would make ministers into priests; 2nd, ver. 20, the joy of the pure and divine felt in our own souls, binding us to the life eternal. What can be better than this? There is, 3rd, ver. 21, Christ's own joy—gladness for the advance of God's kingdom, and the way in which it grows, through the spirit of lowliness and self-abnegation. This is higher than ver. 20, and saves from all the danger of ver. 17.

Now I am not sure that our Lord spoke all these sayings in this very order, but I am sure He taught all these truths, and I think Luke meant to let us see them by ranging them together. And this may be one reason why we

have different Gospels, that the way in which the truths are put may let us see more of the fulness of Christ.

Is it not wonderful that a short book like the four Gospels, which we could read in a winter evening, should give us such a sense of manifoldness and endlessness, so that one feels the truth of what John says, "If all were written the world could not contain it."

How does that come about? It belongs to the Bible as a whole, but above all to the Gospels—a feeling of never being done with the reading of it. Well, no doubt it comes above all, from the subject, but I think, in part, likewise from the form. . . .

We have Moody and Sankey here, getting large meetings lately of the lower class in the Grassmarket. I have gone only once; I can spare no time nor strength. But good must be doing. The only fear I have is the creation of a taste for religious excitement, which may be obviated if means are taken for permanent instruction. Excitement is a thunder-shower; there must be ploughing and sowing. I think

Moody is aware of this. In any case, this and other movements, even the Salvation Army with its repelling excesses, are tokens of the craving of souls for the Unseen, and, I often feel, a rebuke to us for not meeting it in some other way.

*To * *.*

EDINBURGH, *January 11, 1882.*

It is with very deep grief and with very heart-felt sympathy for you all that I read the notice in the paper to-day of the death of your brother. It came upon me with a pang in the morning, and, having had to go out, it has been following me all the day. You will feel, I am sure, sometimes, as if you looked at the changed world through a broken rift in the clouds, and it seems so far away. We wonder at it, and wonder at ourselves to think we have passed through it all, and that we are here; friends, faces, scenes, that were everything to us, and they are gone with a widening sea between. That must have been the feeling of the man who said "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine

acquaintance into darkness." It is at such a time that the thought of the living, unchanging Friend must come in if our own hearts are to live. I think, next to the desire for God himself—for an infinite Friend, it is the desire for our dead that presses us to the cry, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God,"—the living God who will not let the dearest and deepest things to which He has given life die for ever, and who has sent His Son into the world to lie down in our grave and rise again, that He may be the first-fruits of them that sleep. If we can clasp Him to our heart, it recovers all and more—the shadow of death is turned into the morning, and the dim, fading past changes into a blessed future. We may say even it makes them present. "Ye shall see greater things than these," heaven opens, and the angels of God ascend and descend on Him. May you and yours, my dear friend, have something of this view, and as your faith lifts its eye by that heavenly ladder, may the departed come down and be about you in your thoughts and feelings, may we not hope with a true though unseen presence? . . .

To * *.

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

February 24, 1882.

Miss —— told me to-day that you would like to have a few copies of the verses enclosed.

You should have had them before, had they been worth sending. They were printed (not published) without my knowledge.

THE SEASIDE WELL.

ON LIGHTING UPON A SPRING OF SWEET WATER WITHIN
MARK-TIDE ON THE COAST OF ARGYLESIRE.

“Waters flowed over my head, then I said, I am cut off.”

—LAM. iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside
To wild flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And 'mid its pebbles strayed,
As if it thought to join a happy brook,
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more ;
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.

Y

Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sank to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered when the salt sea tide
Withdrew its wave.
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone ;
Still, as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,
Its heart had folded deep
Within itself, and quiet fancies led,
As in a sleep.
Till, when the ocean loosed its heavy chain,
And gave it back to day,
Calmly it turned to its own life again,
And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life
Deep from the nether springs,
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil 'mid the strife
Of surface things.
Safe—for the sources of the nether springs
Up in the far hills lie,
Calm—for the life its power and freshness brings
Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin
Roll in its whelming flood,
Make strong the fountain of Thy grace, within
My soul, O God.
If bitter scorn, and looks, once kind, grown strange,
With crushing chillness fall,
From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change
My heart to gall.

When sore Thy hand doth press, and waves of Thine
Afflict me like a sea—
Deep calling Deep—infuse from source Divine
Thy peace in me.
And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,
Over my soul doth pour,
Let hope survive—a well that springeth up
For evermore.

Above my head the waves may come and go,
Long brood the deluge dire,
But life lies hidden in the depths below,
Till waves retire ;
Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,
At length withdraw its sway,
And life rise sparkling in the light of God
And endless day.

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I was struck with the words of a psalm we
were reading to-day—"Because Thou, Lord,
hast holpen me and comforted me." Help

comes before comfort,—help to bear up in the way of duty and not to murmur. We can seek this at once, and God will help us; but comfort must follow slowly, and our heart refuses it when it offers itself at once. Do not blame yourself if you do not feel it, and be satisfied if God gives you some measure of strength. . . .

*To * * .*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
August 30, 1883.

Thanks—warmest thanks for your letter and kindness. I am not able at present to leave home, or to do anything there. My complaint is an old one—nervous prostration, with the local addition of some valvular affection of the heart. The last is not enough to account for all my distressing feelings, and I believe that my winter's work for some years past, without taking sufficient relief during the summer, has aggravated the heart symptoms. The hope given me is, that if I take a long rest the system may quiet down, and some strength return so

as to allow me to do a little work. So I do nothing, and leave me in the good, wise hand of Him who knows our frame. His will be done.

This short note is about my measure, but if I get stronger the next will be more extended. I need great patience, and so do my friends. Never think I have forgotten you and yours. That cannot be. I send with this some sketches of sermons for you and your sister. I drew most of them out in the early part of this summer. I was not so far down then, and might have been better now had I let them alone. This deceptive ailment springs out of an ambush after continued work, and only continued rest brings any relief.

*To * * .*

EDINBURGH, *January 10, 1884.*

The heart, he said, was a good heart (physically) but tending to enlargement from working under difficulties. The valves which supply

the head and other organs have become contracted, and there is difficulty in sending on the blood supply when there is over-exertion in thinking or walking. It must have been a long time there, and it explains in part the distressing symptoms I have felt for many years, indeed since the beginning of my ministry! I have been running, he said, "a race handicapped," and so I have felt. . . . I am thankful to say that having obtained help of God I continue hitherto, and am indeed better in this respect, that I feel I am able for a limited amount of work, and that gives me some confidence. When one gets to know his cage he flutters accordingly: and not to touch the bars is freedom and comfort. Then one can sometimes take a flight in thought and hope. You know iron bars do not always make a cage. . . . I have two classes of about thirty-five each, and I have to provide all of them with two sets of texts for discourses and sketches, which makes it all nearly one hundred and forty. It will not do to repeat them year after year, lest we send the same messages abroad through the Churches,

so I have to be, like the old Athenians, always looking after some new thing.

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,
March 7, 1884.

We remain here till the Hall closes in April, and then propose to make a move to some part of Germany, to give my nieces a chance of picking up some knowledge of the spoken tongue. They have been studying German, and like it so well that they wish to have more.

I shall have to go beforehand with them, as engagements detain the others.

We think of some quiet university town like Göttingen or Giessen, failing this, perhaps Heidelberg or Dresden; for we should prefer to get off the line of English and American tourists. A town where there are educational institutions and lectures, and a family where there might be opportunities of intelligent speech. I think the thorough change and rest would do

me good—the perfect freedom to do as one likes within the bounds of reason and conscience. . . . I am bound to remain here till our session closes, for I have of late been having little relays of students to visit me, and last Friday I went in and held a class for an hour, listening and talking.* It was a trial to me, but they were all so thoughtful and good.

They had consulted about what they should do, and they stood up quietly and bowed, but with so much sympathy that it went to my heart. Dr. Cairns, who should have gone home at the beginning of the hour, came to my room and said he would remain to see how I got through.

I asked him not to do so, as I wished to slip in without feeling aught was made of it, and he said he understood it, and seemed to give in, but there at the end of the hour he was at the door. I can understand Appii Forum. You will suppose I am a good deal better, and so I am ; but I get on with a wavy motion, and when I go down I ask, shall I get up again this time ?

* After an absence from illness.

"They soon forgot His Works." It is an old way of the human nature.

*To * * *.*

HERMITAGE, EDINBURGH,

April 13, 1884.

I write merely a note before leaving, in the midst of the throng and thrall of little engagements, to say that I have directed to be sent to you a copy of sermons by a friend of mine,* which I think you will like. He was my companion in travel and trial for months, I may say years, and I have a special interest in him, both for old friendship's sake and for his qualities of mind. Be pleased to accept of the book. We leave to-morrow from Leith for Hamburg and thence for Göttingen, where we shall remain two or three months if conditions are favourable. . . .

For myself I feel on the whole better, but I have no capital of strength to work upon—and when I find how little pulls me down I get despondent about being good for anything. It

* Rev. Joseph Leckie.

is all in wise and kind keeping could *we* be trustful.

This is *Tercentenary*, and everything is fermenting and boiling with excitement. It is surely a token for good that such a thing so stirs the masses.

I feel ashamed to let it be known that I am leaving Edinburgh at such a time, but I am in the mood of the unpopular minister who got over his thin audiences by the declaration, "I hate a crood." It is not my element at present. . . .

To * * .

1885 (?)

The complete psalms to be studied not logically but psychologically—they do not move with the rigid tread of argument—they fly like a cloud and like the doves to their windows.

To make amends for this bare list, I subjoin some verses from a local poet whom I discovered at Sanquhar last autumn, Robert Wanlock (Reid). There is in that neighbourhood, in a lonely little glen on a steep hillside, the ruin of a small church called Kirkbride, within and around

which are buried a number of the old Covenanters, among them the "black Macmichael," a famed swordsman who crossed weapons successfully with the "bluidy Clavers." The spot is sacred to the people. The southing of the wind on a summer Sabbath seems the sound of psalms. An old man when he was dying said, "Bury me in Kirkbride, for there's much of God's redeemed dust lies there," and on this saying the verses are founded.

Bury me in Kirkbride,
Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie !
The auld kirkyard on the green hillside,
Under the open sky—
Under the open sky,
On the breist o' the brae sae steep,
And side by side wi' the banes that lie
Streiked there in their hinmost sleep.
This puir dune body maun sune be dust,
But it thrills wi' a stound o' pride,
To ken it will mix wi' the great and just
That are buried in thee—Kirkbride.

Wheesh't ! Did the saft wind speak ?
Or a yammerin' nicht bird cry ?
Did I dream that a warm hand touched my cheek,
And a winsome face gaed by ?—
And a winsome face gaed by ?

Wi' a far-aff licht in its e'en—

A licht that bude come frae the dazlin' sky,
For it spak' o' the sternies' sheen.

Age may be donnert and dazed and blin',
But I'll warrant, whate'er betide,
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ane,
And the tryst word was—Kirkbride !

Hark ! frae the far hill-taps,

And laigh frae the lanesome glen,
A sweet psalm tune like a late dew draps

Its wild notes doon the wind ;—

Its wild notes doon the wind,

Wi' a kent soun' ower my mind,

For we sang't on the muir—a wheen huntit men
Wi' our lives in our hand lang syne ;

But naething on earth can disturb this sang
Were it Clavers in a' his pride,

For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransomed thrang
Foregathered abune Kirkbride.

I hear May Moril's tongue

That I wist na' to hear again,
And there 'twas the black Macmichael's sang

Clear in the closin' strain—

Clear in the closin' strain,

Frae his big heart bauld and true ;

It stirs my soul as in days bygane,
When his guid braidsword he drew :

I needs maun be aff to the moors ance mair
For he'll miss me by his side ;

In the thrang o' the battle I aye was there,
And sae maun it be in Kirkbride.

Rax me my staff and plaid,
That in readiness I may be,
And dinna forget that *The Book* be laid
Open across my knee—
Open across my knee,
And a text close by my thoom ;
And tell me true, for I scarce can see,
That the words are, "Lo, I come !"
Then carry me through at the Cample Ford,
And up the lang hill side ;
And I'll wait for the comin' o' God the Lord
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride.

To * *.

HERMITAGE, *March* 11, 1885.

As to writing, I have been limited for many months to the barest business correspondence anywhere. My class work takes up all that my head can put into my pen, for I must always get some new provender for the "young lions that roar after their prey." As to visits, they are generally to bed for some time when my work is done, and this is a kind of measure of my moving power. My walking is better than it was some time since, but I have to calculate

little distances as if I were a land surveyor, and I am as proud of managing a little bit farther as if I had added it to a personal estate. . . . I cannot tell you how grateful I am for having been enabled to do the duty of the session thus far. It is a sad position described by Jeremiah. I suppose he had felt it himself: "He sitteth alone and keepeth silence . . . if so be there may be hope." What a fine touch that "if so be" is! a heartful of doubts and hopes all fighting with one another in it. And now to come to one point, I do not think of going to the Continent this summer, though I sometimes think it might be my wisest course. One cannot be an exile half a lifetime, and if I keep anything like well you will I hope see me. I cannot fix a time. I have got so much into the way of living from day to day, but it will be in "summer when the trees be green and the leaves are large and long." I shall give you timely notice, and see that it is convenient for you all.

I may say that last year driving did not suit me any more than walking, but I have got over this, and my head and tongue are much the same

as before I had this illness—so I find, at least in the class, though the doctor tells me I must take special care, for the tiger is only sleeping, not dead. . . . Well, one of the evil things about these illnesses is, we get so much into the habit of self-inspection and self-exposition. “They thought they must have died, they were so bad”—Their sore-plagued hearers almost “wish they had.” I shall not apply the second line to you, but take the first one to myself and say no more. . . . You speak of the state of public matters. I do not like to think of it. When that terrible tragedy of Khartoum took place, I could not read the particulars. It looks like a sort of cowardice, or wilful withdrawal from duty, but when one cannot put out a hand to help, it unfits us for other duties when we come too close to these details. I could not get it out of my head for days and nights.

I do not know how Gladstone does it all, and yet he must stand to his post like the steersman on the iron of the burning deck till it scorched him to the bone. I wonder how any one can

charge him with Gordon's death. Had it come from famine, or even open assault, it might have been said—but treachery could have done it at any time, and very likely was precipitated by the nearness of the rescuing force. Does it not look as if the crafty Mahdi had his train laid, and wished to lure us as far as he could in vain.

There are so many volcanoes smoking and threatening all round, that one does not know which to think of first; but the Soudan is the worst, because it ties our hands for other things, and encourages France, Germany, and Russia to try all sorts of aggressive movements. . . . I have a kind of thought of comfort amid all. The only quarter of the world where Mahommedanism was growing, was through the Soudan among the negro population of Africa, and now this is being checked by these movements on the Nile and Congo. The Christian states—though as yet but nominally so—and for their own political reasons, are girding the world. “Japhet is dwelling in the tents of Shem” and of Ham also—so an old divine would have

phrased it, and however we may interpret these ancient words, the fact is certain that the Christian powers have their hand on the whole world.

There must have been some strange sap at the root of the Christian tree, rotten as some of the branches are, and there must yet be fruit to be gathered from it more than some men think of.

*To * * * .*

HERMITAGE, *October 21, 1885.*

. . . . And in Scotland this Disestablishment question is the sorest point. I believe it can only be settled in one way, but I should like to see it reach its close without unnecessary embitterment, and with the most generous consideration for the ministers of the Established Church. I have the deepest conviction that the change will bring good to all eventually, and it will remove at the very first a cause of discord which can be got rid of in no other way. Whether a wide union comes or not

as the consequence of it, is not the chief consideration. We shall get a wide union when we are worthy of it and fit for it. Separations of the surface (not of the substance) may be meanwhile needed to prevent ambitions and corruptions. The real schismatics are those who drive separations of the surface down into divisions of the substance, who affirm that to differ on some minor matter, which is often a personal fancy, is to be cut off from the body of Christ. The true Catholics are those who have room in their heart for all Christians, and this is what our Lord prayed for, not an outward uniformity of government or usage, but a spirit and conduct which the world could perceive. If we can forward this by removing outward hindrances it is well, and so far as I can see, privileged state-religions have always led to discord, besides other evils. When this sharp battle is over we shall have a clearer sky and fresher air.

I sent off the other day a book which may by this time have reached you, and which I hope you will be pleased to accept.*

* *Amiel—Journal Intime.*

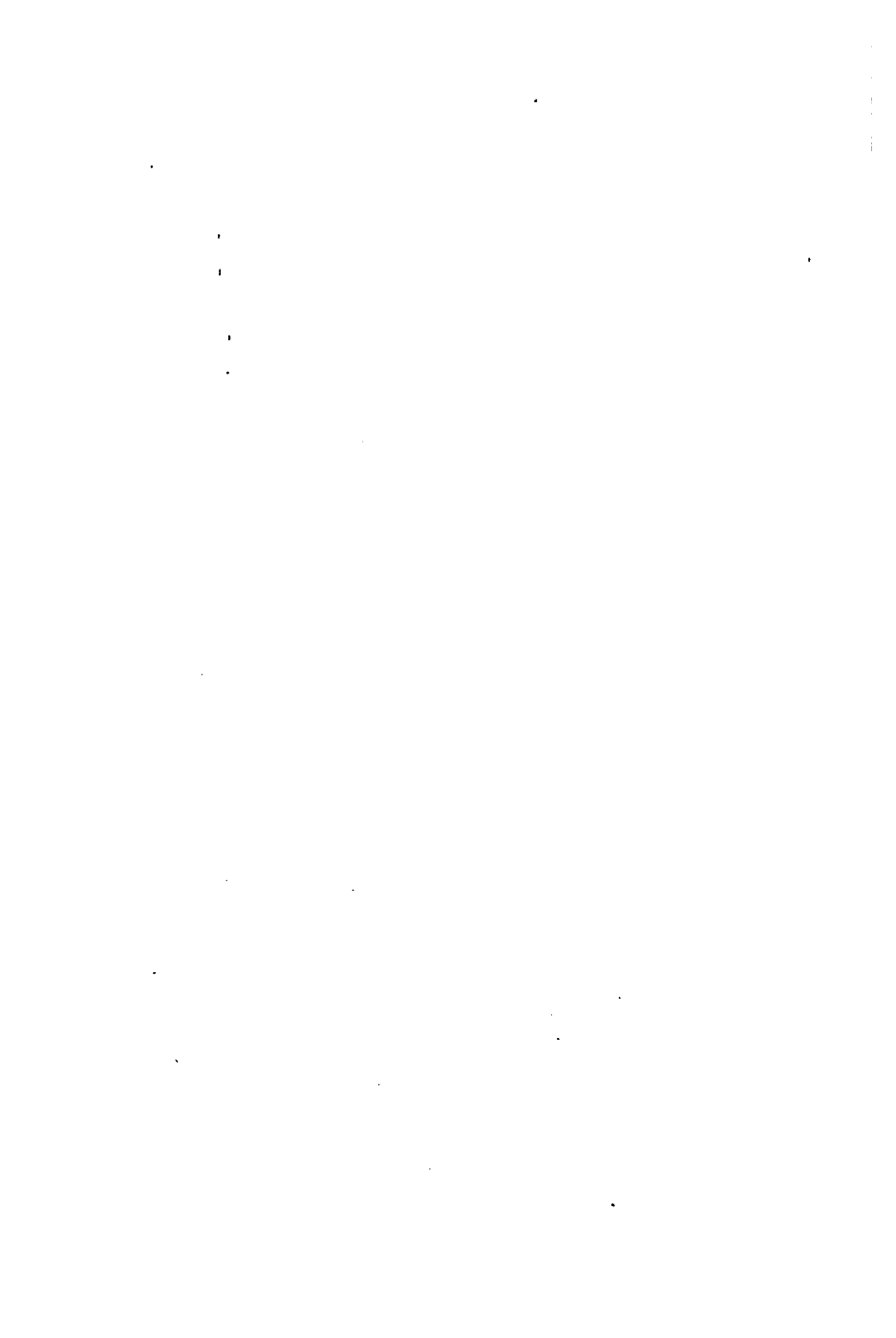
It is the history of a man told by himself,—a fine mind and beautiful nature, but on the whole a pathetic story—the conflict, so common in our time, between the intellect and the heart, including in that last word the *spirit*, which is the Divine side of the heart. He was in heart a believer, in intellect not an agnostic, but perplexed. I suppose the right view is that neither is to be taken by itself. The heart without the intellect will lead to superstition, the intellect without the heart to Pantheism, or Materialism or blank Nihilism.

The intellect must take the emotional and spiritual part of man into account in forming its theories, as the physicist does with the facts of nature. How to give the intellect and spirit their proper place, is the cause of the conflict, and perhaps this conflict is a necessary condition of our progress and of our final establishment in the best way. Without sin the solution would have been easier. The conflict might have been only a keen, friendly discussion. And so the way to get above doubt is, to rise into the region of the spirit, carrying our reason with

us: "He that doeth His will shall know," &c.
"Blessed are the pure in heart." . . .

During these later years of Dr. Ker's life, the variety and importance of his engagements had left him little time for such letters as those with which he had delighted his friends while regular work was impossible to him. Now his declining strength made any correspondence still less frequent; only a few friendly words were from time to time received from him, and on the 4th of October 1886 he died, at The Hermitage, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, where for many years he had made his home with his devoted sister and her family.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.



DREAM, THAT THERE IS NO GOD.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THE aim of this piece of invention is the apology for its boldness. Men deny the Divine Existence with as little feeling as, for the most part, they accept it. Accordingly we are always collecting into our true systems words, markers, and medals, as misers store up cabinets of coins, and long after, we put the words into feelings, the money into use. A man may for twenty long years believe in the immortality of the soul—and then, in the twenty-first, in some great moment he becomes astonished at the rich contents of this truth, at the warmth of this naphtha-spring.

Even so I was startled at the poisonous vapour which rolls with its stifling breath to meet the heart of the man who enters for the first time the doctrinal structure of Atheism. I would have less pain in denying the immortality of the soul than the being of a God; for in the one case I would abandon nothing

but a world still enveloped in clouds, in the other I would abandon the present world, in surrendering its very Sun. The whole Spiritual Universe is, by the hand of Atheism, dashed in pieces, and scattered into numberless quicksilver points of little personalities, which glitter, run, wander, flow out of and into one another, without unity and stability. No one, in the wide All, is so entirely alone as he who denies a God—with an orphaned heart, that has lost the greatest Father, he mourns beside the immeasurable corpse of Nature, to which no Spirit gives movement and consistency, and which grows in its grave: and he mourns on till he himself crumbles away from the dead body. The whole world lies before him, like the great Egyptian Sphinx, made of stone, and half-buried in the sand; and all that he sees is the cold iron mask of a formless Eternity.

I have also the object, with this piece of mine, to strike fear into some would-be reading or read-up teachers of the race, as these people, now-a-days, since they have been pressed in by the critical philosophy to do its hewing of wood and drawing of water, as daily hirelings, come to weigh the Being of God with the same frigid indifference of heart (and *sang-froid*) as if the question were of the existence of the sea-serpent and the unicorn.

For other people, who are not quite so far advanced as these reading doctors, I make the remark, that the belief in the immortality of the soul may very well exist with the system of Atheism: since the same necessity which in this life cast my dewdrop of a per-

sonality into a flower-cup, to sparkle in the sun, can repeat this in a second life ;—and it may embody me more easily the next time than it did at first.

When in childhood, we hear it told that the dead, at the hour of midnight, when our sleep reaches to the very soul and even dreams are darkened, arise from their slumber and mimic in the churches the worship of living men ; we shudder at death because of the dead, and in the lonely night turn our look away from the long windows of the quiet church and fear to inquire whether the glimmer that falls on them comes only from the light of the moon.

Childhood and its terrors, even more than its raptures, resume in dreams their wings and their vividness, and play like glow-worms in the little night of the soul. Do not quench these flickering sparks ! Leave us these dim, painful dreams—half shadows of reality—which help us to soar ! And with what will you replace these dreams, which carry us from beneath the thunder of the cataract of life back to the hill-heights of childhood, where the stream of existence flowed on silently through its little plain, like a mirror of heaven, to meet its precipice and abyss ?

I lay once beneath the sun, on a summer evening, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard. The church clock had struck eleven, and the wheels rolling down had aroused me. I sought in the empty night firmament for the sun ; methought an eclipse had veiled it. All the graves were opened, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were

swinging to and fro, moved by invisible hands. Upon the walls shadows were flying, which were cast by no one, and other shadows were walking upright in the pale air. In the open coffins none slept now but the children. Over the sky hung in great folds a grey sultry cloud, which a giant shadow, like another cloud, drew in always nearer, closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the far-off fall of avalanches, beneath me the first step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church heaved up and down with two incessant discords, which fought in it with one another, and tried in vain to flow into one harmony. Sometimes a grey glimmer leapt up on its windows, and under the glimmer the lead and iron ran down in molten streams. The thickening net of the cloud and the tottering earth pressed me into the terrible temple, before the door of which two fiery basilisks were brooding in two poisonous coils (nests). I moved through unknown shadows on which all the centuries of the past were imprinted. All the shadows stood around the empty altar, and each one trembled and beat not the heart, but the breast. Only one dead man, who had just been buried in the church, lay on his pillow without a trembling breast, and on his smiling countenance there stood a happy dream.

But when a living being entered he awoke and smiled no more; slowly he raised his heavy eyelid, but within there lay no eye, and in the throbbing breast, for a heart there was a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them to pray; but the arms

grew longer and longer till they dissolved, and the folded hands fell away. Above, on the church vault, stood the dial-plate of Eternity, on which no number appeared, and which was its own index ; but a black finger pointed on it, and the dead were gazing to read the time.

Now there sank out of the height down to the altar a noble and lofty form with an imperishable sorrow on His countenance, and all the dead cried out, "Christ ! is there no God ?" He answered, "There is none." Then, not the breast alone, but the whole shadow of each quaked, and through the trembling they were severed from one another.

Christ continued, "I passed through the worlds, I ascended to the suns, and flew with the milky ways through the empty wastes of heaven ; but there is no God ! I descended as far as being casts its shadow and gazed into the abyss, and cried, 'Father, where art Thou ?' but I heard only the everlasting storm, which no one controls, and the glimmering rainbow of existence, without a sun to form (create) it, stood above the abyss and trickled for ever down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, there stared on me an empty, black, and bottomless socket, and Eternity lay upon Chaos, and gnawed it in unending rumination. Cry on, ye discords ! shriek, ye shadows ! for He is not."

The colourless shadows fluttered into fragments, as white vapour which the frost has formed melts at a warm breath, and everything became void. Then—oh, frightful for the heart !—the dead children, who

had just awakened in the churchyard, came into the temple and threw themselves before the lofty figure on the altar, and said, "Jesus, have we no Father?" And He answered with streaming tears, "We are all orphans, I and you ; we have no Father."

Then the discords crashed more vehemently—the tottering temple walls fell asunder—and the temple and the children sank down—and the whole earth and the sun sank after them—and the entire world's structure, with its immensity, sank down and passed by us into the abyss—and above, on the summit of immeasurable Nature, stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe pierced with a thousand suns, as if He looked into a mine-work, dug into the eternal night, in which the suns move like pit-lamps and the milky ways like silver veins.

And when Christ saw the throng of worlds grating on each other, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignes fatui* and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when He saw how each world's orb in succession shook out its glimmering souls on the sea of death, as a water-ball scatters its swimming lights upon the waves : then, great as the highest of all finite beings, He raised His eyes towards the *Nothing* and the void immensity, and said, "Dumb motionless Nothing ! Cold Eternal Necessity ! Insane Lawless Chance ! Understand you this among you, while I speak ? Chance, art thou conscious when thou marchest with thy hurricanes through the snowstorm of stars and blowest out (quenchest with thy breath) one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of constellations twinkles

out as thou passest by? How solitary is each one in the wide charnel-grave of the universe! I am alone with Myself. O Father, Father, where is Thy infinite breast, that I may rest on it? Alas! if every personality (each single I) is his own Father and Creator, why can he also not be his own destroying angel?

"Is this beside Me still a human being? Poor child of man! thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror casts its rays among the dust-clouds of death-ashes, down upon your earth, and then you are born, clouded wavering images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes move; vapours full of worlds rise from the sea of death, the *future* is a rising vapour, the *present* the falling one. Recognisest thou thy Earth?"

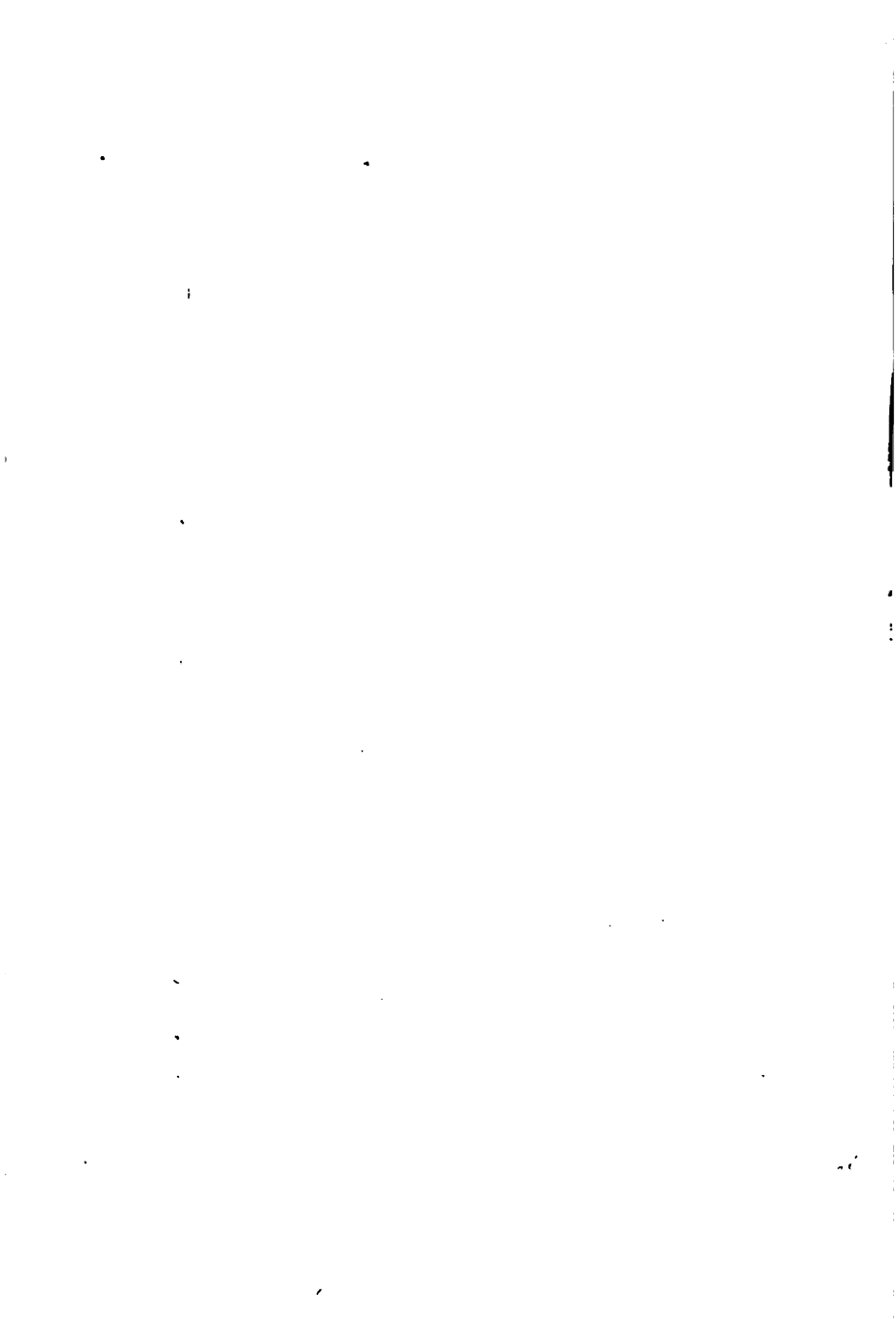
Here Christ gazed down and His eyes filled with tears, and He said, "Ah! I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still my Infinite Father, and still looked joyful from the mountain up into the immeasurable heaven, and pressed My wounded breast to His soothing form, and said even in bitter death, 'Father, draw Thy Son up from the bleeding shell and lift Him to Thy heart.' Ah! ye too happy dwellers upon earth, ye believe in *Him* still. Perhaps at this moment you are falling on your knees in the light of the setting sun, among blossoms and brightness and tears, and are raising your blessed hands and calling, amid a thousand tears of joy, up to the open heaven, 'Me too Thou knowest, Thou Infinite One, and all

my wounds, and after death Thou receivest me to Thyself, and closest them all !' Unhappy man, after death they are closed not." Alas ! when the sorrowful wanderer lays himself with his weary frame in the earth, to slumber on till a fairer morning full of truth and purity and peace, he awakes only in stormy chaos, in the eternal midnight—and there comes no morning, and no gentle healing hand, and no Infinite Father ! Mortal beside Me, if thou livest still, pray to Him now, else soon thou hast lost Him for ever !" And when I fell down and looked into the gleaming structure of the world, I saw the uplifted rings of the giant serpent of Eternity, which had made its lair around the universe, and the rings dropped down and it embraced the great All in a double coil ; then it wound itself in thousandfold knots around Nature and crushed the worlds in pieces, and ground and pressed the infinite temple together till it became a churchyard, and all was close and gloomy and fearful ; and an immeasurable extended hammer was about to strike the last hour of time and shatter the universe to fragments—when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy that it could again pray to God, and joy and tears and faith were my prayer to Him. And when I arose the deep glow of the setting sun shone through the full purple ears of corn, and cast the peaceful reflection of the evening's red on the little moon, which without a twilight was rising in the east ; and between the heaven and the earth a gladsome short-lived world spread forth their tiny wings and lived like myself, before the Infinite Father, and from

all Nature round me flowed out peaceful tones, as
from distant evening bells.

The value that Jean Paul attached to this invention is seen from the note appended to it :—"If ever my heart should be so unfortunate and so dead that all the feelings in it which affirm the being of God are destroyed, I would shatter my scepticism with this composition of my own—and it would heal me and restore to me my former feelings."



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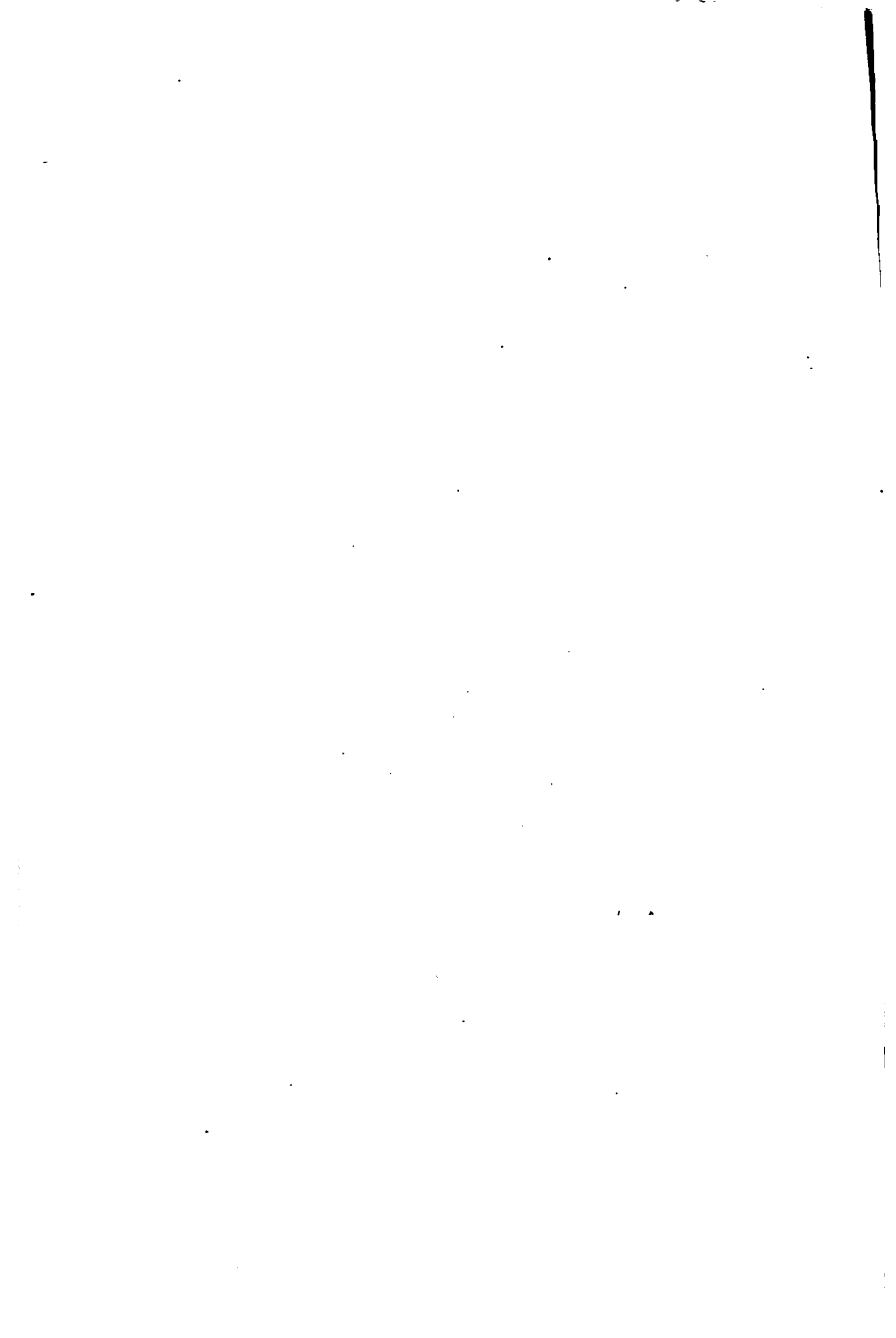
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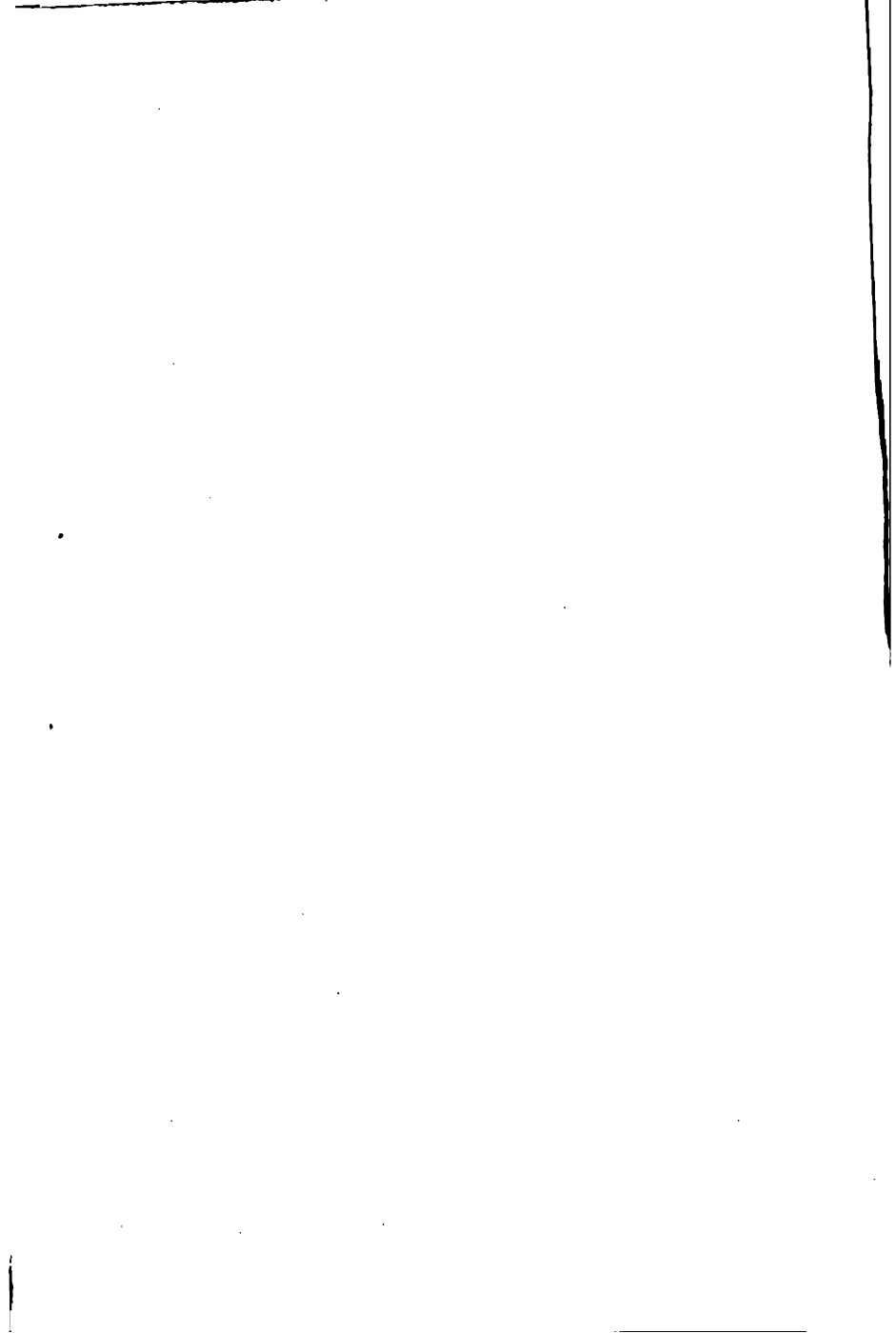
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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased by 1.5 million (1990–1999) and is projected to increase by a further 1.5 million by 2010 (Office for National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the health of older people and to reduce the burden of disease and disability in this age group. The Department of Health (2000) has set out a strategy for the improvement of the health of older people, and the National Institute for Research in Care of the Elderly (NICE) has published guidance on the management of common conditions in older people (NICE 2000).

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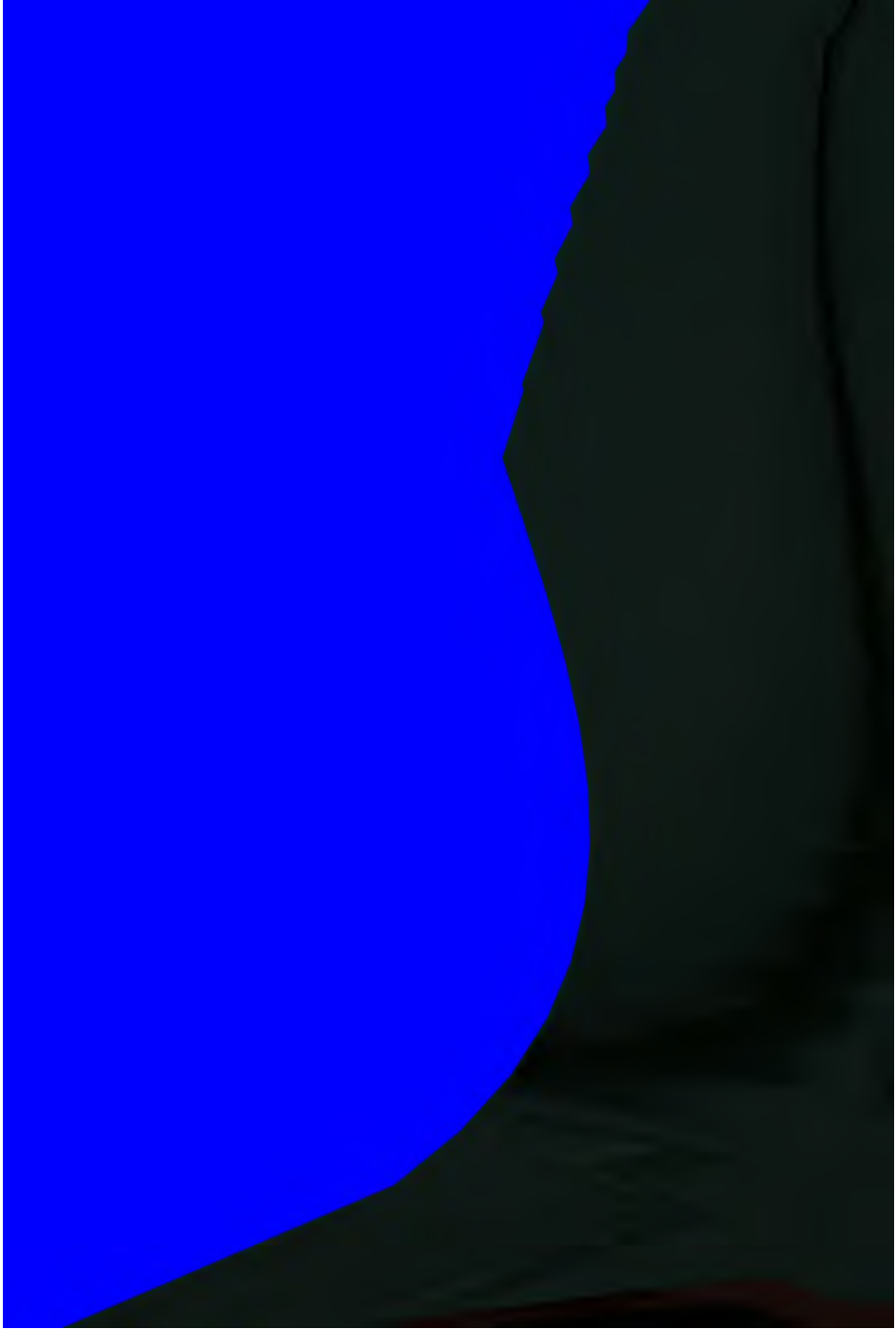
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